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INTERESTING

ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,

ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS;

TENDING

TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE

MORALITY.

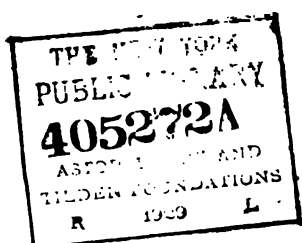
BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

1794.

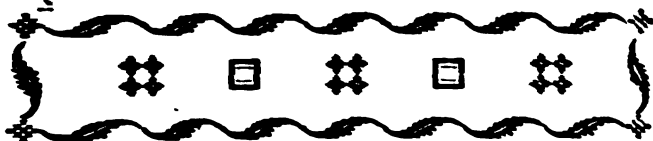
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A

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE

OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

THE King, when at Bruffels, being desirous and resolved to see his sister the Princess of Orange, but withal under a necessity to make the journey with the utmost secrecy, did communicate his design to no person whatsoever. He ordered — Fleming, (a servant of the Earl of Wigton) who was in his service, and of whose fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt, secretly to provide a couple of good horses, and have them ready at a certain place and time of the next ensuing night, by his Majesty appointed: that Fleming, with these horses, should remain alone till he heard from the King.

B

At

At the time appointed, the King (having gone to bed, and afterwards dressed himself, and privately gone out of a back door, and leaving only a letter to some one of his servants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from them for a few days, and with directions to keep his absence as secret as possible, under pretence of being indisposed) came to the place: there he found Fleming with the horses, as he had directed. He then acquainted Fleming of his design of going to the Hague; and not regarding the hazards he might be exposed to, away he went with his slender equipage and attendance, travelling through the most secret bye-ways, and contriving it so, that he came to the Hague by six in the morning, and alighted at a scrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him under the disguise he was then in. He immediately sent Fleming to acquaint his sister where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of his having access to her, so as not to be known.

Fleming having dispatched his commission in a very short time, (less than an hour) was no sooner returned to the King, (finding him in the room where he had left him, and where he had been still alone) than an unknown person came and
asked

asked of the landlord, if two Frenchmen had not alighted at his house that morning? The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The stranger desired him to tell them he wanted to speak to them; which he having done, the King was much surprized, but withal inclined to see the person.—Fleming opposed it; but the King being positive, the person was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long beard and ordinary grey cloaths; who looking and speaking to the person of the King, told him he was the person he wanted to speak to, and that all alone, on matters of importance. The King believing it might perhaps be a return from his sister, or being curious to know the result of such an adventure, desired Fleming to withdraw; which he refused, till the King taking him aside, told him there could be no hazard from such an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire.

They were no sooner alone, than the stranger bolted the door, (which brought the King to think on what might or would happen) and at the same time falling upon his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial mask, and discovered himself to be Mr. Downing, (afterwards well known by the name of Sir George, and Ambassador from the

King to the States, after his restoration) then Envoy or Ambassador from Cromwell to the States, being the son of one Downing, an Independent Minister, who attended some of the Parliament-men who were once sent to Scotland to treat with the Scots to join against the King, and who was a very active virulent enemy to the Royal Family, as appears from Lord Clarendon's History.

The King, you may easily imagine, was not a little surprized at the discovery: but Downing gave him no time for reflection, having immediately spoke to him in the following manner:— That he humbly begged his Majesty's pardon for any share or part he had acted during the rebellion against his Royal interest; and assured him, that though he was just now in the service of the Usurper, he wished his Majesty as well as any of his subjects; and would, when an occasion offered, venture all for his service; and was hopeful, what he was to say would convince his Majesty of his sincerity: but before he mentioned the cause of his coming to him, he must insill that his Majesty would solemnly promise to him not to mention what had happened, to Fleming, or any other person whatsoever, until it pleased God his Majesty was restored to his crowns, when he should not have reason to desire it to be concealed; though
even

even then he must likewise have his Majesty's promise never to ask, or expect he should discover how or when he came to know of his being there.

The King having solemnly engaged in the terms required, Downing proceeded, and told, that his master the Usurper, being now at peace with the Dutch, and the States so dependent and obsequious to him that they refused nothing he required, had with the greatest secrecy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which, among other trifling matters agreed to *hinc inde*, the chief and indeed main end of the negotiation was, that the States stood engaged to seize and deliver up to the Usurper the person of his Majesty, if so be at any time he should happen, by chance or design, to come within their territories, when required thereto by any in his name;—and that this treaty, having been signed by the States, was sent to London, from whence it had returned but yesterday morning, and totally finished yesternight, betwixt him and a private committee of the States. He represented his master's intelligence to be so good, that a discovery would be made even to himself (Downing) of his Majesty's being there; and if he neglected to apply to have him seized, his master would resent it to the highest, which would infallibly cost him his head, and deprive
his

his Majesty of a faithful servant. And being desirous to prevent the miserable consequences of what would follow, if his being here was discovered, he resolved to communicate the danger he was in; and, for fear of a future discovery, he had disguised himself, being resolved to trust no person with the secret. He then proposed that his Majesty would immediately mount his horses, and make all the dispatch imaginable out of the States' territories: that he himself would return home, and, under pretence of sickness, lie longer in bed than usual; and that when he thought his Majesty was so far off, as to be out of danger to be overtaken, he would go to the States, and acquaint them that he understood his Majesty was in town, and require his being seized in the terms of the late treaty: that he knew they would comply, and send to the place directed; but, on finding that his Majesty was gone off so far as to be safe, he would propose to make no farther noise about it, lest it should discover the treaty, and prevent his Majesty's afterwards falling into their hands. The King immediately followed his advice; and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened as he proposed and foretold.

The King having thus escaped this imminent danger, most religiously performed what he had
promised,

promised, never mentioning any part of this story till after his restoration, and not then desiring to know how Downing's intelligence came, (which he never discovered) though he (the King) often said it was a mystery; for no person knew of his design till he was on horseback, and that he could not think Fleming went and discovered him to Downing. Besides, he so soon returned from his sister, he could not have time, Downing having come much about the time Fleming returned.

This story was told by several, who frequented King Charles's Court after the restoration; particularly by the Earl of Cromartie, who said, that next year after the restoration, he, with the Duke of Rothes, and several other Scots quality, being one night with the King over a bottle, they all complained of an impertinent speech Downing had made in Parliament, reflecting on the Scots nation, which they thought his Majesty should resent so as to discard him from Court, and withdraw his favour from him. The King replied, he did not approve what he had said, and would reprove him for it; but to go farther he could not well do, because of this story, which he reported in the terms here narrated; which made such an impression on all present, that they freely forgave what had passed, and Rothes asked liberty to begin his health in a bumper.

ON SLEEP.

O Gentle Sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! why ly'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours on the flipp'ry shrouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a King? Then, happy low! lie down;
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

I. **K**INSMAN, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter; you know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit; some of them, perhaps, you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason; since the word of God, and the advice of heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride, who choose to turn heathens in the midst of Great-Britain; who live upon the mere religion of nature, and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of Christianity, and the blessings of divine revelation and grace.

II. Whatever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your Bible as your best treasure; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon Religion as your best business.

C

Your

Your Bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world; and Religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the Book of Psalms; David was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of Proverbs; Solomon was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the Gospels and the Epistles; you will find the best of rules, and the best of examples there, and those more immediately suited to the Christian life.

IV. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions; as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness; and let the poor have a certain share in all your yearly profits. As a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'

V. While you make the precepts of Scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage

rage rest upon the promises of Scripture as the springs of your encouragement. All divine assistances and divine recompences are contained in them. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

VI. In every affair of life, begin with God.—Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your blessings, and all your hopes, as your best friend, and your eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him most entirely, that you serve him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VII. You know yourself to be a man, an insigent creature and a sinner, and you profess to be a Christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus; but never think you know Christ or yourself as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification; and let him be your constant intercessor to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, John 14. 6, "No man cometh to the Father but by me."

VIII. Make prayer a pleasure, and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always.—Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes, to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear Religion would have been lost out of the world; and every day of the week is exposed to a curse which has no morning religion.

IX. See that you watch and labour, as well as pray. Diligence and dependence must be united in the practice of every Christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, that the hand of the diligent, and the blessing of the Lord, join together to make us rich; Prov. x. 4, 22.—rich in the treasures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty, indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity.—

Set

Set a double guard wheresoever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapt into mischief between them.

X. Honour, profit, and pleasure, have been sometimes called the world's trinity, they are its three chief idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

Remember, that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road of heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, for any thing that belongs to your ~~earthly interest~~ for any of the advantages of the present life: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

FINIS

Remember also the words of the Wise Man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" he that indulgeth himself in "wine and oil," that is, in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, "shall not be rich." It is one of St. Paul's characters of a most degenerated age, when "men become lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God." And that "fleshly lusts war against the soul," is St. Peter's caveat to the Christians of his time.

XI. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed that, under any scruple, doubt, or temptation whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient answer or apology to the Great Judge at the last day.

XII. Keep this thought ever in your mind.— It is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teasing and vexatious. In every ruffling storm without, pos-
sels

sefs your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

XIII. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," be your daily work.—A frequent renewal of these exercises, which make a Christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere Christianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

XIV. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprize and hurry in every thing that belongs to them: the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and your religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death, at a short warning, may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit,

rit, and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. FAREWELL.

AN UNCOMMON STORY.

HOW irresistible is the power of conscience! It is a viper which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us; it lies down with us, and flings us in our sleep. It rises with us, and preys upon our vitals. Hence ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one to the throws of the other; supposing at the same time the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this entrail to be most exquisitely sensible of pain, and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the most lingering and most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled, it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of mind of Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following well authenticated fact!—

Ilis

His neighbours seeing him one day extremely earnest in pulling down some birds nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraiding him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that, by nestling so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality; he replied, that their voice was to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villainy had lain concealed many years, and never been suspected. In all probability it would never have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgment of it from the parricide's own mouth.

Beffus is not the only person that has stood self-convinced. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a strange circumstance, many have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a refuge from the torments of conscience in death. What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence!

D

FRIEND.

FRIENDSHIP.

AN ALLEGORY.

A Rich merchant had a son whom he loved tenderly; he had him brought up with great care, and spared nothing to form his heart, and adorn his mind. The young man's education being compleated, he resolved to make him travel: " Son, (said he, one day to him) know that amidst the pressing wants of life, the greatest of all is a good friend. Prodigality consumes our wealth, a reverse of fortune tumbles the most powerful into adversity; but it is death only can rob us of a friend, as it does of ourselves; it is the only advantage that no human power can deprive us of. Find but one friend in the course of your life, and you will find the first and greatest of all blessings. It is therefore, son, I desire you should traverse the world; travelling will give true experience; the more men we have seen, the more we know how to live among them. The-world is a great book that will give him proper information who learns to read in it; it is a faithful mirror that represents to our eyes all the objects whose knowledge may convey instruction to us. Depart, son, and think particularly in your excursions of making no valuable acquisition, but of a true friend.

friend. Sacrifice, if necessary, in that view, whatever you may have most precious."

The young man took leave of his father, and passed into a country not far distant from that which he left. He sojourned there but a short time, and returned to his own. "I did not expect you so soon," said the father to him, surprised at his quick return.

"You ordered me (answered the son) to seek out a friend, and I can occasionally produce fifty, all patterns of true friendship."

"Son, (answered the merchant) make not too free with so sacred a name; have you forgot the trite adage? 'You must eat a peck of salt with your friend before you know him;' that is, do not brag of your friend till you have fully proved him. Friendship is a rare, a very rare thing; the most of those who pretend to that title retain only the mask: they resemble a summer cloud that is melted down by the least ray of the sun; they behave in regard to those whom they pretend to love, as the votaries of Bacchus do to a full flask of wine: they embrace it enamoured as long as it contains any of the enchanting liquor, and scornfully throw it away so soon as it is emptied: I greatly fear that

those you seem so well pleased with, resemble the false souls I have here given you the picture of."

" Father, (said the young man) your diffidence is unjust; those I regard as my friends will see me in adversity with hearts unestranged, and their affections unaltered."

" I have now lived seventy years, (said the merchant) I have made a trial of good and adverse fortune; I have narrowly inspected into a number of men; and in so long a revolution of years, scarce was I able to acquire one friend; how then, at your age, and in so short a time, could you find fifty? Learn from me to know mankind."

The merchant cut the throat of a sheep, put it into a sack, and besmear'd his son's cloaths with the animal's blood. All necessary preparations being thus made for the designs he had formed, he deferred the execution of it till night. He took up the sack with the sheep's carcase, laid it on the young man's shoulders, and gave him proper instructions concerning the part he was to act. Both left home in that condition.

The young man knocks at the door of one of the fifty friends. He opens it to him with a seeming

ing air of fondness and alacrity, and asks him the reason of his coming. " It is in misfortunes (said the merchant's son) that we prove those we love. I often mentioned to you the old grudge subsisting between my family and that of a Lord of the Court. Chance would have it that we met each other in a bye place;—hatred armed our hands; I saw him stretched lifeless at my feet. Fearing to be pursued by justice, I took up his body, and it is in the sack you see on my shoulders: I beg you will hide it in your house, till the affair is blown over, and nothing more heard of it."

" My house is so small, (answered the friend, with a forbidding and embarrassed look) that it can hardly contain the living that dwell in it, far from making room in it for a dead body. None are ignorant of the long fostered hatred between you and the lord you have killed: it will be immediately suspected that you are the author of his death; strict enquiry will be made; and as our friendship is publicly known, they will begin with my house: it will avail you nothing to involve me in your mishap: the only service I can render you is to keep your secret."

The young man reiterated the most pressing instances, but all to no purpose. At length despairing

ing to move the ingrate, he made successive application to the fifty persons, on whom he had slightly grounded his hopes, and fifty times over he met with the same reception.

“ Now, son, (said the merchant) be convinced of the little dependence you should have on men. Where has vanished the zeal of those you lavished such pompous encomiums on? They have all deserted you in your disgrace. They are painted walls, clouds without rain, trees that bear no fruit: But I must shew you the difference there is between one only friend that I have and yours.”

Still talking over the affair, they arrived before the gate of him whom he represented to his son as the pattern of perfect friendship. He related to him his son's pretended misfortune. “ Oh! how happy day! (said he) that furnishes me with the opportunity of proving to you my attachment; trust to me, and you will do justice to my friendship: my house is large enough to keep concealed in it a thousand dead bodies; but though even I should incur danger myself, I shall gladly face it in hopes of saving you. Repair with your son to my estate in the country; you may live there in peace, unknown, and undisturbed by any enquiries of justice.”

The

The merchant, after having thanked his friend for his generous offers, said, " All that I have told you is but a fable, invented to teach my son to discern between false and true friends.

ANECDOTE

OF A KING OF PORTUGAL.

ALONZO the Fourth, surnamed the Brave, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention. His confidants and favourites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their Sovereign in ignorance. His presence at last being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the brisk impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his Nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, in shooting, and fishing. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up.—" Courts and camps," said he, " were allotted for Kings, not woods and desarts. Even the affairs of private men suffer, when re-
creation

creation is preferred to business. But when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a King, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chase; which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your Majesty will attend to the wants and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not"—The King, starting with rage, interrupted him: "If not what?" "If not," resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, "they will look for another and a better King."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"**L**IFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age."—The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden found
my

my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through the flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands

E

all

all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicuous eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable, but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself

self safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the

voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate on the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity
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of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the Gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the
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eddy of the Gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumlocution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat, but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the Gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure.—Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had
been

been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the incroaching waters, and harraressed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the Gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.

A Person of very mean abilities and appearance, having an ambition to be knighted, his money prevailed upon some of the court to solicit that favour for him from the King Charles, who could scarce ever refuse a man he liked any thing, particularly if it was mentioned over a bottle, promised it; and next day, when he came to go through the ceremony, his consciousness of not deserving such an honour made him kneel at too great a distance; upon which the King, seeing his embarrassment, good-humouredly cried out, "Come, come, Sir, be recollected; 'tis not you, have the greatest reason to be ashamed in this business."

VERSES ON MRS. SIDDONS.

SIDDONS! bright subject for a poet's page
 Born to augment the glory of the stage!
 Our soul of tragedy restor'd I see;
 A Garrick's genius is renew'd in thee.
 To give our nature all its glorious course;
 With moral beauty, with resistless force,

To call forth all the passions of the mind,
The good, the brave, the vengeful, the refin'd,
The sigh, the thrill, the start, the angel's tear;
Thy *Isabella* is our Garrick's *Lear*.

'Tis not the beauties of thy form alone,
Thy graceful motion, thy impassion'd tone;
Thy charming attitudes, thy magic pause
That speaks the eloquence of Nature's laws;
Not these have giv'n thee high theatric fame,
Nor fir'd the muse to celebrate thy name.

When Thomson's epithets, to nature true,
Recal her brightest glories to my view;
Whene'er his mind-illumin'd aspect brings
The look that speaks unutterable things;
In fancy, then, thy image I shall see;
Then, heavenly artist, I shall think on thee!
Whatever passion animates thine eye;
Thence, whether pity steals, or terrors fly;
Or heav'n commands, to fix averse benign,
With pow'r miraculous thy face to shine;
Whatever feeling 'tis thy aim to move,
Fear, veng'ance, hate, benevolence, or love;
Still do thy looks usurp divine controul,
And on their objects rivet all the soul:
Thy light'ning far outstrips the poet's race;
E'en Otway's numbers yield to Siddons' face.

Long after thou hast clos'd the glowing scene;
 Withdrawn thy killing, or transporting mien;
 Humanely hast remov'd from mortal sight,
 Those eyes that shed insufferable light;
 Effects continue, rarely seen before;
 The tumult of the passions is not o'er;
 Imagin'd miseries we still deplore: }

E'en yet distress on meditation grows,
 E'en yet I feel all *Isabella's* woes;
 The dreadful thoughts, rais'd by the magic ring,
 With all her agonies my bosom sting;
 I feel, where Byron ascertains his life
 All the severe amazement of the wife:
 When she, by force, from his remains is borne,
 Myself, by ruffians, from myself am torn:
 Where the keen dagger gives her soul relief,
 Frees her from frenzy, and o'erwhelming grief;
 At vain compassion, with her latest breath,
 I laugh, and triumph in fictitious death.

ON THE NECESSITY
 OF
 SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

IT is a point agreed upon by the wise, the vir-
 tuous, and the religious, that self-acquaint-
 ance

ance is of considerable weight and consequence to every one of us.

Surely then it must be worth our while to examine into the causes of our disgust to this important branch of knowledge.

Among other causes of that usual indifference which mankind in general discover to a thorough acquaintance and knowledge of themselves, may be mentioned an immoderate thirst after pleasure.

This truth will appear very evident, if we consider, in the first place, that pleasure is always sure to engross the heart of that man who addict himself to it; and, in the second place, that it enervates and disqualifies the mind for all laborious pursuits. The love of pleasure is that commanding passion which usurps despotic power, and suffers no power to approach its throne, or dispute with it the empire of the human breast. And whoever yields himself up to pleasure forfeits his liberty, and will find it a most difficult task to break loose from his bonds. Miserable, then, are those captives, to whom enlargement and freedom are almost impossible acquisitions! How cautious ought we to be of all such surrenders of ourselves, as preclude us the power of acting a wiser part for

the future! How careful to shun such engagements as are incompatible with thought and reflection, and leave no room for the respective offices and duties of life! engagements which render youth inglorious, and old age contemptible.

But such caution appears additionally necessary, when we consider the pernicious influences and effects of pleasure on the mind of man; that it not only alienates our affections from God, seduces us from our duty, and arrogates the sole possession of our hearts; but what is a more dangerous evil still, it likewise emasculates the human mind, enervates all the powers of the soul, and disables us from the pursuit of what is great and good.

To a man who prizes liberty and independence, captivity is one of the greatest calamities which can befall him. But the loss of freedom, accompanied with the loss of strength—a state of servitude, and at the same time an impotence of reason to extricate him out of his slavery—are surely the worst misfortunes that can happen to humanity; and more particularly when we subjoin, that pleasure not only robs us of our strength, but intoxicates the understanding, reconciles to us our setters, and renders us averse to a discharge from our bondage. The knowledge of ourselves is a laborious
study,

study, and requires constant attention and indefatigable industry. No wonder, then, that a mind immersed in pleasures is reluctant to this arduous task; such aversion is the natural consequence of voluptuousness and effeminacy. It may, with the strictest propriety, be said of pleasure, "that her poison is like the poison of a serpent, and that the votaries of pleasure are like the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ear, which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

What has been said upon the subject of Pleasure will hold good with respect to Wealth and Ambition. The leading passion, *whatever it be*, is always imperious and clamorous in its demands, and never can brook a competitor. Talk to him, that is greedy of gain, or to the ambitious person, about self-acquaintance; urge the dignity of the science, and expatiate upon its extensive advantages, and you shall be sure to find yourself a most unwelcome preceptor. Solicit the attentive regards of that man, whose heated imagination exhibits splendours and titles to his view; attempt conversation with the man of business, who rises early, and sits up late, and eats the bread of carefulness, in order to accumulate riches; and what reception will you meet with from either of these characters? Like Felix, although converts to the truth

truth of your doctrine, they will dismiss you in haste, and say, " Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." And indeed, if they proceed so far, it is the utmost you are to expect from them: for, as the promise is conditional, and that convenient season will never arrive, so the performance of their promise will never be fulfilled.

But it is not always levity or laziness; it is not only the love of pleasure, honour, or riches, which keeps men off from an acquaintance with their own hearts; it is sometimes a strong suspicion that their breasts will not bear an inspection. They have reason to fear that things go wrong *there*, and therefore they decline all inquiries; as they who run behind-hand in the world do not care to look into their books. Sad indeed is the case of that man, whose guilt deters him from all researches into his own bosom; but nevertheless, he will do well to consider, that, however painful such examinations may be, they are absolutely necessary to prevent further accessions of guilt, and by a sincere repentance to cancel his former score.

(39)

AN HYMN

COMPOSED FOR THE USE OF
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

FATHER of Mercies! God of Grace!
Each perfect gift is thine;
Through various channels flow the streams,
The source is still divine.

Thy kindness call'd us into life;
And all the good we know,
Each present comfort, future hope,
Thy liberal hands bestow.

The friends whose charity provides
This refuge where to flee,
From want, from ignorance, and vice,
Were raised up by thee.

To Thee we owe the full supply,
Which by their hands is given;
To make us useful here below,
And train our souls for heaven.

May health and peace attend them here,
And every joy above;
While we improve with grateful hearts,
The labour of their love,

OF THE
BATTLE OF MARATHON.

THE History of Persia, after the reign of Cyrus, who died in the year before Christ 529, offers little, considered in itself, that merits our regard. But when combined with that of Greece, it becomes particularly interesting.

The Monarchs, who succeeded Cyrus, gave an opportunity to the Greeks to exercise those virtues, which the freedom of their government had created and confirmed. Sparta remained under the influence of Lycurgus's institutions. Athens had just recovered from the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ, a family who had trampled on the laws of Solon, and usurped the supreme power.

Such was their situation, when the lust of universal empire, which seldom fails to torment the breasts of tyrants, led Darius to send forth his numerous armies into Greece.

But the Persians were no longer those invincible soldiers, who, under Cyrus, had conquered Asia. Their minds were enervated by luxury and servitude.

Athens,

Athens, on the contrary, teemed with great men, whose minds were nobly animated by the late recovery of their freedom. Miltiades, in the plains of Marathon, with ten thousand Athenians; overcame the Persian army of an hundred thousand foot and ten thousand cavalry, in the year before Christ 490.

This memorable day reflected the highest glory on Miltiades. To prevent his little army from being surrounded by the enemy, he drew it up with a mountain in the rear, extended his front as much as possible, placed his chief strength in the wings, and caused a great number of trees to be cut down, to keep off the enemy's cavalry from charging them in flank.

The Athenians rushed forwards on the Persians like so many furious lions. This is remarked to have been the first time that they advanced to the attack running. By their impetuosity, they opened a lane through the enemy, and supported with the greatest firmness the charge of the Persians.

The battle, at first, was fought by both parties with great valour and obstinacy. But the wings of the Athenian army, where, as we have just said, Miltiades had placed his chief strength. attacking

tacking the main body of the enemy in flank, threw them into irretrievable confusion. Six thousand Persians perished on the spot, and amongst the rest the traitor Hippias, the principal occasion of the war. The rest of the Persian army quickly fled, and abandoned to the victors their camp full of riches.

Thus the Athenians obtained a victory, more real than probable. Animated by their success they pursued the Persians to their very ships, of which they took seven, and set fire to several more.

On this occasion, one Cynegirus, an Athenian, after performing prodigies of valour in the field, endeavoured to prevent a particular galley from putting to sea, and for that purpose held it fast with his right hand: when his right hand was cut off, he then seized the galley with his left, which being likewise cut off, he took hold of it with his teeth, and kept it so till he died.

Another soldier, all covered over with the blood of the enemy, ran to announce the victory at Athens, and after crying out, " Rejoice, we are conquerors," fell dead in the presence of his fellow-citizens.

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The Greeks, in this engagement, lost only 200 men. Aristides and Themistocles distinguished themselves very highly in the battle; but Miltiades gained the chief glory. As a reward for his extraordinary merits, and to perpetuate the memory of his skill and bravery, they caused a picture to be painted by Polygnotus, one of the most celebrated artists, where Miltiades was represented, at the head of the ten commanders, exhorting the soldiers, and setting them an example of their duty. This picture was preserved for many ages, with other paintings of the best masters, in the portico, where Zeno afterwards instituted his school of philosophy.

ANECDOTE

OF AN

ATTORNEY AND HIS CLIENT.

A Late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and being returned, preferred a petition to the House of Commons, retaining a certain eminent council, with a fee of fifty guineas. Just before this business was about to come into the House, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his

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political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain, he would not by any means consent either to plead or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that 'the law was open, and that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured.' "No, no, Sir," replied the spirited client, "I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you; as I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honest barrister to plead for me. I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!" Then taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested that before he quitted the room he would either have his money or satisfaction. The money was accordingly returned; but losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

DEATH is the most awful and interesting subject on which the thoughts of man can be employed; and I have always considered it as one
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of the wonderful circumstances in human nature, that, notwithstanding the absolute certainty with which every man knows that he is to die, so great a proportion of life is passed without thinking of it at all. It is true, the precise time and manner of it are concealed from men in general, capital convicts only having that knowledge imparted to them: and this obscurity, at the utmost verge of our prospect, instead of shocking the mind as a determinate object of terror does, seems to yield and recede from its approach, and gives room for fancy to form a slender specious hope, which floats in the void, unless crushed by a close examination. But it is surely strange, that beings of strong intelligence and vigorous views of futurity, should be kept quiet, and prevented from starting, by so thin a veil.

In this, as in a thousand other instances, we cannot but discern, with the fullest conviction, the wise and kind operations of Providence; which having found it necessary that we should continue for a time in this state of existence, in our progress to a better, disposes our minds to receive such a degree of apprehension of death, as to make every one, not void of reflection, resolve at least to exert his endeavours in preparing for his great change; while at the same time, present concerns,
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by their immediate influence, preserve his lively and most frequent attention.

The greatest object, if viewed at a prodigious distance, will not affect our perceptions so strongly as a much smaller one that is near to us. Thus it is as to Death, and the comparatively little objects which occur in the course of our lives. We are so framed, that what is present must ever pass upon us so strongly as to render us little concerned about the future, unless we are able to counteract the natural workings of our minds by studied intellectual exertions and contrary habits. This is not to be done in any degree, without more than ordinary spiritual acquirements; and such are the unceasing effects of mere sensation, and its consequences, that I question if even the Monks of La Trappe, whose whole time was spent in the closest seclusion and silence, and exercises of solemn meditation and piety, were able in reality to fix their thoughts upon Death during any considerable part of each day. Their form of salutation to each other being the only words which they were permitted to speak, viz. *memento mori*, remember to die, is a proof that they require to have their recollection occasionally awakened; as Philip of Macedon had one, who every morning, in the
midst

midst of his magnificence and power, whispered him, *Remember, Sir, you are a man.*

It has been argued by some ingenious and fanciful men, whose abilities were not great enough to make them distinguished upon plain and common ground, and who therefore placed themselves on the summits of singularity:—it has been argued by such, that the fear of Death is not natural to mankind; that the Savage, who is to be admired and envied *as the man of nature*, lives in health, and dies in tranquillity; and that all the dreary notions of mortality have been produced by Priests, to subject the minds of their fellow-creatures to their influence.

That the fear of Death will be less terrible, in proportion as a being thinks less, I shall not deny. But I suppose few of my readers would incline to be degraded to the state of the lamb, whose inconsiderate fearlessness is so well described by Pope:

“Pleas’d to the last, he crops the flowery food,
“And licks the hand just rais’d to shed its blood.”

Neither, I hope, would many be content to obtain an exemption from their awful anxiety, at
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the price of being turned into Savages. That Savages have not the fear of Death, I do not believe: but if it is so, the reason can only be, that their whole attention is occupied in procuring themselves food, and watching for safety; so that their views extend not to futurity, more than those of the wild beast of the desert. For it is matter of demonstration, that if the thoughts of Death come into the mind of man at all, they must strike him with at least a very serious concern.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Julius Cæsar this speech:

“ Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of Death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.”

Of this passage, the two first lines are exceedingly animated; but the rest of it is, in my opinion, an irrational rhapsody. For, surely, it is not the most strange of all wonders, that one should fear Death, since it cannot be disputed that Death involves in it every object of regret, and every possibility of evil.

If Death is to be considered as the extinction of our being, I need only appeal to the genuine feelings of every one of my readers for the justice of the reflections in Addison's celebrated soliloquy of Cato, though lately cavilled at by a French Philosopher and Critic.

The thought of being at once and for ever deprived of every thing that is agreeable and dear to us, must doubtless be very distressing. If to part with one affectionate friend, to lose one valuable piece of property, gives us pain, what must be the affliction, which the thought of parting with all our friends, and losing all our property, must occasion?

It is in vain for the Sophist to argue, that upon the supposition of our being annihilated, we shall have no affliction; as we can have no consciousness: for all but very dull men will confess, that though we may be insensible of the reality when it takes place, the *thought* of it is dismal. But nobody can be *certain* of annihilation; and the thought of entering upon a scene of being, altogether unknown, which *may be* unhappy in an extreme degree, is, without question, very alarming. If a man were to be put on board a ship which had landed in Britain from a remote region,

with which, and its inhabitants, we are utterly unacquainted, and should know that he is never to return home again, but to pass the rest of his days in that region, he would, I believe, be reckoned very stupid if he should be unconcerned. Yet Death presents to the imagination suppositions still more terrifying.

In the Play of *Measure for Measure*, Shakespeare gives us most natural, as well as highly poetical sentiments of Death, in the character of *Claudio*; who, after his sister has talked with unthinking levity, thus

“ Oh! were it but my life,
I’d throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.”

Seriously expresses himself in a short sentence,
“ Death’s a fearful thing.”

And a little after,
“ Aye, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;

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To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of Death."

Thus an Infidel, who has a lively imagination, may, upon his own principles, be frightened when he thinks of Death. For infidelity, as to a future state, can carry a man no farther than scepticism; and it is sufficient to excite fear in a strong degree, that such horrible situations as Shakespeare fancies, in the verses which I have just quoted, are even possible.

Neither, in my apprehension, can any man, whose mind is not naturally dull, or grown callous by age, be without uneasiness when he looks forward to the act of dissolution itself. A hypochondriac fancies himself at different times suffering Death in all the various ways in which it has been observed; and thus he dies many times before his death. I myself have been frequently terrified, and dismally afflicted in this way, nor

can I yet secure my mind against it at gloomy seasons of dejection.

When one has found relief by any remedy, however accidental, it is humane to mention it to others. I am therefore to inform my hypochondriac brethren, who may have the same horrible imaginations of Death which I have had, that I have found sensible consolations from a very pretty passage, which I chanced to read several years ago, which is thus:

“ It is certain, indeed, that the fear of Death is one of the strongest passions implanted in human nature, and wisely ordained by Providence as a sort of guard to retain mankind within their appointed station. Yet, possibly, there are not those agonies in dying which are usually supposed: many things appear more formidable in imagination, than they are in reality. When we are in perfect health and vivacity, we have a horrible idea of sickness and confinement. But when we are actually sick or confined, we are more insensible to the pleasures and gaieties of the world, and reconciled to the alteration. As our distemper increases, we begin to be disgusted with life, and wish to be released. The aspect of Death becomes more familiar as it approaches. As nature sinks
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into dissolution, we gradually lose the power of sensation. The interval of departure is short and transient; the change imperceptible. No reflection, and therefore no pain, succeeds. The soul forgets her anxiety, and sinks into repose; and if there is a pain, there is, upon Christian principles, a bliss in dying.

“We may perhaps reconcile ourselves, in some measure, to the thoughts of our decease, by observing how sleep pervades the human frame, and suspends its operations. With what ease do we pass from waking to sleeping! With how little concern do we part with the knowledge of light, and of ourselves! And if this temporary insensibility, this image of Death, steals upon us imperceptibly; if we feel an inexpressible sweetness in that situation, why may we not imagine that the senses glide away in the same soft and easy manner, when nature sinks into the profoundest repose?”

There are few more beautiful pieces of writing than this, which was extracted from the Critical Review, in giving an account of Dr. Stennett's Discourses on Personal Religion.—A striking and expressive description of the horrors of dying is quoted from that book; upon which the Reviewer
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has made the aforefaid reflection. Indeed, I have often wondered at the excellence of writing which I have found in the Reviews, when I confidered that the authors were anonymous, and could not be ftimulated by the hopes of praife.

Notwithftanding my perfuafion that the fear of Death is rational, and will ever be found in a thinking being, I am very willing to allow all proper refpect to that firmnefs and fortitude of which fome are poffeffed; who, whilft they are fenfible of the awful importance of launching from one ftate of being into another, fupport the thoughts of it with a calmnefs and humble hope becoming at once the dignity of human nature, and the humble confidence of piety.

ON GAMING.

AS Gaming is frequently the fource of that fearful murderous hatred which has lately been a terror to the nation, I think it would be doing an acceptable public fervice to fhew in what deteftation it is held by the whole community affembled in Parliament; and this cannot be better done than by a tranfcription from the learned
Black,

Blackstone, in which he exhibits a beautiful display and liberality of sentiments.

After having set forth what provision the wisdom of legislature has made against luxury, that baleful plague and ruinous pest of society; and mentioned that by 10 Edw. III. stat. 3, no man shall be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except upon some great holidays, there specified, in which he may be served with *three*. He introduces Gaming as the natural offspring of luxury, and says, "Next to that of luxury, naturally follows the offence of Gaming, which is generally introduced to supply or retrieve the expences occasioned by the former; it being a kind of tacit confession that the company engaged therein do, in general, exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes; and therefore they cast lots, to determine upon whom the ruin shall fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer." But taken in any light, it is an offence of the most alarming nature; tending, by necessary consequences, to promote public idleness, theft, and debauchery, among those of a lower class: and among persons of a superior, it has been frequently attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandoned prostitution of every principle of honour and virtue, and too often

often has ended in self-murder. To restrain this vice among the inferior sort of people, the statute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9, was made; which prohibits, to all but gentlemen, the games of tennis, tables, cards, dice, bowls, and other unlawful diversions therein specified, unless in the time of Christmas, under pecuniary pains and imprisonment. And the same law, and also the stat. 30 Geo. II. c. 24, inflict pecuniary penalties as well upon the master of any public-house wherein servants are permitted to game, as upon the servants themselves, who are found to be gaming there.—But this is not the principal ground of modern complaints: it is the gaming in high life that demands the attention of Magistrates; a passion in which every valuable consideration is made a sacrifice, and which we seem to have inherited from our ancestors, the ancient Germans, whom Tacitus describes to have been bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. “ They addict themselves (says he) to dice, (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment; with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that when stripped of every thing else, they will stake at last their liberty, and their very selves. The loser goes into voluntary slavery, and, though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold.—And this perseverance

verance in so bad a cause they call the *point of honour*."

When men are thus intoxicated with so frantic a spirit, laws will be of little avail; because the same false sense of honour that prompts a man to sacrifice himself, will deter him from appealing to the Magistrate. Yet it is proper that laws should be, and be known publicly, that gentlemen may learn what penalties they wilfully incur, and what confidence they repose in sharpers; who, if successful in play, are certain to be paid with honour; or if unsuccessful, have it in their power to be still greater gainers by informing. For by stat. 16, Car. II. c. 7, if any person, by playing or betting, shall lose more than 100l. at one time, he shall not be compellable to pay the same; and the winner shall forfeit treble the value, one moiety to the King, the other to the informer. The 9th Anne, c. 14, enacts, that all bonds, and other securities, given for money won at play, or money lent at the time to play withal, shall be utterly void: that all mortgages and incumbrances of lands made upon the same consideration, shall be and endure to the use of the heir of the mortgager: that if any person, at one time, loses 10l. at play, he may sue the winner, and recover it back by action of debt at law; and, in case the loser does

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not, any other person may sue the winner for treble the sum so lost; and the plaintiff in either case may examine the defendant himself upon oath; and no privilege of Parliament shall be allowed. And if any one cheats at play, and at one time wins more than 10l. or any valuable thing, he may be indicted thereupon, and shall forfeit five times the value; shall be deemed infamous, and shall suffer such corporal punishment as in case of wilful perjury.

By st. 18 Geo. II. c. 24, the st. 9 Anne is farther enforced. The forfeitures of that act may now be recovered in a Court of Equity: and if any be convicted, upon information or indictment, of winning or losing at any sitting 10 or 20l. within twenty-four hours, he shall forfeit five times the sum.

Thus careful has the legislature been to prevent this destructive vice; which may shew that our laws are not so deficient as ourselves, and our magistrates, in putting those laws in execution.

As gamesters are men who boast of very exalted spirits, both as to the delicacy of their honour, and quick sensibility of parts, I would beg leave to shew them in what sovereign contempt the
judiciously

judiciously candid Addison held both: "It is wonderful (says he) to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures.— Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short?" And in another place he says, "You often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket, with the courage of a highwayman."

OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE greatest sweetner of human life is Friendship. To raise this to the highest pitch of enjoyment, is a secret which but few discover.— Friendships, in general, are suddenly contracted; and therefore it is no wonder they are easily dissolved. A man who has amused us for an evening with sprightly merriment, shall be admitted into the number of our friends, and received with that ardour which is always the attendant upon the first impression of regards. But, though wit be

an agreeable, it is by no means the only qualification necessary in a friend; and is, of all others, the most precarious foundation of esteem. A wit, in this respect, resembles a beauty; all admire her, though few would venture to chuse her as a wife.

Qualifications that make a man the object of general applause, are not, in themselves, sufficient to conciliate our friendly regards. Amidst this universal admiration, there is no opportunity for the partiality of friendship to exercise itself; and a man under the same obligations to every person, cannot, in strict justice, limit his regards to any one in particular. It is much more reasonable to suppose that he will sacrifice the opinion and esteem of an individual, to the opinion and esteem of the rest; and will, at the expence of one admirer, attempt to raise his reputation with others.

But the wit is not the only man disqualified for Friendship. Look round the world, and you will see men employed in such pursuits, and disturbed with such passions, as make Friendship appear almost an empty name, and an imaginary existence. Most breasts are so contracted by selfish and mercenary principles, that they are incapable of feeling any of the finer movements and reciprocations of benevolence; and even where nature has softened

softened the heart to this delicate sensibility, she has, perhaps, considerably abated its operation, by principles and habits of a contrary kind.—Some are susceptible of the warmest affection, quick to the call of necessity, and ready to relieve and succour distress; but then they lie open to the attack of every softer passion, and have not fortitude sufficient to reason down these rising propensities of nature into the genuine principles of disinterested Friendship. Others, from selfishness and pride, shall lend an easy ear to the whisper of malignity and envy. Others destroy Friendship by suspicion and reserve. Others have hearts soft to every impression; and, in these, one seal of Friendship is obliterated by another: while some, by a mutable disposition of mind, relinquish their friends, not because they cease to be, but continue what they once were. But when we come to reflect, on the one hand, that Friendship, in order to be true and lasting, must know no rival or reserve, have similar virtues for its foundation, and mutual esteem for its support, and the happiness of another preferred to our own; and when we consider, on the other, the suspicions of pride, the love of superiority, and the natural distrust of the human heart, we shall soon find that Socrates made a right estimate of Friendship,
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and that a very small mansion will contain those which any man can truly call such.

Considering these requisites of Friendship, and the opposition in the way of their acquisition, we have a melancholy instance of the imperfection of our present state of being, which almost denies the possibility of attaining that which is the greatest happiness we can enjoy. But this may be wisely designed by the Author of our being: since, if Friendship were complete, our happiness here would appear so absolute, as greatly to retard our improvements in those virtues upon which a Friendship most exalted, lasting, and refined, shall be established. But though we may not arrive at all at that happiness which we are assured a pure Friendship is capable of affording, yet this ought not to make us indolent in our researches, or indifferent in our regards. That man would be justly thought very unreasonable, who would refuse to partake of the elegancies which his own country affords, because other regions furnish our greater delicacies.

The very constitution of our minds leads us immediately to the cultivation of Friendship.— Though the powers of the mind are great, yet, the wider they expand, the less forcibly they act.

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That benevolence we feel towards all mankind is of so undeterminate a nature, that, when the general calamities of our fellow-creatures are represented to us, where, perhaps, whole nations are immediate sufferers, we enter not into that sympathy which we should feel for one family or friend in distress. We shall always find that, in exact proportion as the object of our benevolence decreases, the more warm and lively our benevolence operates. The good of the political community to which we belong, is more the object of our regards than the community of the world; that of our family and friends, more than that of the political community; and that of an individual is still more sacred and dear. Here our regards center upon an absolute object, and there is more than general calamity to affect us. When one particular ear is open to our complaints; when we see one breast filled with sympathy; the eye of an individual flowing with a tear of compassion, or glad with the sparkling of joy; we imagine this to be an extraordinary instance of that humanity which, in every instance, gains our esteem and approbation.

The requisites of Friendship, then, as we observed, are confidence, love, and esteem: such as are founded upon similar perfections of character,
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or similar taste, with no more opposition of sentiment than what shall sometimes prove a great excitement to an amicable dispute. We can confide in the man whose moroseness makes reserved any more than in him whose levity makes him liable to change. We cannot trust the man of pride, or commit a secret to his keeping who is always unguarded. We must love and esteem the person we admit to Friendship; because a man may possess qualities which may produce love, and no esteem; esteem without love. The former is founded on qualifications that please, the latter on those that command approbation.

We, in some sort, love ourselves in our friends and are glad, from a desire of appearing distinguished, to make a joint offering to benevolence and self-love. The foundation of this must be the similarity between ourselves and our friends. The same taste that leads to the same pleasures binds us most forcibly with the cords of affection. We love to recollect, much more constantly and with pleasure, with objects with which we have connected the most agreeable ideas; and, by this joint participation, we give a countenance to pleasures otherwise fugitive, and of precarious remembrance. Such an opposition of sentiments is the foundation of Friendship.

Friendship must never appear, as may lead us to espouse the causes of different parties. In contentions which these produce, Friendship has been often destroyed, without the conviction of either of the opponents.

When once we have made choice of a friend, let our care to keep him be equal to the value of the possession we enjoy: and let us remember the imperfections of humanity, and expect not too much even from Friendship itself. We may trust in the sincerity of a friend; but there are secrets which no other breast but our own should be conscious of. We may reveal many griefs, but a portion ought to be reserved as a trial of our own fortitude. We may communicate many pleasures, yet still have some in reserve: there will be seasons when these may amuse, and when a friend cannot delight. Friendship may be made subservient to the noblest purposes of human life; for, though it will not allow of direct opposition of sentiment, or the contention of superiority, yet it admits of a generous emulation who shall excel in all the amiable virtues that connect mankind in the inviolable union of social benevolence.

THE
LESSON OF MISFORTUNE.

A MORAL TALE.

“ **T**O overcome adversity, and brave death itself, is the effect of a noble and generous resolution. But there is still a species of courage which I think less frequently to be met with in the world, but not less admirable. I shall give an instance of it in relating what I heard from Watelet, as we were one day walking together in the groves of Moulin Joli.

“ Of all men of the present century, Watelet seemed to have conducted himself in a manner the most likely to secure a life of happiness. He was a man of universal taste, a lover of the arts, and an encourager of artists and men of letters; he was himself a literary man and an artist, but not with sufficient success to awaken and call forth envy; he possessed that moderate excellence of talent, which sues for indulgence, and which, free from noise and attention, acquiring esteem and dispensing with glory, amuses the leisure of unambitious retirement, or of a few partial friends he was wise enough to confine his desire of applause within the limits of that narrow circle, and

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not to seek in the world either the fulsome praise of admirers, or the criticism of jealousy. Add to these advantages an uncommon amenity of manners, a delicate sensibility of disposition, an attentive and conciliating politeness, and you will have the idea of a life that was innocently pleasurable. Such was the life of Watelet.

“ Every body heard of his philosophical retreat on the banks of the Seine. I sometimes paid him a visit there. One day I met a new-married couple that were mutually delighted with each other; the husband still in the prime of life, and the bride not yet twenty years of age. Watelet seemed himself to derive happiness from theirs, and their looks were expressive of their owing it to him.— As they spake the French tongue with purity, I was surprized to hear them say they were going to live in Holland, and that they were come to take their leave of him. When dinner was over, and when they were gone away, I had the curiosity to ask who this happy and grateful couple were. My friend led me into a corner of his enchanting island, where we both sat down. ‘ Listen,’ said he, ‘ and you will see honour saved from shipwreck by virtue.’

“ In a journey to Holland, which I undertook solely to see a country for which man is constantly contending with the sea, and which is enriched by commerce in despite, as it were, of nature, I was recommended to a rich merchant of the name of Odelman, a man as liberal in his house, as he was avaricious in his commerce. In his counting-house, and at his table, I found a young Frenchman, of an interesting appearance and uncommon modesty of deportment. He was known in Holland by no other name than that of Oliver.

“ In vain Odelman, who was a man of plain manners, treated him like a friend, and almost as an equal; the young man, with a certain respectful dignity, always kept himself at a proper distance; you would have said, at that of a son ever attentive and dutiful to the will of his father, whom he was serving for love.

“ I shewed him an attention of which he appeared very sensible, and which he returned by a certain nobleness of deportment, but with an air of humility and bashfulness. At table he said little, but with a manner, a decency, a choice of expression, that bespoke a well-educated man.— After dinner he accosted me in the most obliging manner, and made me a tender of his services.—

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I did not take an undue advantage of it; but I begged him to assist me with his advice relative to the management of my expences, and to some purchases I wished to make. To this friendly office he joined the kindest attentions to the most affectionate care.

“ I endeavoured to learn what had induced him to live in Holland. He replied, ‘ it was misfortune;’ and in every thing that related to himself, I thought I perceived he did not wish to come to an explanation.

“ In the mean time, while we passed all the time he could spare together, and with a complaisance that my curiosity sometimes fatigued, but never wore out, he gave me every information relative to whatever was interesting in Holland. He represented it as having no more than an artificial existence in its relations with all the nations of the universe, and continually occupied in supporting and defending its dykes and its liberties. Impressed with gratitude in favour of his new country, he spoke of it with the expression of a sentiment to which his melancholy gave greater force, and which, though full of esteem for that country, was nevertheless mingled with the regret and recollection of his own. ‘ Ah!’ would he say, ‘ if
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France did the fourth part as much to assist nature as Holland does to subdue it!——And from a view of the manners of the Dutch, their laws, their laborious and painful industry, he led me to admire the prodigies that are brought about by necessity.

“ You may be sure I began to conceive a singular affection for him. ‘ This is an entertaining young man,’ said I to Odelman, ‘ and I have the greatest reason to speak in his favour. It was doubtless you that recommended him to shew me such attention.’ “ Not at all,” replied he, “ but you are a Frenchman, and he idolizes his country. I am very glad, however, to profit by its loss, for it has few more such to boast of. He is an assemblage of every estimable quality; fidelity, intelligence, indefatigable application, readiness in business, an extreme quickness and niceness of perception; a spirit of order which nothing can escape; and above all, an œconomy—Ah! he is the man, indeed, that knows the value of money.”

“ The last article of his eulogium was not of my taste; and, in his excuse, I observed, that ‘ it was allowable in the unfortunate to be avaricious.’ “ Avaricious! he is not so,” replied the Dutchman, “ for he is not even covetous. Never, I
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am well assured, did he desire the wealth of another; he is only careful of his own. But in the management of it he exhibits a parsimony, so ingenuous and so refined, that the Dutch themselves are astonished at it." ' And yet there is nothing,' observed I, ' about him, that betrays an interested disposition. He talked to me about your wealth, and the wealth of Holland; but he talked of them without envy.'

" Oh! no; I told you he was not envious.— He seems to want even that desire of gain which is the very soul of our commerce. I have often proposed to him to adventure the profits of his labour in my ships."—' No,' he would say, ' I have nothing to risk. The little I possess, I cannot do without.' And when he has sometimes given way to my persuasion, and exposed small sums to the dangers of the sea, I have seen him so much agitated, till the safe return of the vessel, that he has lost his nightly rest. This is exactly the disposition of the ant. Satisfied with what he can accumulate by labour, he never regrets his not acquiring more; and, preserving in his œconomy an air of easy circumstances, and of dignity, he appears, in refraining from every thing, to be in want of nothing. For instance, you see he is decently dressed. Well, that blue coat, upon which

which was never seen a grain of dust, is the same he has worn for six years together, and is the only coat he possesses. He did me the favour to dine with me to-day, this is what he rarely does; and yet it is his own fault if he does not make my table his own; but he chuses rather to dispose of that article of his expences in his own way, in order to reduce it to what is barely necessary; and in every want of life his frugality still finds out means of œconomy. But what most surprizes me is, the secrecy with which he hides, even from me, the use he makes of his money. I at first imagined he had some mistress that saved him the trouble of hoarding it up; but the propriety of his conduct soon removed that suspicion. I can now make no other conclusion, than, that being impatient to return to his own country, he remits his little fortune thither as fast as he makes it, and conceals from me his intention of going and enjoying it there.

“ As nothing was more natural, or more likely, I was quite of the same opinion, but, before my departure, I became better acquainted with this uncommon and virtuous young man.

“ My dear countryman,” said I, the day I was taking my leave of him, “ I am going back to Paris.
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Shall I be unfortunate enough to be of no use to you there? I have afforded you the pleasure of obliging me as much and as long as you have pleased; don't refuse me an opportunity of returning the obligation."—"No, Sir," said he, "you shall have it; and, in exchange for the little services which you are pleased to over-value, I shall come this evening, and request one from you, which is of the most material consequence to me. I must observe that it is a secret which I am going to communicate to you; but I can be under no apprehensions.—Your name alone is a sufficient guarantee." I promised to keep it faithfully; and on that very evening he called on me with a cassette full of gold in his hand.

'Here,' says he, 'are five hundred louis d'ors, arising from three years savings, and a paper signed with my hand that will indicate the use I wish them to be put to.' It was signed Oliver Salvary. How great was my surprize to find it was destined for nothing but objects of luxury!—a thousand crowns to a jeweller; a thousand to a cabinet-maker; a hundred louis for millinery; as much for laces; and the rest to a perfumer.

'I surprize you,' said he, 'yet you don't see all. I have already paid, thank Heaven, three hundred
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louis for the like fooleries; and I have much yet to pay before every thing will be discharged.— Must I tell it you, Sir? Alas! I am a dishonoured man in my own country, and I am labouring here to wipe away a stain I have brought upon my name; in the mean while, I may die, and die insolvent. I wish to make you a witness of my good intentions, and the efforts I am making to repair my misfortunes and my shame. What I am going to relate to you may be considered as my testament, which I request you to receive, that in case of my death, you may take the necessary pains to reinstate my memory.’ “ You will live long enough,” said I, “ you will have time to efface the remembrance of the misfortunes of your youth. But if, in order to make you easy, you want nothing but a faithful witness of your sentiments and conduct, I am better informed on that subject than you imagine, and you may with all confidence lay open your heart to me.”

‘ I begin then,’ said he, smiling, ‘ by confessing, that my misfortunes are entirely owing to myself, and that my errors are without excuse. My profession was one of those that essentially required the strictest probity; and the first law of that probity is not to dispose of any thing that is not our own. I reckoned with myself, but reckoned ill.

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I ought to have reckoned better, and my foolish imprudence was not the less criminal. Hear in what manner I was led into it.

‘ A reputable extraction, a fair name, the esteem of the public, transmitted from my ancestors to their children, my youth, some successes in which I had been much favoured by circumstances; all seemed to promise that I should make a rapid and brilliant fortune by my profession. This was the very rock on which I split.

‘ Monsieur d’Amene, a man of fortune, and who considered my prospects as infallible, ventured to ground his daughter’s happiness upon these delusive hopes. He offered me her hand; and as soon as we were acquainted, a mutual attachment rendered our union equally desirable to both.—She is no more!—If she were still alive, and I were again to chuse a wife, it should be her.—Yes, I swear it should be thee, my dearest Adrienne, that I would chuse from among a thousand. They might have more beauty, perhaps; but who will ever possess thy worth, thy tenderness, thy charming temper, thy good sense, and candour, in the same degree!”

“ In this address, his eyes uplifted to Heaven where he seemed to be looking for her spirit, were moistened with a tear. ‘ Impute not,’ added he ‘ to her any thing that I have done on her account. The innocent cause of my misfortune she never even suspected it. And in the midst of the illusions with which she was surrounded, she was far from perceiving the abyss to which I was leading her, over a path strewn with flowers.—Enamoured of her before I married her, more enamoured after possession, I thought I could never do enough to make her happy ; and in comparison with the love with which I burned for her her timid tenderness, and her sensibility, which were kept within bounds by her modesty, had a appearance of coldness. To make myself beloved as much as I loved her,—shall I declare it?—wanted to intoxicate her with happiness. Good heavens! what passion ought not a man to indulge with distrust, if it be dangerous to give himself up to the desire of pleasing his wife.

‘ A commodious and elegant mansion, expensive and ornamental furniture, whatever fashion and taste could procure in the article of dress to flatter in young minds the propensities of self-love by affording new splendour or new attractions of beauty, all this prevented my wife’s desires, and
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poured in upon her, as it were, spontaneously.—A chosen society, formed by her own inclination, shewed her the most flattering attentions, and nothing that could render home agreeable was ever wanting.

‘ My wife was too young to consider it necessary to regulate and reduce my expences. Ah! had she known how much I risked to please her, with what resolution would she not have opposed it? But as she brought me a handsome fortune, it was natural for her to conclude, that on my side I was in good circumstances. She imagined at least that my situation in life allowed me to put my house upon a genteel footing. She perceived nothing in it that was unsuitable to my profession; and on consulting her female friends, *all this was highly proper—all this was no more than decent.* Alas! I said so too, and Adrienne alone, with her modest and sweet ingenuous manners, asked me if I conceived it necessary to incur such expences to render myself amiable in her eyes. “ I cannot be insensible,” said she, “ to the pains you take to render me happy; but I should be so without all that. You love me, and that is enough to excite the envy of these young women. What satisfaction can you find in increasing it by your wishing me to eclipse them? Leave them their advantages,

tages, which I shall not envy. Let the frivolity of taste, let whim and vain superfluity, be their love. Love and happiness shall be mine."

' Her delicacy, though it gave her new charms, did not alter my conduct, and I answered, that it was on my account that I complied with custom; that what appeared as luxury to her, was nothing but a little more elegance than ordinary; that good taste was never expensive, and that whatever I might do, I should never transgress the bounds of propriety. I deceived her. I deceived myself, or rather I banished all reflection. I was aware of living beyond my present income, but in a short time the produce of my labours would make good the deficiency, and in the mean while my wife would have had her enjoyments. Every one approved of my affectionate care to make her happy. Could I do less for her? Could I even do enough? This was the public voice. At least it was the sentiments and language of our friends. My father-in-law looked with concern upon those anticipated expences, upon this emulation of luxury, which ruins, said he, the greatest fortunes. He testified to me his disapprobation of it with some degree of severity. I calmly replied, that this emulation should never lead me into any indiscretion, and he might safely depend

upon my prudence. I have since learnt what an impression this manner of respectfully eluding his advice, made upon his mind, and what bitter resentment he nourished at the bottom of his heart.

‘ The moment of my becoming a father drew nigh, and this moment, which I looked for with an impatient delight, my heart had hitherto been a stranger to; this day, which promised to be the happiest I had ever yet experienced, turned out the most fatal. It deprived me both of the mother and the child. This stroke plunged me into an abyss of sorrow. I will not tell you how heart-breaking it was; it was that kind of grief that can only be expressed by the cries it utters. None but those who experience such sorrows can imagine what they are.

‘ It was still in the height of my affliction, when my wife’s father informed me by his notary, accompanied with a few words of sorrow and condolence, that the writings were drawn up to transfer back into his hands the fortune I had received from him. Full of indignation at his haste, I replied that I was quite prepared; and on the morrow the fortune was returned. But the jewels that I had given his daughter, and the other articles

ticles of value for her own particular use, became also his spoils. He had a legal right to them. I represented the inhumanity of requiring me, at the end of eighteen months marriage, to submit to so severe a law; but he availed himself of his right with all the impatience and avidity of a greedy claimant. I submitted, and this severe exaction made some noise in the world. Then did the envy my happiness had excited, hasten to punish me for my short-lived felicity, and under the disguise of pity, took care to divulge my ruin, which it seemed to deplore. My friends were less zealous to serve me, than were my enemies to do me injury. They agreed that I had been too much in haste to live away. They were very right, but they were so too late. It was at my entertainments that they should have made such observations. But you, Sir, who know the world, know with what indulgence spendthrifts are treated until the period of their ruin. Mine was now made public, and my creditors being alarmed, came in crowds to my house. I was determined not to deceive them, and making them acquainted with my situation, I offered them all that I had left, and only required them to give me time to discharge the rest. Some were accommodating, but others, alledging the wealthy circumstances of my father-in-law, observed, that he was the person who

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ought to have given me indulgence, and that in seizing the spoils of his daughter, it was their property he had plundered. In a word, I was reduced to the necessity of escaping from their pursuits by blowing out my brains, or of being shut up in a prison.

‘ ’Twas this, Sir, this night, which I passed in the agonies of shame and despair, with death on one hand, and ruin on the other. This is what ought to serve as an eternal lesson and example. An honest and inoffensive man, whose only crime was his dependance upon slight hopes; this man hitherto esteemed and honoured, in an easy and sure way to fortune, all on a sudden marked with infamy, consigned to contempt, condemned either to cease to live, or to live in disgrace, in exile, or in prison; discountenanced by his father-in-law, abandoned by his friends, no longer daring to appear abroad, no longer daring to name himself, and desirous of finding some solitary and inaccessible retreat that could conceal him from pursuit. It was in the midst of these horrible reflections, that I passed the longest of nights. Ah! the remembrance of it still makes me shudder! and neither my head nor my heart have yet recovered the shock I felt at this dreadful reverse of fortune. I do not exaggerate when I tell you that during

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these agonizing convulsions I even sweated blood. At last, this long conflict having overcome my spirits, my worn out force gave way to a calm still more dreadful. I considered the depth of the abyss into which I had fallen, and it was then that I began to feel the cool resolution of putting an end to my existence take its birth at the bottom of my heart.

‘ Let me weigh,’ said I to myself, ‘ my last determination. If I submit to be arrested and dragged to prison, I must perish there dishonoured, without resource and without hope. It is doubtless a thousand times better to get rid of a hateful life, and to throw myself upon the mercy of God, who will perhaps pardon me for not being able to survive misfortune combined with dishonour.— My pistols were cocked, they lay on the table, and as I fixed my eyes upon them, nothing appeared to me at this moment more easy than to put an end to every thing. Aye, but how many villains have done the same; how many base and worthless minds have possessed like me this desperate courage? And what will wash away the blood in which I am going to imbrue my hands? Will my infamy be the less inscribed upon my tomb? if, indeed, a tomb be allowed me. And will my name, stigmatized by the laws, be buried with

with me? But what am I saying? wretch that I am! I am thinking of the shame, but who is to expiate the guilt? I want to steal out of the world; but would not that be to rob myself, and to frustrate those to whom I am indebted over again? When I shall cease to exist, who will make restitution for their property, which I have carried off? who will justify such abuse of their confidence? who will ask forgiveness for a young madman, the squanderer of wealth that was not his own? Ah! let me die, if I can no longer hope to regain that esteem which I have lost! But is it not possible, at my age, with labour and time to repair the errors of my youth, and to obtain pardon for my misfortunes? Then reflecting upon the resources that were left me, if I had fortitude to contend with my ill fate, I fancied I saw at a distance my honour emerging from behind the cloud that had obscured it. I fancied I saw a plank placed at my feet to save me from shipwreck, and that I beheld a friendly port at hand ready to receive me. I retired into Holland; but before I set off, I wrote to my creditors, informed them that having given up all I had left in the world, I was still going to devote my whole life to labour for their benefit; and entreated them to have patience.

‘ I landed at Amsterdam. On my arrival, my first care was to learn who among the wealthy merchants of that city was the man of the most honour and the best reputation; and as every one agreed in naming Odelman, I repaired to him.

‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ a stranger persecuted by misfortune flies to you for refuge, and to ask you whether he must sink under its weight, or whether by dint of resolution and labour, he may be able to overcome and survive it? I have no one to patronize or be answerable for me. I hope in time however, to be my own security; and in the meanwhile, I beg you will make use of a man, that has been educated with care, is well enough informed, and of a willing disposition. Odelman after having listened to, and surveyed me with attention, asked me who had recommended me him? “ The public opinion,” said I. “ On my arrival, I enquired for the wisest and best among the citizens of Amsterdam, and every one named you.”

‘ He appeared much struck with a certain expression of spiritedness, of frankness, and resolution in my language and countenance, which misfortune imparts to resolute minds, and which nature seems to have made the dignity of the unfortunate.

fortunate. He was discreet in his questions, and I was sincere, but reserved in my answers. In a word, without betraying myself, I said enough to remove his distrust; and prepossessed with a sentiment of esteem in my favour, he consented to put me to a trial, but without any fixed engagement. He soon perceived that there was not in his counting-house a man of more diligence, more assiduity, more application, and more emulous of gaining information, than myself.

“ Oliver,” said he. (for that was the only name I had taken) “ you have kept your word. Go on, I see you will suit me; we are made to live with one another. There is three months of your first year’s salary. I hope, and I foresee, that it will go on in a progressive increase.”

‘ Ah! Sir, I, who had never in my life known the value of money, with what joy did I see myself master of the hundred ducats he had presented me with? with what cautious care did I lay by the greater part of this sum? with what ardour did I give myself up to that labour of which it was the fruits, and with what impatience did I wait for the other three quarters of my salary that were to increase this treasure?

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‘ One of the happiest days in my life was that on which I was to remit to Paris the first hundred louis d’ors of my savings. When the receipt came back, I kissed the paper a hundred times, and watered it with my tears. I laid it upon my heart, and I felt it like a balm applied to my wounds.

‘ Three years together I procured myself the like gratification. This gratification is now heightened; for my perquisites being augmented and joined to some gains which I have derived from commerce, double the amount of my savings. If this remittance has been tardy, I beg, Sir, you will mention, that the delay has been occasioned by the death of the only trusty correspondent I had at Paris, and that henceforth you will be so good as to supply his place. Alas! I may yet labour fifteen years before I can discharge all, but I am only five and thirty. At fifty I shall be free; the wound in my heart will be healed. A multitude of voices will proclaim my honesty, and I shall be able to return to my country with an unblushing countenance. Ah! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea, that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and to crown my grey hairs.’

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"He had hardly finished speaking," rejoined Watelet, "when delighted at this exemplary probity, I embraced him, and assured him, that in all the world, I had never met with an honefter man than himself. This mark of my esteem affected him deeply, and he told me with tears in his eyes, that he should never forget the consolation that accompanied my farewell. He added, besides, 'that I was well acquainted with his heart, and that my testimony accorded with that of his conscience.'

"When I arrived at Paris, I made his payments. His creditors were desirous of knowing where he was, what he was doing, and what his resources were. Without explaining myself in that respect, I impressed them with the same good opinion of his honesty as I entertained myself, and dismissed them all well satisfied.

"Being one day at dinner with Monsieur Nerven, my notary, one of his guests, on hearing me speak of my journey into Holland, asked me with some degree of ill-humour and contempt, if I had never happened to meet with one Oliver Salvary in that country. As it was easy to recognize in his looks and the scowl of his eye-brows a sentiment of malevolence, I stood on my guard, and
replied,

replied, ' that my tour into Holland having been a mere party of pleasure, I had not had leisure to acquire information respecting the French that I might have seen there. but that through my connections. it would be very possible to get some account of the person he had named.' " No," said he, " it is not worth while. He has given me too much vexation for me to take any concern about him. He has possibly died of want or shame, as it was but fit he should. He would have done much better still, if he had died before he married my daughter, and brought himself to ruin. After that," continued he, " depend upon the fine promises which a young man makes you. In eighteen months fifty thousand crowns in debt; and, to complete the whole, exile and disgrace! Ah, Sir!" said he to the notary, " when you marry your daughter, mind and be upon your guard.—An insolvent and dishonoured son-in-law is but a sorry piece of furniture.

" Monsieur Nervin asked him how it happened, that so prudent a man as himself had not foreseen and prevented these misfortunes?" ' I did foresee it,' replied d'Amene, ' and prevented it as far as I could; for on the very morrow of my daughter's death, I diligently began to take my measures, and, thank Heaven, I have had the consolation
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of recovering her portion and personal property; but that is all I was able to save from the wreck, and I left nothing but the shattered remains for the rest of his creditors.'

"It was with great difficulty that I could contain myself; but perceiving after he was gone the impression he had made upon the minds of the notary, and his daughter, I could not resist giving way to my desire of vindicating the honourable absent man; but without mentioning his retreat, without saying where he was concealed, (for it was on that head it behoved me to keep silence.) "You have been hearing," said I, "this unmerciful father-in-law speak of his son with the most cruel contempt. Well, everything he has said about him is true; and it is not less true that this unfortunate man is innocence and probity itself." This exordium seemed very strange to them, it riveted their attention, and the father and daughter remaining silent, I began to relate what you have heard.

"Nervin is one of those uncommon characters, that are so difficult to be comprehended. Never was there a cooler head or a warmer heart. It was a volcano beneath a heap of snow. His daughter, on the contrary, was a girl of a tender

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and placid disposition, equally partaking of the ardour of her father's soul, and of the sedateness of reason. She is handsome. You have seen her; but she is so little vain of her beauty, that she hears it spoken of without blushing or embarrassment, as she would the beauty of another.—‘We may be proud,’ said she, ‘of what we have acquired ourselves, and modesty is necessary to conceal such pride, or to keep it within due bounds. But where is the merit or the glory in having one's eyes or mouth made in such and such a manner, and why should we think ourselves obliged to blush at the praise of what the caprice of nature has conferred upon us, and without any merit of our own.’ This single trait may give you an idea of the disposition of Justina, which though more strongly characterized and determined than that of Adrienne, exhibited the same candour and the same charms.

“ This estimable girl paid as much attention to my words as her father, and at each trait that marked the good faith of Salvary, his strong sensibility, his firmness under misfortune; I perceived them look at each other, and thrill with that sweet delight which virtue ever excites in the breasts of those that love her. But the father became im-
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perceptibly more thoughtful, and the daughter more affected.

“ When I came to these words in which Oliver had addressed me :— ‘ Ah ! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and crown my grey hairs,’ I saw Nervin lift up his head, with eyes all glistening with tears, of which they were full. “ No, virtuous man,” exclaimed he, in the effusion of his generosity, “ you shall not wait the tedious decline of life, in order to be free, and honoured as you deserve. Sir,” added he to me, “ you are in the right, there is not an honest man in the world. As to the common and straight-forward duties of life, any one may discharge them, but to preserve this resolution and probity, while hanging over the precipices of misfortune and shame, without once losing sight of them for a moment, this is rare indeed ! this is what I call possessing a well-tempered mind. He will commit no more follies. I will be answerable for it. He will be kind, but he will be prudent ; he knows too well what weakness and imprudence have cost him, and with d’Amene’s good leave, that is the man I should like for a son-in-law.—And you, daughter, what think you of it ? ”

‘ I, Sir ! ’ replied Justina, ‘ I confess that such

would be the husband I should chuse.' " You shall have him," said her father, taking his resolution. " Write to him, Sir, and desire him to come to Paris, tell him that a good match awaits him there, and tell him nothing more."

" I wrote; he made answer, that situated as he was, he was condemned to celibacy and solitude, that he would involve neither a wife nor children in his misfortunes, nor would he set his foot in his own country, until there should be no one there before whom he should be ashamed to appear.— This answer proved a farther incitement to the impatient inclinations of the notary. " Ask him," says he, " to give in a specific account of his debts, and inform him that a person who interests himself in his welfare will undertake the care of adjusting every thing."

" Salvary consented to intrust me with the state of his debts, but as to the accommodation of them, he replied, he would hear of no such thing; that any reduction of his creditors' claims would be unjust; that it was his intention to discharge them fully, and to the last livre; and all that he required at their hands was time. " Time, time," says the notary, " I have none to spare him. My daughter will grow old before he pays his debts.

Leave this list of them with me. I know how to deal for an honourable man. Every body shall be satisfied." Two days after he came to see me. "All is settled," said he. "Look, here are his bills, with receipts to them. Send them to him, and give him the choice of being no longer in debt to any one by marrying my daughter, or of having me for sole creditor, if he refuses to accept me for a father-in-law; for this does not bind him to any thing."

"I leave you to imagine the surprize and gratitude of Salvary at seeing all the traces of his ruin done away, as it were, by a stroke of a pen; and with what eagerness he came to return thanks to his benefactor. He was nevertheless detained in Holland longer than he wished, and the impetuous Nervin began to complain, that this man was tardy, and very hard to work upon. At last he arrived at my house, not yet daring to persuade himself but that his happiness was only a dream. I quickly introduced him to his generous paymaster, with a mind impressed with two sentiments equally grateful, deeply sensible of the father's goodness, and every day still more captivated with the charms of the daughter; for finding in her all he had so much loved, and so much regretted in Adrienne, his mind was, as it were, ravished

ravished with gratitude and love. He was no longer able, he said, to decide which was the more inestimable gift of heaven; a friend like Nervin, or a wife like Justina.

“ One regret, however, that he could not hide, still hung about his mind. ‘ Pardon me,’ said he one day, when Nervin reproached him for having rather put his patience to the test; ‘ pardon me, Sir, I was impatient to throw myself at your feet, but besides the accounts I had to make up, I have had in leaving Holland more than one conflict to undergo. The worthy Odelman, my refuge, my first benefactor, had depended upon me for the ease and comfort of his old age. He is a widower, has no children; and without declaring it, he had already adopted me in his heart. When we were obliged to part, when in revealing to him my past misfortunes, I told him by what prodigy of goodness I had been restored to honour; he bitterly complained of my dissimulation, and asked me if I thought I had a better friend in the world than Odelman. He pressed me to consent to his acquitting the obligation I owed you. He requested it with tears, and I quickly began to feel myself no longer able to resist his entreaties. But he read the letter in which Mr. Watelet had made the eulogium of the charming and amiable Justina,
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and in which he had given a still more enchanting portrait of her mind than her person. "Ah!" said that good man to me, "I have no daughter to offer you; and if this picture be a faithful one, it will be a difficult matter to find her equal. I will detain you no longer. Go, be happy—think of me, and do not cease to love me."

"Nervin, as he listened to this narrative, stood wrapt up in thoughtful attention. 'No,' said he, 'suddenly breaking silence, 'I will not desire you to be ungrateful, nor will I suffer a Dutchman to boast that he is more generous than I. You have no profession here, and you are not formed to lead an idle and useless life. It would be a very great satisfaction for me, as you must imagine, to have my children about me, but let that blessing be reserved for my old age; and as my business here furnishes me with sufficient occupation to keep away *ennui*, write to the worthy Odelman, and tell him, that I give you up to him, together with my daughter, for half a score years; after which you will return, I hope, with a little colony of children; and you and I, in the mean while, shall have been labouring for their advantage.'"

"The Dutchman, overjoyed, returned for answer, that his house, his arms, his heart, were all

all open to receive the new-married pair: expects them, they are going to set off, and Oli will henceforth be in partnership with him. "This is the instance I have promised you," added Wilem, "of a species of courage that many unfortunate people are in want of, that of never forfeiting their own esteem, and that of never desponding so long as conscious of their own integrity"

ON
ABSENCE.

THERE are certain cares which intrude upon the mind on all occasions and in all places, nor can we prevent them. The strong influence which they exercise over us will not suffer attention to be long bestowed on things which have no relation to themselves. Have we aught to do which remains undone, or have ills of any kind befallen those whom we sincerely regard; our own condition, or that of our friends, will be a subject from which our thoughts cannot, for a long time, be wholly abstracted.

We are not to be surprized, therefore, if we ought to be offended, if, by those who are under these or similar circumstances, a becoming obli-

observance of time, place, and person, should, without intention, be often neglected.

In these cases the *inscientia temporis* may admit of excuse: but the wilful disregard of that particular decorum which the present occasion may demand, surely deserves severe reprehension; and especially as the practice of it daily becomes more and more frequent.

This inattention to the place in which, and to the persons with whom we are, and to the occasion on which we are met, is called, whether it be with or without cause, whether with or without intention, Absence; the chief discrimination in company, as it is now-a-days thought, between men of superior intellectual strength, and those who possess only common understanding.

No doubt they who have the most knowledge have the greatest employment for their thoughts, and certainly do think the most; moreover, in those who have been accustomed, during the whole of their lives, to spend much of their time in the pensive occupation of solitary study, and have delighted more in books than in men, the habit of thought may be so powerful, that they may scarcely ever be long and thoroughly free from it; and,
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therefore, cannot but have in company frequent, though unconscious relapses into the absent state.

And, because in this manner some men of learning and genius have been observed to behave, a conclusion has been made, that the behaviour of every one of superior parts must be the same; and therefore, that by this we should at all times be enabled to distinguish in company those who have knowledge from those who have none. The error, however, of this conclusion will shortly appear; for now there is hardly a man who wishes to be considered in any wise learned, that does not affect to be frequently absent.

If men confessedly great have ever, and it is to be suspected that they sometimes have, been guilty of the affectation of absence, such their conduct could only proceed from a notion, which must excite contempt for those by whom it is held, that common conversation has nothing in it worthy their notice, and, therefore, that it would not become them to be attentive to it.

Certainly in this they are sadly deceived; and such a mistake cannot but prove, that the greatest weakness will sometimes be shewn by those who are esteemed the wisest of men.

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That philosophy, however, which is of a more genuine kind, which has a consideration for others as well as for self, thinks and acts in a different manner; at all times adapts itself to the society in which it may be; and to the merest trifles. provided the pleasure of others can be promoted thereby, readily gives the most patient attention.

When men, in genius or in knowledge greater than others, are inattentive to the company at which they are present, they surely forget the end of their visit: they forget that we retire to the closet for meditation and study, but that we come into society for relaxation and amusement; to be absent, therefore, on these occasions is, as it were, to fall into slumbers when we should keep awake; it is committing a rudeness which sinks us at once to the barbarian level; it is giving an offence which cannot but sometimes be of hurt to those from whom it proceeds, and which all but the desipient or insane would wish to avoid.

MORAL INSTRUCTIONS
TO THE YOUNG
FOR MAKING THE
DANGEROUS VOYAGE OF LIFE:

WOULD you, Eugenio! covet to secure
An interest in the *Master of the Storm*?
Invoke protection at his sacred shrine;—
Would you the sober course of safety steer?
Make Virtue's favourites your chosen crew;
The wife, the good, th' experienc'd, and the brave
Announc'd by *seers* " the excellent of the earth;"
Then steer with these the course the Master plann'd
Nor deviating from his sacred chart,
And sure success shall all your course attend,
'Till, safely anchor'd in the port of peace,
You share the greetings of celestial joy.
Mean time let prudence dictate to your ear;
Form a true estimate of human life;
Its ebbs, its flows, and various incidents,
Prepare against with caution; and betimes
Weigh well each good, each ill to counterpoise
As in Astræa's balance. Meditate
And plan the course of wisdom. Do not launch
Life's bay untutor'd, uninstruct'd alike
In discipline and good œconomy,

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Like some high-flown intoxicated brain
 Afloat on reeds in hope to cross the gulph.
 From precedent learn prudence. Keep in view
 The num'rous rocks, so fatal prov'd by all
 Who steer the course of bold impiety,
 And dare to shun their track. Be cautious, mark
 Where *wise* men err'd. That course avoid, intent
 To glean advantage from the worst mishap
 Of eminence.—Such wrecks strike up a light
 Which, like a Pharos, shines full many a league;
 A caution clear to shun the fatal cliff!
 From vice's crews bear adverse. Seek to gain
 In wisdom's chart superior excellence,
 The best avidity is wisdom's thrift:
 Herein is no excess. Be timely wise:
 Choose an experienc'd mate: such will afford
 Good ground of safety in threat'ning storm.
 Make plain Sincerity your bosom friend;
 He will stand by when dangers stalk behind,
 Or threat'ning terrors meet, to shield your breast.
 Let meek-ey'd Piety your steps attend,
 While lovely Charity the cabin cheers,
 And grave Devotion keeps the closet-door.
 Dismiss all wayward passions: such can serve
 Only to bear you adverse from the port.
 Let Magnanimity your course conduct,
 For Honour waits on Magnanimity.
 Let Reason too your every scheme project,

And

And dictate to your ear. One counsel I
 Impart : It is an oracle ! attend ;
 “ Keep old blunt Honesty close by your side :
 “ A trusty TAR in every rugged blast :
 “ So safely shall each various storm befriend,
 “ And waft you bounding o’er the deep profound ;
 “ Opposing rocks in vain obstruct your course,
 “ To lame your passage to the realms of love.”

THE WISE CONDUCT OF
 HASSAN, KING OF GOLCONDA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IT is the peculiar province of wisdom to examine with the greatest attention whatever offers itself as fit either to be done, or to be avoided.— Hassan, king of Golconda, followed this excellent maxim in the most difficult conjuncture that can employ the thoughts of an earthly Monarch.

This king was six-score years old, was desirous or resigning his empire, and finishing his glorious reign, by the choice of a worthy successor. He had three sons by three different women, who were all living ; each of them pleaded in behalf of her own son ; so that the King, who was equally a good husband

husband and a good father, wavered in the most cruel uncertainty. 'What shall I resolve on?' said he to himself: 'The laws declare for the eldest; my favourite sultaneſs pleads for the second; and I myself incline for the youngest.— O too lovely sultaneſs, I have felt the effects of your sweet and alluring looks! O thou weak nature, that yieldest to my love! But neither of you shall triumph over the laws; I will die on the throne; that, after my death, the laws may decide the controversy. But what? The laws will decide nothing; a cruel war will be kindled between my children; my people will be the victim of their ambition, and I owe all to my people.— O beauteous sultaneſs! I ought to sacrifice you, myself, and whatever else is dear to me, to the good of my subjects; I will therefore leave them at liberty to chuse themselves a sovereign.'

After these reflections, he assembled his visiers, the nobles, and the people: 'I have,' said he to them, 'one foot on the throne, and the other in the grave; but I would, if it were possible, not go down into the abyſs of eternity with the crown on my head; its weight oppresses and weighs me down, I resign it to you, chuse for yourselves a Master.' At these words, there appeared in all their looks a profound sadness. The people cried
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out with one voice, " Live, long live the King, our father, and our friend!" ' Be not so much concerned,' interrupted the king, ' you are my bowels; you can suffer nothing, but I must feel so great a pain as would shorten my days.' At this, they redoubled their cries, and the aged monarch himself could not refrain from tears.—' Think no more,' said he, ' on what you are going to lose, but consider what you have still left.—The princes, my children, have all the qualities that make men great; proclaim which of them you think most worthy to possess the throne I resign.'

A profound silence succeeded their sighs and lamentations. The whole assembly cast their eyes on the throne, and saw the three princes sitting on the steps; they admired each of them, and, not liking one more than another, no man could determine which to chuse. Then the prime visier approached the throne, and spoke in this manner: " O wife and valiant king! May he who draws light out of darkness, and from the horrors of the night produces a glorious and delightful morning, keep you in his holy care, and perpetuate your posterity! Receive with your accustomed goodness the advice of your faithful slave: Let each of your three sons reign three days only, and we will determine afterwards, since your majesty is pleased

pleased to give us leave. Our choice then will be founded on judgment; for men are known, when they are in high fortune, and in wine. The man is truly wise, whom neither the one nor the other of them can corrupt."

This advice of the grand visier was followed, and prevailed over the subtle insinuations of his three wives, who saw all their sollicitations rendered vain, and their projects confounded.

Accordingly, the eldest prince was clothed in purple, and took the sceptre of government in his hand. His mother counselled him to be affable and liberal, not to alter the form of the government, and to pardon criminals. "By this means," said she, "you will have all the empire for you, the king, the nobles, and the people."

Instructions grounded on such principles seemed to promise a happy issue. The prince followed them exactly, but his conduct appeared studied and affected, which occasioned some distrust.

The three days of his reign being expired, the second prince ascended the throne. His mother gave him opposite instructions: "Depose," said she, "the visiers; banish the doctors of the law;
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raise to the highest dignities men of ambitious minds, who, to keep their employments, will vote you the throne; and, when you are well settled in it, we will recall the visiers and the doctors, whose fidelity the riches, which thy ambitious ministers shall have amassed, will serve to regain, and to reanimate their zeal.

This model was followed; but the people dreaded the worst that could happen, from a prince who pretended to the crown, and gave himself so little trouble to deserve it.

The King's third son took upon him, in his turn, the sovereign authority. He would have no advice from his mother; "For though," said he, "I have an infinite respect for my mother, and even believe, that she would give me no advice but what is founded on reason, it would be, at best, but superfluous. The laws are what I will observe; and what is dark and intricate in them, our wise visiers and learned doctors, all of whom I restore to their employments, will help me to interpret."

After he had spent the first day, and part of the second, in appointing good judges for the people, and old and prudent officers over the soldiers, the king, his father, sent some of the doctors to examine

mine and put questions to him in public. and to know if he understood the laws and the art of reigning. One of the doctors asked him, ' What persons a king has absolute need of. to be near his person?' " He has need." answered the prince, " of eight sorts: Of a prudent visier; of a general; of a good secretary, who understands and can write perfectly well the languages of the east; of a physician consummate in the art of healing, and in the knowledge of remedies; of learned doctors to instruct him thoroughly in the laws; of dervises capable of explaining to him the obscure points of his religion; and of musicians, who, by the sweetness of their voices, and the harmony of their instruments, may call back his spirits, that shall have been dissipated by the application he hath given to affairs of state."—Another doctor said to him, ' Prince, to what do you compare an emperor, his viceroys, his subjects, his empire, and his enemies?' " An empire," answered the Prince, " resembles a pasture-ground; an emperor a shepherd; his subjects the sheep; his viceroys the shepherd's dogs; and his enemies the wolves."

At these answers of the young prince, the old king of Golconda burst into tears of joy, and said within himself, ' My third son is the most learned

and most worthy of the throne; but, before I declare my thoughts, I will know the sentiments of my people.'

He published therefore an order for all the inhabitants of the city to appear the next morning in the plain without the walls. He himself came thither, mounted on a stately steed, attended by his three sons and all his courtiers; and, when he was in the midst of the people, he spoke these words: 'O my fellow-citizens, my relations, my faithful subjects! Regard not what I am to-day; no man is less than me in the sight of that Being who created the universe. To-morrow, that is, at the day of judgment, (which we all believe will come) how many will there be of you, who, possessing high dignities in paradise, will rend my garments, and say to me, "Oh! tyrant! what ills didst thou make us suffer during thy hateful reign!" ' Instead of answering your reproaches, I shall remain in a shameful silence, and not dare to regard your irritated looks.' At these words, the good old monarch hid his face, while floods of tears ran trickling down the furrows of his aged cheeks. His sons and his courtiers, after his example, also dropped their tears; and all the people were transported with grief and lamentations. At length the hoary monarch wiped away his
tears,

tears, and proceeded: ' O my friends! I am going out of this world, to enter into the palace of eternity. I conjure you to unburthen my conscience of the things you may have to reproach me with, to the end that I may not be ill-treated in my tomb by the evil angels, and that, at their departure, they may leave a daughter of paradise to continue with me till the day of judgment; and now chuse which of my three sons you please to succeed me.'

All the people cried out, " May the days of the king last as long as the world endures! We have nothing to reproach him with. May that Almighty Being, who draws the sable curtain of the night, and commands the purple rays of the morning to paint the summits of the lofty mountains, be as well satisfied with him, as we are! As to the princes his sons, let his majesty place which of them he pleases on the throne, we will readily consent, and faithfully obey him. But if he absolutely commands us to tell him which of the three we think most worthy to fill his place, we confess it is the youngest."

After this declaration, the king returned to the city, and, being come to the palace, gave orders for the coronation of the youngest prince. Every thing

thing being ready, the aged king took the young prince by the hand, and made him ascend the throne: ' O my son,' said he, ' take possession of a dignity, which I gladly resign to you, and wear the crown you so well deserve. But always remember that you are accountable, both to the Lord of nature and your country, for every action of your life. A monarch is born only for the good of his people. Beware of flattery, it is a rock more fatal to princes, than those hid beneath the surface of the waves are to mariners. Fear nothing but your own conscience, and aim at nothing but the prosperity of the empire. Then shall thy throne be established like the everlasting mountains, and thy virtues applauded in the utmost regions of the earth. Kings shall seek thy friendship, and sages drink instruction from thy mouth. The merchant shall flourish under thy protection, and the stranger sojourn safely under the shadow of the laws.—The hearts of the widow and orphan shall sing for joy, and the mouth of the infant, in lisping accents, declare thy praise.' Immediately all the people proclaimed him king, and all the nobles congratulated him on his ascension to the crown, praying the Almighty to shower down blessings on his reign.

ANECDOTE.

AS a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon his two sticks, to his *noisy mansion*, he was met by a certain nobleman, who wished to know his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood. "My name," answered he, "is R—— T——, and I am *master* of this *parish*."

This answer further increased his Lordship's curiosity, and he desired to know in what sense he was *master* of the parish? "I am," answered he, "the *master* of the *children* of the parish; the children are masters of the *mothers*; the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers*; and consequently I am the *master* of the whole *parish*."—His lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and gave the schoolmaster half-a-guinea, to buy a book with.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF NIVERNOIS AND A
POOR CLERGYMAN.

WHEN the Duke of Nivernois was ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit,

visit, quite *en dishabille*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain. to stop at a farm house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80l. a year, which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the Duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the Duke observed an old chess-board hanging up, and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist. 'I am your man,' says the Duke. "With all my heart," says the parson, "and if you'll stay and eat pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you." The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the state of his

his family affairs,—and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet: “The Duke of Nivernois’s compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and, as a remembrance for the *good drubbing* he gave him at chess, begs that he would accept of the living of —, worth 400l. per annum, and that he will wait on his Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same.” The good parson was sometime before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was not for going; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE.

THIS gentleman coming out of Drury-lane play-house, with a lady under his arm, was met by a couple of *bucks*, who took some liberties, not very acceptable to the lady, or her protector.

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Sir

Sir William, whose courage was equal to his gallantry, immediately called upon the gentlemen to answer for their misconduct.

One of the heroes steps forward, and says, "Sir, the lady, wearing artificial colour on her cheeks, we looked upon as fair game." Sir William's reply, and his subsequent conduct, did honour to his prowess and plain sincerity.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I may have mistaken the roses on the lady's cheeks for the ornaments of pure and simple nature; I shall be happy, if, by your means, I shall be cured of my illusion.—But I swear, by God, you shall never evade me, until I shall have fully proved the truth or fallacy of your assertion.

"Retire with me," continues Sir William, "to the Rose Tavern; there the experiment shall be made."

To the Rose they repaired—cold and hot water were called for, and applied with a napkin, smeared with soap and pomatum. Obstinat~~e~~ nature prevailed—the roses did not fade, but bloomed more in the operation.

The bucks were convinced—they begged pardon for their transgressions, and wished to depart in peace.

“ Not so,” says Sir William, “ You have been satisfied, and so will I. The lady has undergone the ordeal, and she has come from it pure and unpolluted. My part I have yet to act: you must, on your knees, ask the lady’s pardon.” They did so.

“ Now, gentlemen,” said Sir William, “ do not blush at your past conduct; the liberty you took was not only justifiable, but even proper, if, at your own risk, you ran the peril of the proof. If I had proved her a *piñe*, the most odious and perfidious of all impostors, I should, in the language of Othello, ‘ have whistled her off, and let her down the wind, a prey to fortune;’ but as she is pure from that w——th contagion, I insist on your supping, and drinking a bottle of Burgundy with the offended innocent and her protector.”

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE
OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOT long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrum (who had been one of her attendants, became in some measure desperate, on account of the loss of a husband, whom she dearly loved; a loss which had been occasioned by grief, for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate Princess; to whose retinue he had also belonged) formed a resolution to revenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the Court of Elizabeth with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her, one to kill the Queen when an opportunity offered, and one to kill herself if her crime should be discovered. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd in order to get to her Majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of the pistols. This circumstance being observed by the guards, she was immediately seized, in order to be sent to prison.—The Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded

manded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrum, and was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive that bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpose. I found myself constrained to prove by experience, the truth of the maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the Queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness and moderation. "You are persuaded then," said her Majesty, "that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required:—What think you is my duty to do to you?" "Is that question put in the character of a Queen, or that of a Judge," replied Margaret. With the same intrepid firmness, Elizabeth professed to her it was that of a Queen. "Then,"

“ Then,” continued Lambrum, “ it is your Majesty’s duty to grant me a pardon.” “ But what security,” demanded the Queen, “ can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon some future occasion?” “ A favour ceases to be one, Madam,” replied Margaret, when it is yielded under such restraints: in doing so, your Majesty would act against me as a Judge.”

“ I have been a Queen thirty years,” cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then present, “ and had never such a lecture read to me before.” And she immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the President of the Council, who told her Majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom; with which favour also Elizabeth complied. And Margaret Lambrum, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.

THE

THE PASSING YEAR.

THOUGH leafless woods, though barren fields,
The pensive eye delightful meet;
Though few the charms fair nature yields,
Where winter steps with frozen feet.

Yet now, with slow but certain pace,
Again returns the circling year,
And soon renew'd with softer grace,
The genial season shall appear.

While yet, with angry clouds o'ercast,
The sullen tempest frequent roars,
And issuing oft the nit'rous blast,
Close binds up nature's balmy stores;

While yet, to fix'd, unerring laws,
Obedient lays the landscape wide,
The moral lesson wisdom draws
From scenes which folly strives to hide.

Man's pictur'd life she sees in each
Successive season, as it flies;
What knowledge can the fages teach
Like that the PASSING YEAR supplies?

Yet;

Yet, blind to plainer truths, abroad
Through endless labyrinths we roam;
To seek, in learning's devious road,
The gem we always have at home.

In nature's page, more fully seen,
Life's useful lessons open lie;
No fruitless comments intervene,
To lead from truth th' enquiring eye.

And, see, Religion, dropping low
The chain of universal love,
For virtue's humble toils below,
Assigns eternal joys above.

HEROIC VALOUR.

THE following instance of heroic valour, and inviolable attachment, occurred in the year 1769. during the war between the Turks and the Russians. Caraman Pacha, who had a command in one of the actions near Choczim, having gone to meet the Grand Visir on his march, that General (for what real or supposed offence is unknown) flew into a most violent passion, and immediately ordered his head to be cut off.

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The unfortunate Pacha endeavoured to retire, and, at the same time drawing his sword, defended himself bravely, but, being soon surrounded and overborne by numbers, was cut to pieces.

In the mean time, his felictar or sword-bearer, fired with rage and indignation at the situation of his master, suddenly drew a pistol, with which he attempted to shoot the Visir. It happened fortunately for the Visir, that a faithful domestic, having seen the motion of the felictar's arm, stepped suddenly between his master and the shot, which he received in his own body, and fell dead at his feet.

THE
LADIES' MISERY,
IN A
SUMMER RETIREMENT.

THE season of the year is now come, in which the theatres are shut, and the card tables forsaken; the regions of luxury are for a while unpeopled, and pleasure leads out her votaries to groves and gardens, to still scenes and erratic gratifications. Those who have passed many months
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in a continual tumult of diversion; who have never opened their eyes in the morning, but upon some new appointments, nor slept at night without a dream of dances, music and good hands, or soft sighs and humble supplications; must now retire to distant provinces, where the sycophants of flattery are scarcely to be heard, where beauty sparkles without praise or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo.

As I think it one of the most important duties of social benevolence to give warning of the approach of calamity, when by timely prevention it may be turned aside, or by preparatory measures be more easily endured, I cannot feel the increasing warmth, or observe the lengthening days, without considering the condition of my fair readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has so long filled up their hours, all from which they have been accustomed to hope for delight; and who, till fashion proclaims the liberty of returning to the seats of mirth and elegance, must endure the rugged squire, the sober housewife, the loud huntsman, or the formal parson, the roar of obstreperous jollity, or the dulness of prudential instruction; without any retreat, but to the gloom of solitude, where they will yet find greater inconveniences,

veniences, and must learn, however unwillingly, to endure themselves.

In winter, the life of the polite and gay may be said to roll on with a strong and rapid current; they float along from pleasure to pleasure, without the trouble of regulating their own motions, and pursue the course of the stream in all the felicity of inattention; content that they find themselves in progression, and careless whither they are going. But the months of summer are a kind of sleeping stagnation without wind or tide, where they are left to force themselves forward by their own labour, and to direct their passage by their own skill; and where, if they have not some internal principle of activity, they must be stranded upon shallows, or lie torpid in a perpetual calm.

There are indeed some to whom this universal dissolution of gay societies affords a welcome opportunity of quitting, without disgrace, the post which they have found themselves unable to maintain, and of seeming to retreat, only at the call of nature, from assemblies where, after a short triumph of uncontested superiority, they are overpowered by some intruder of softer elegance or sprightlier vivacity. By these, hopeless of victory, and yet ashamed to confess a conquest, the sum-

mer is regarded as a release from the fatiguing service of celebrity, a dismissal to more certain joys and a safer empire. They now solace themselves with the influence which they shall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the lustre which they shall effuse, when nothing can be seen of brighter splendour. They imagine, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with which the rustics will croud about them; plan the laws of a new assembly, or contrive to delude provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thousand pleasing expectations swarm in the fancy, and all the approaching weeks are filled with distinctions, honours, and authority.

But others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of its inconstancy and desertion, are cut off, by this cruel interruption, from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to lose four months in inactive obscurity. Many complaints do vexation and desire extort from these exiled tyrants of the town against the inexorable sun, who pursues his course without any regard to love or beauty, and visits either tropic at the stated time, whether shunned or courted, deprecated or implored,

To them who leave the places of public resort in the full bloom of reputation, and withdraw from admiration, courtship, submission, and applause; a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praise of ignorance, and the subjection of weakness, are little regarded by beauties who have been accustomed to more important conquests, and more valuable panegyrics. Nor indeed should the powers which have made havock in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble contest with the ruddy milk-maid.

How then must four long months be worn away? Four months in which there will be no routs, no shews, no ridottos; in which visits must be regulated by the weather, and assemblies will depend upon the moon! The *Platonists* imagine, that the future punishment of those who have in this life debased their reason by subjection to their senses, and have preferred the gross gratifications of lewdness and luxury, to the pure and sublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will arise from the predominance and sollicitations of the same appetites, in a state which can furnish no means of appeasing them. I cannot but suspect that this month, bright with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadows

meadows with verdure, and decks the gardens with all the mixtures of colorific radiance; this month, from which the man of fancy expects new infusions of imagery, and the naturalist new scenes of observation; this month—will chain down multitudes to the *Platonic* penance of desire, without enjoyment, and hurry them from the highest satisfactions, which they have yet learned to conceive, into a state of hopeless wishes and pining recollection, where the eye of vanity will look round for admiration to no purpose, and the hand of avarice shuffle cards in a bower with ineffectual dexterity.

From the tediousness of this melancholy suspension of life, I would willingly preserve those who are exposed to it only by inexperience; who want not inclination to wisdom or virtue, though they have been dissipated by negligence, or misled by example; and who would gladly find the way to rational happiness, though it should be necessary to struggle with habit, and abandon fashion. To these many arts of spending time might be recommended, which would neither sadden the present hour with weariness, nor the future with repentance.

It

It would seem impossible to a solitary speculatist, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midst of a world filled with variety, perpetually pressing upon the senses, and irritating curiosity, is surely a sufficient security against the languishment of inattention. Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve eagerness and alacrity ; but art and nature have stores inexhaustible by human intellects; and every moment produces something new to him, who has quickened his faculties by diligent observation.

Some studies, for which the country and the summer afford peculiar opportunities, I shall perhaps endeavour to recommend in a future essay; but if there be any apprehension not apt to admit unaccustomed ideas, or any attention so stubborn and inflexible, as not easily to comply with new directions, even these obstructions cannot exclude the pleasure of application; for there is a higher and nobler employment, to which all faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The duties of Religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest understanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by stated duties to meditations on eternal interests;
nor

nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualifications for celestial happiness.

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN HOWARD, Esq.

IF from your eye compassion's lucid tear
E'er shed its fainted gem on virtue's bier;
If sad, ye've seen, amid the church-yard gloom,
The crawling ivy clasp the good man's tomb;
And if ye then have mourn'd, O! now bestow
A sigh for HIM, who was the friend of woe!
By mercy led from childhood to the grave,
He sought to comfort, and he toil'd to save;
To help the wretched was his honest pride,
For them alone he liv'd—for them HE DIED!
Yes, such was HOWARD, who, alas! no more
Shall with his influence cheer his native shore;
No more each prison's dark recesses seek,
To wipe the scalding drop from sorrow's cheek;
No more to guilt his healing hope impart,
Or calm the workings of the widow's heart.
In a far distant land he fell, remov'd
From those who honour'd him, and those who lov'd;
Yet, full of well-earn'd fame, he sunk to rest,
By all his country's praise and wishes blest:

And

And sure, as long as time itself shall last,
 The *mem'ry* of his *deeds* can ne'er be past;
 Though ENGLAND'S glory swell from age to age,
 And fill with excellence th' historian's page—
 Still 'midst her heroes and her kings shall shine,
 With lustre unimpair'd, this *man divine*!
 Still future realms shall to his worth decree,
 Thy matchless meed, benign humanity!
 For not *alone* to ALBION'S isle confin'd—
 His glowing bosom felt for ALL MANKIND.
 Patient he wander'd on from coast to coast,
 The world's great patriot, and sublimest boast;
 O'er the TURK'S barb'rous plain he scatter'd light,
 To pierce th' obscurity of mental night;
 'Mongst plagues and famine ev'ry ill sustain'd,
 And what himself might undergo—disdain'd.
 Compos'd, yet firm, beneath the frozen skies,
 Where ruthless RUSSIA'S wildest tempest flies,
 With philanthropic course he dar'd to roam,
 Till HEAVEN, approving, call'd *its angel home*!

BRITONS, by this rever'd example taught,
 Shall wider spread the tendernefs of thought;
 To soothe *his spirit*, pour the fervent vow,
 And with the cypress twine the laurel bough.
 So shall contemplation round diffuse
 Celestial pity's vivifying dews;

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So shall triumphant sympathy assuage
The throbs of anguish, and the threats of rage;
With with'ring frown each selfish soul appall,
And make benignant HOWARDS of us all.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE
OF
FILIAL AFFECTION.

A Veteran, worn out in the service of France, was reduced without a pension; by continual labour he procured a scanty pittance, which scarcely kept in motion the pulse of life. He complained not, nor did he repine at the will of Providence; having never deviated from the paths of honour, he knew not shame, whilst the idea of conscious merit heightened the blush of modesty.

With the coarsest food he had been content, and with a mind resigned to heaven, he had eaten the blackest bread with cheerfulness, were it not that a wife and three small children shared his wretchedness. Is this, honour, thy recompence? Is this the reward for toil, for danger, for service?

Fortune

Fortune once led him by the hand,—fortune was fickle;—yet she placed his son, a youth, in *École militaire*—himself had solicited a pension, but not having the means to continue the necessary attendance which greatness required, he abandoned his application, and retired from the world to content and poverty. He knew mankind, therefore he was not surprized that his misery should banish friendship.

At *l'école militaire*, his son might command every convenience that could improve the comforts of life, and the most sumptuous table was prepared for his repast; yet amidst all this noble provision a visible inquietude appeared on the countenance of the youth, and the strongest persuasion could not prevail on him to taste of any thing, except the coarsest bread and a draught of water. An abstinence of this kind, amidst all the allurements of so many temptations, was regarded by the masters as a very singular circumstance; the Duke de Choiseul was informed of an incident so uncommon, he ordered the youth before him, and asked the reason of his forbearance. The boy, with a manly fortitude, replied,—‘ Sir, when I had the honour of being admitted to the protection of this royal foundation, my father conducted me hither. We came on foot; on our journey, the demands

of nature were relieved by bread and water! I was received, my father blessed me, and returned to the protection of a helpless wife and family; as long as I can remember, bread of the blackest kind, with water, has been their daily subsistence, and even that is earned by labour of every kind which honour does not forbid. To this fare, Sir, my father is returned; therefore, whilst he, my mother, and sisters, are compelled to endure such wretchedness, is it possible that I can enjoy the bounteous plenty of my gracious king?' The Duke felt his tale of nature; gave the boy three louis d'ors for pocket money, and promised that he would order his father a pension. The youth, enraptured at this benevolent assurance, beseeched the Duke's permission to go immediately to his father with the joyful tidings. The Duke assured him that it should be carried by an express. The boy then took the three louis d'ors, and begged these might be sent, for they would be useful to his dearest relations; and whilst they were in want, he could have no enjoyment, even of the king's treasures.

Such is the sensibility that harmonizes the soul, and gives it the nicest tone of benevolence, and universal commiseration. And, Choiseul, if thy name be transmitted to posterity, with every virtue

ture that it merits, this instance of thy justice and humanity will dignify the noblest action of thy life. Happy Louis, who had a minister susceptible of such tender sensations. Happy Choiseul! who had a virtuous prince to encourage the indulgence of them. The minister failed not in his word. He brought forth indigent merit from distress, and the boy is now grown up an ornament to human nature, and is one of the best officers in the service of France.

OLD ENGLISH ANECDOTES.

IN the time of Nero, when we could no longer bear the Roman bondage, Boadicea animated the Britons to shake it off, and concluded thus:—
“Let the Romans, who are no better than hares and foxes, understand, that they make a wrong match with wolves and greyhounds.” As she said this, she let a hare out from her lap as a token of the fearfulness of the Romans. The success of the battle however proved otherwise.

DURING the reign of Severus, no less than three thousand women were accused of adultery at Rome, at which time Julia the Empress, in

in a conversation with Argetocax, a British lady; condemned the females of Britain, for not conducting themselves towards our sex in the manner of the Roman women. The reply was, 'We indeed live with the best and bravest men openly, and therefore may be censured; but how much more do you merit censure, who are familiar with the most base and vile companions secretly.'

CONSTANTINE, the son of Constantinus Clorus the Emperor, in endeavouring to dissuade a man from covetousness, drew with his lance, the length and breadth of a man's grave, saying, 'This is all that thou shalt have, when thou shalt be dead, if happily thou canst get as much.'

EDWARD the Confessor, one afternoon lying in his bed with his curtains drawn round about him, a poor pilfering courtier entered his chamber, where finding the king's casket open, which Hugoline his chamberlain had forgot to shut, he took out as much money as he could well carry, and went away. But insatiable avarice brought him a second time, and a third, on which
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the king, who lay still, and pretended not to see, began to speak, and bade him retire as quick as possible, for, "if Hugoline discovered him, he was not only likely to lose what he had gotten, but also to stretch on an halter." The fellow was no sooner gone, but Hugoline came in, and seeing the casket open, and almost empty, was much agitated. The king, however, endeavoured to relieve his mind, and assured him, "that he who had it, needed it more than they did."

SEWARD, the brave Earl of Northumberland, feeling, in his sickness, that he drew near his end, quitted his bed, and put on his armour, saying, "that it became not a man to die like a beast:" on which he died standing—an act as heroic as it was singular.

WHEN the same Seward understood that his son, whom he had sent into the service against the Scotch, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore or hind parts of his body; and, being informed in the forepart, replied, "I am rejoiced to hear it, and wish no other kind of death to befall me or mine."

SIN-

SINGULAR ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES THE TWELFTH OF SWEDEN.

COURAGE and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both.—When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner.—The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or take the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason; he contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though he was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, which, he knew, intended no injury.

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A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

THE last Emperor of China was one of the greatest monarchs of his age, and for nothing more celebrated than the rigour and strictness of his justice; but he was warm in his pursuits of pleasure, and impatient of interruption, when his mind was intent upon it. The viceroy of one of the provinces of that vast empire that lay most remote from the imperial city, had wrongfully confiscated the estate of an honest merchant, and reduced his family to the extremest misery. The poor man found means to travel as far as to the Emperor's court, and carried back with him a letter to the viceroy, commanding him to restore the goods which he had taken so illegally. Far from obeying this command, the viceroy put the merchant in prison; but he had the good fortune to escape, and went once more to the capital, where he cast himself at the Emperor's feet, who treated him with much humanity, and gave orders that he should have another letter. The merchant wept at this resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved, and the reason he had to fear that the second would be as little regarded. The Emperor, who had been stopped by this complaint, as he was going with much haste to dine in

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the apartments of a favourite lady, grew a little discomposed, and answered with some emotion, ' I can do no more than send my commands; and if he refuses to obey them, put thy foot upon his neck.' " I implore your Majesty's compassion," replied the merchant, holding fast the Emperor's robe, " his power is too mighty for my weakness, and your justice prescribes a remedy, which your wisdom has never examined."

The Emperor had, by this time, recollected himself, and raising the merchant from the ground, said, ' You are in the right; to complain of him was your part, but it is mine to see him punished. I will appoint commissioners to go back with you, and make search into the grounds of his proceeding, with power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your hands, and leave you viceroy in his stead; for since you have taught me how to govern, you must be able to govern for me.'

THE FATAL EFFECTS
OF
HATRED AND PASSION.

JOHN de Medici, when young, was made a cardinal through his father's interest; but never

wer could concillate to himself the affection or friendship of his brother Garcias, who was known to be of a furious, vindictive disposition. One day the two brothers, while at hunting, found themselves alone in following the chace, far removed from all their attendants; and Garcias took that opportunity of quarrelling with his brother, whom he stabbed to the heart with his dagger.— He then rejoined his company, without discovering, in his countenance or manner, the smallest emotion, as if any thing extraordinary had happened. The cardinal's horse, however, returning without his rider, the company, by tracing back the prints of his hoofs, discovered the place where John lay murdered. His body being carried to Florence, the grand duke, his father, ordered that the circumstance of the murder should be concealed; and gave out that his son died of an apoplectic fit, while he was hunting. He then ordered the dead body to be conveyed into an inner apartment, and sending for Garcias, to whose malignant disposition he was no stranger, he taxed him with the murder. The youth denied it at first with great warmth, and in the strongest manner; but being introduced into the room where the body lay, it is said to have bled (very possibly by chance) at his approach. He then threw himself at his father's feet, and confessed

the charge. The father, who had resolved on the part he was to act, solemnly desired his son to prepare for death; adding, that he ought to account it a happiness, that he was about to lose that life, of which his crime had rendered him unworthy, by no other hand than that of him who gave it. He then plucked out of his sheath the dagger with which Garcias had murdered the cardinal, and which still hung by his side, and plunging it into his bosom, he fell dead by his brother's side.

This dreadful catastrophe happened in 1562, when the cardinal was no more than eighteen, and Garcias fifteen years of age. The father ordered the facts to be concealed; and all but they from whom it could not be concealed, believed the two brothers died of a pestilential distemper, which then raged at Florence. To give this report authenticity, both bodies were buried with great pomp, and a funeral oration was pronounced over that of Garcias.

This tragedy, however, proved fatal to the mother, who was so affected with the death of her two sons, that she survived them but a few days.

AN INSTANCE OF
TURKISH JUSTICE.

A Grocer of the city of Smyrna had a son, who with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy of the cadî, or mayor of the city, and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to move his weights, for fear of the worst; but the old cheat depending on his relation to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would not expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop door, waiting for his coming. The naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy, and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopped at the door, and said coolly to him, 'Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them.' Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and

and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces.—His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to excuse him all farther punishment of his crime: but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender, for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastrres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet.

All this was executed on the spot, after which the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addressed him thus: ‘ Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, and my country, as well as my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind—it is the power of God on earth—it has no regard to father or son—God and our neighbours’ rights, are above the ties of nature—you had offended against the laws of justice, you deserved this punishment—you would, in the end, have received it from some other. I am sorry it was your fate to have received it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise; behave better for the future, and instead

stead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity.

This done, he mounted his horse again, and then continued his journey, amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced him to the post of *cadi*; from whence, by degrees, he rose to the dignity of *mufti*, who is the head of both religion and law among the Turks.

ANECDOTE OF NELL GWYN.

AFTER the death of Charles II. Lord W—, struck with the charms of Mrs. E. Gwyn, made proposals of marriage to her; at first she rallied him about it, but finding him not only very serious, but very pressing in the business, she replied, ‘No, my lord, it is not fit the *dog* should lie where the *lion* slept.’

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
ADDISON, STEELE, AND SIR ROGER
DE COVERLEY.

THE character of Sir Roger de Coverley the *Spectator*, is universally known to have been drawn by the pen of Mr. Addison. When in one of the papers, he had brought Sir Roger to town, he left him for a day in the hands of Richard Steele, and he, not quite so scrupulous as his friend Addison, made the good-humoured knight perambulate Covent-garden with a nymph of the compliant kind. This angered Addison exceedingly; he called upon Steele, and told him that he had destroyed that consistency of character which he had been so anxious to preserve.

Steele smiled at this, alledging, that he had made the knight do more than the most rigid moralist might have done. This did not satisfy Addison, who told Steele, 'he would put it to the test of his power to injure Sir Roger in future, killing him immediately.'

He kept his word; for, making the knight take his leave of London, the next paper contained an account from Coverley-hall of his death.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

I.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies;
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head.
How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
Look through the clouds, and blest me with his
eyes.
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep;
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep;

U

Old

Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, make the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores:
The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind,
and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched
throng!)

Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame:
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.

Sublime on winter's rugged wings;
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings;
And flocks, and herds, and nations die;

While impious lips profanely bold,
Grow pale ; and quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie,

IV.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath ;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channel dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the field, and honours of the woods ;
Storms that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves ;

U 3

Earth-

Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our
 graves;
While you dispense your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud
 alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to
 arms.

VI.

O for a message from above
To bear my spirits up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love,
To calm my terrors and support my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine;
While thou art sovereign, I'm secure;
I shall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wish, heav'n, earth, and
 hell, are thine.

THE CITIZEN OF ABBEVILLE.

A Rich trader of Abbeville, having got en-
tangled in disputes and law-suits with a very
powerful family, formed the resolution, in order

to prevent his utter ruin, of emigrating from his native place, and settled with his wife and family at Paris. There he rendered homage to the king, and became his subject. The knowledge that he had acquired of business, of which he took the advantage to carry on a little traffic, afforded him the means of adding something to his property.— He was much beloved in the neighbourhood for his civility and plain dealing. How easy is it, when one wishes it, to gain the good opinion of the world! all that is requisite is a sincere intention: in general it does not cost a farthing.

Thus did our honest citizen pass seven years in his new residence; at the expiration of which, God was pleased to take away his wife. For thirty years they had been united, without ever having the least difference. The son for several years was so greatly afflicted at the loss, that his father was obliged to try all in his power to console the youth. ‘Your mother is gone,’ said he, ‘it is a misfortune that cannot be remedied. Let us only pray to God to have mercy on her; our tears will not restore her to us. For my own part, all I can expect, is very soon to go and join her. At my age we must not look far forward. It is in you, my son, that all my hopes centre. All my relations and friends are left behind me in Ponthieu;

thieu; and I shall never expect to see any of them more. Strive to improve yourself, and to become an accomplished youth. If I can find a young lady of good birth and character, whose family may furnish us with an agreeable society, I will give her whatever portion may be demanded, and will end my old days with her and you.'

Now in the same street with our citizen, and almost directly opposite, lived three brothers, knights and gentlemen, both by the father and mother's side, and all three esteemed for their valour. The eldest was a widower, and had a daughter. The whole family was poor; not that they were originally without fortune, but in a moment of difficulty, having been obliged to have recourse to usurers, their debt, by rapid accumulation of interest, had amounted to three thousand livres, for which their property was either pledged or taken in execution; very little remaining with the father besides the house in which he resided. This was so good, that he might easily have let it for twenty livres. He would rather have sold it, had it been in his power; but it had been his wife's property, and reverted to the daughter.

The citizen went to demand the girl in marriage of the three brothers. They, before they gave

gave him their answer, demanded to know what was his fortune. 'In money and effects,' said he, 'I am worth fifteen hundred livres; all which I have honestly acquired. Half of it I will give immediately to my son; and the other half will go to him after my death.' "Honest friend," replied the brothers, "that will not do. You now promise, that you will leave half your property to your son after your decease, and you promise it in so ingenuous a manner, that we have no doubt of your sincerity. But before that may happen, you may take it into your head to be made a monk or a templar; and then all must go to the convent. Your grandchildren will not have any thing."

The three brothers then required that, before the contract was concluded, the citizen should make a grant of all his property; otherwise they would not agree to the marriage. The good man did not at first fully approve these conditions; but paternal affection getting the better at length of his scruples, he consented; and in the presence of some witnesses, who were convoked on the occasion, he relinquished and renounced solemnly all his effects, not leaving himself wherewithal to purchase a dinner. Thus did he pave the way to his own misery, by throwing himself into an entire

tire dependance on his children. Alas! if he had been aware of what awaited him, he would have been careful how he devoted himself to such wretchedness.

The young couple soon after had a son; who, as he grew up, gave the most flattering testimonies of a great fund of good-sense, and many amiable qualities. In the mean while, the old man lived, sometimes better and sometimes worse, at his son's house. He was just tolerated, because he gained something by his industry. But with years, his infirmities increased; and when he was no longer able to work, they found him an incumbrance. The wife, especially, being of a proud, haughty disposition, could not bear him. Every day she threatened to leave the house, unless he was removed; and she became so importunate with her husband upon this head, that he, like an ungrateful monster, forgetting the debt of gratitude and of nature, went to intimate to his unhappy father, that it was necessary for him to seek an asylum in some other place.

“What is it you tell me, son?” cried the old man. “What! have I given you the produce of sixty years labour, and established you in affluence, to be turned out of my house! Will you
punish

punish me then for the excess of my parental love? In the name of God, my dear son, I conjure you not to let me die of want. You know that I am unable to walk; grant me, at least, some useless corner in the house. I ask neither for a bed, nor for the provisions of the table. A little straw thrown under a shed, with some bread and water, will satisfy me. At my age life requires so little! and besides, with all my infirmities and cares, I cannot possibly be long a burden to you. If you are disposed to give alms in expiation of your sins, let it be to your father; can any charity be more praise-worthy? Recollect, my dear son, what bringing you up in the course of thirty years cost me: think of the blessings that God has promised to those that have regard to their parents here on earth; and dread his eternal anger, if you should venture to be yourself the murderer of your father."

This pathetic speech caused an emotion in the son; he nevertheless alledged the aversion and discontent of his wife; and for the sake of family quiet, required the old man's departure. "Where would you have me go?" replied the father.— "Will strangers receive me, when my own son turns me out of doors? Without money, without resource, I must then beg the bread necessary for subsistence."

subsistence." As he spoke, the old man's face was bathed in tears. He took, however, the stick that helped to keep himself erect, and, rising, prayed to God to forgive his son. But before he went out, he asked a last favour. "The winter," said he, "is approaching, and if I am condemned to exist till then, I shall have nothing to defend me from the cold. My coat is in rags. In return for the many that I have been obliged to provide you with during your life, grant me one of yours. I require only one of the worst,—one that you have entirely cast off." This slender boon was also denied him. The wife answered, that there was no coat in the house that would suit him. He then intreated that they would at least give him one of the horses' body-cloths; when the son, finding that he could object no longer, made the young boy a signal to bring one.

This youth could not see, without being deeply affected, the distress of his grandfather. He was now ten years old, and was endowed, as was said before, with many amiable qualities. He went and took out of the stable the best of the housings, which he cut into two parts, and brought one of them to the old man. "All then are conspired to seek my death," said the old man, sobbing; "I had obtained the promise of that poor solace, and yet

yet I am envied the whole of it!" The son could not avoid reproving his boy for going beyond the directions he had received.—'Pardon me, Sir,' said the youth, 'but I thought you wanted to kill your father as soon as possible, and I wished to second your design. As for the other half of the horse-cloth, it shall not be lost: I intend keeping it to give to you, when you are old.'

So well-contrived a rebuke had its effect on the ungrateful son; he perceived his fault, and asked pardon of his father;—led him once more into the house, put him in possession of his former property, and thenceforward behaved towards him with the respect and regard due to his age and condition.

Remember this story, ye fathers, who have children to marry. Be wiser than this old man; and do not, like him, precipitate yourselves into a gulph from which you may find it impossible to be extricated. Your children, no doubt, will have a regard for you; and you ought to be persuaded of it; but the surest method is not to trust to it. Whoever reduces himself to a dependance on others, exposes himself to a great deal of sorrow.

CONTEMPT OF THE TRIFLES OF THIS WORLD.

IF we look upward to heaven, we shall behold there all the inhabitants looking down with a sacred contempt upon the trifles, amusements, businesses and cares of this present life, that engross our affections, awaken our desires, fill our hearts with pleasure or pain, and our flesh with constant labour. With what holy scorn, do you think, those souls, who are dismissed from flesh, look down upon the hurries and bustles of the present state in which we are engaged? They dwell in the full sight of those glories which they hope for here on earth; and their intimate acquaintance with the pleasures of that upper world, and the divine sensations that are raised in them there, make them condemn all the pleasures of this state, and every thing below heaven. This is a part of eternal life; this belongs in some degree to every believer: for he is not a believer, that is not got above this world in a good measure; he is not a Christian, who is not weaned in some degree, from this world: “For this is our victory, whereby we overcome the world, even our faith.” 1 John v. 4. “He that is born of God overcometh the world;

world; he that believes in Jesus, is born of God." Whence the argument is plain, he that believes in Jesus the Son of God, overcomes this present world. And where Christianity is raised to a good degree of life and power in the soul; where we see the Christian got near to heaven, he is, as it were, a fellow for angels, a fit companion for the 'spirits of the just made perfect.' The affairs of this life are beneath his best desires and his hopes; he engages his hand in them so far as God his Father appoints his duty; but he longs for the upper world, where his hopes are gone before. When shall I be entirely dismissed from this labour and toil? The gaudy pleasures this world entertains me with, are no entertainments to me; I am weaned from them, I am born for above.

This is the language of that faith that overcometh the world; and faith, where it is wrought in the soul, hath, in some measure, this effect; and where it shines in its brightness, it hath, in a great degree, this sublime grace accompanying it; or rather (shall I say) this piece of heavenly glory. Pain and sickness, poverty and reproach, sorrow and death itself, have been contemned by those that have believed in Jesus Christ, with much more honour to Christianity than ever was brought to other religions.

THE

THE UNION
OF
PIETY AND MORALITY.

THIS forms the consistent, the graceful, the respectable character of the real christian, the man of true worth. Either of them left out, one side of the character is only fair; the other side will always be open to much reproach. Hence we dishonour ourselves, and do great injustice to religion; as by division it is exposed to the censure of the world.

The unbeliever will scoff at such piety, where he sees neglect of moral duties. The bigot will decry all morality, where he sees a pretence of virtue, though a contempt of God. Whereas he who fears God, and is at the same time just and beneficent to men, exhibits religion to the world with full propriety. His character is above reproach. It is at once amiable and venerable.—Malice itself is afraid to attack him; and even the worst men respect and honour him in their hearts. He who fails materially either in piety or virtue, is always obnoxious to the anguish of remorse.

THE

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

TO a man of pleasure every moment appears to be lost, which partakes not of the vivacity of amusement. To connect one plan of gaiety with another is his sole study, till in a very short time nothing remains but to beat the same round, to enjoy what they have already enjoyed, and to see what they have often seen.

Pleasures thus drawn to the dregs become vapid and tasteless. What might have pleased long, if enjoyed with temperance and mingled with retirement, being devoured with such eager haste, speedily surfeits and disgusts. Hence having run through a rapid course of pleasure, after having glittered for a few years in the foremost line of public amusements, such men are the most apt to fly at last to a melancholy retreat; not led by religion or reason, but driven by disappointed hopes and exhausted spirits to the pensive conclusion, that all is vanity.

A PAR.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT
OF THE LATE
LORD SACKVILLE's DEATH.

WHEN Lord Sackville was at the point of death, Sir John Elliot was called in and consulted. His Lordship asked him if every thing proper had been done? The Doctor answering in the affirmative, his Lordship with firmness replied, "I am aware of my fate, and am perfectly resigned." He then wished to know if there might be time to send for his attorney from London, for the purpose of making a codicil to his will, and expressed much satisfaction, on being told there would. After which he called his family about him, and desired to send for the Clergyman of his parish, that they might together receive the sacrament. He could have wished, he said, to have seen his son at age, but acquiesced in his present lot, believing it to be for the best. The last act of his life manifested a magnanimity rather uncommon, and afforded a circumstance, that will be considered by some as curious. He called to the bedside Mr. Cumberland. "You see," said his Lordship, "the state I am in, and I charge you to mind what I now say to you. I have seen much of life, and have experienced its vicif-

vicissitudes; but in no one situation throughout my life, did I ever feel a failure in my fortitude, any more than I do at this present moment." Convulsions soon apprized him of the approach of death, when he calmly ordered his family to withdraw, and with unshaken composure closed the awful scene.

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country: "Well, Sir, says the guide, what do you think of this prospect?"—"By much the finest in all Scotland, says the Doctor, for I can here see the road to England."

ANECDOTE
OF AN
IRISH GENTLEMAN.

AT a race in the North, some time ago, among other horses, one called Botheram started for the plate. The Irishman taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite was un-luckily in the rear, on which he exclaimed—"Ah! by Jafus, there he is, Botheram for ever! See how he drives them all before him."

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DR. Johnson being at dinner at Mrs. Macaulay's, the conversation turned on the equality of mankind, which the lady of the house contended for with all the energy of a republican. Johnson made a few short answers, in hopes to change the subject, but finding she would go on, he finished his dinner with as much haste as possible, and then giving the plate to the footman, begged he'd take
his

his place: "Good God! what are you about, Doctor?" said the lady.—"Oh! nothing, Madam, but to preserve the equality of mankind."

ANECDOTE

OF

FREDERIC THE SECOND.

WHEN Frederic built the palace of Sans Souci, there happened to be a mill which greatly straitened him in the execution of his plan, and he desired to know how much the miller would take for it. The miller replied, that, for a long series of years, his family possessed the mill from father to son, and that he would not sell it. The king employed solicitations, offered to build him a mill in a better place, besides paying any sum which he might demand. The obstinate miller persisted in his determinations to preserve the inheritance of his ancestors. The king, irritated at this resistance, sent for him, and said to him angrily, "Why do you refuse to sell your mill, notwithstanding all the advantages which I have offered to you?" The miller repeated all his reasons. "Do you know," continued the king, "that I could take it without giving you a farthing?"—

Y 2

"Yes,"

“ Yes,” replied the miller, “ if it was not for the chamber of justice at Berlin.” The king was extremely flattered with this answer, which shewed that he was incapable of an act of injustice. He acquiesced in the miller’s refusal, and changed the plan of his gardens.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Very young man, of good natural understanding, and heir to an affluent fortune, would needs be a traveller. In the course of his adventures, he fell into company, in Naples, with some well-travelled, well-informed foreigners.— They were conversing of what they had seen in England; and some little difference in opinion arising about the architecture of Windsor-Castle, they naturally referred themselves to the young Englishman for decision. With much confusion and hesitation he was compelled to confess, he had never seen the building in question. The company, with true foreign politeness, only testified their admiration with a silent smile,—but the reflection instantly struck, and pained the young gentleman. The result was, that he returned to England within two days, rationally determined to instruct himself in the knowledge of his own country.

country, before he pried into those afar off. His reflection and determination did equal credit to his understanding.

THE VIRTUOUS VILLAGER.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are but too many of the Fellows of Fire in this gay metropolis who, in consequence of a licentious education, loose principles, and fortunes sufficient to render them extremely insolent, are led to imagine that they may take the most unwarrantable liberties with the fair sex, and seduce as many women as they possibly can. The success which they meet with in the female world, gives them, it must be owned, too much encouragement to believe that their powers of seduction are irresistible; yet they often find themselves unable, with all their rhetoric and treachery into the bargain, to carry their iniquitous designs into execution; and to their additional mortification, sometimes receive noble repulses from those women whom they consider, from the lowness of their stations, as created entirely for their pleasure, and of course attack them with far less ceremony than they would others in a higher sphere; not

not thinking any delicacy of address necessary with such poor creatures, they proceed at once to the application of their golden arguments, without having the least doubt concerning the efficacy of them. Such arguments have too much force over the best educated and most accomplished fair ones, as well as over the inferior part of the female sex: when we therefore see them rendered unavailing by a virtuous opposition among the latter, we are doubly charmed with the spirit by which they are defeated.

Sir Charles Spearman, as fine a young fellow as nature ever formed, and as seducing as art could make him, presumed so much upon his purse, his person, and his address, that he fancied every woman he met with was in love with him; his vanity was excessive, but it would have been a venial failing if it had not prompted him to actions not to be defended in a court of honour, though they might be laughed at in a court of justice.

Being of an amorous complexion, and agreeable in the most extensive sense of the word, Sir Charles naturally employed his talents of pleasing in order to triumph over female frailty, and his gallantries, indeed his victories, though not brilliant

liant in the eye of reason, gave him no small importance in the eye of the world; and every new conquest of the same kind increased it.

In an excursion one day thro' a village in the West of England, his attention was suddenly engaged by the appearance of a very pretty girl at work with several sun-burnt women, who were admirable foils to her, though she had evident marks in her face of the power of the solar rays over it. Her complexion was certainly brown, but her features were so elegantly arranged, and she had a pair of such bright eyes in her head, that Sir Charles could not for some moments take his eyes from her: he sat upon his horse as if he was glued to his saddle, and stared at the handsome villager before him as if he had never seen a female figure till then. In short, her face, form, and *tout ensemble* had such an effect upon him—(though he had been *un homme de bonne fortune* among some of the first-rate females of the age) that he determined to be very intimately acquainted with her. Charmed with her person, he was sufficiently encouraged by the humility of her dress and employment to believe that he possessed, what would not only facilitate the completion of his wishes, but exclude disappointment.

Animated

Animated with these considerations, and spurred on by presumption, he ordered his servant to make all the enquiries in his power, about the girl who had occasioned such a violent commotion in his bosom, and rode towards a public house, which was, he knew, at no great distance from the new object of his wishes.

Tom having been long accustomed to any employ of his master, as well as to the other duties of a domestic, very readily undertook to procure all the information he could, and accordingly, upon his master's trotting away, had recourse to a stratagem, in order to force the attention of the females labouring in the adjacent field. Throwing himself from his horse with a great deal of dexterity, and roaring out while he lay upon the ground, as if much hurt, he soon brought the very person to his assistance whose notice he had chiefly wished to attract, the rustic herself, whose beauty had so powerfully operated upon his master, and raised such a disturbance in his breast.

This girl being much nearer the road than any of her companions, in a few moments appeared upon the spot where the pretended accident had happened; and as she was naturally of a benevolent disposition, she, with an eagerness which evidently

dently proceeded at once from her fears and her good nature, asked the loudly complaining stranger, where he had hurt himself.

Tom told her the truth when he said that none of his bones were broken, but he stepped over the line of veracity, when he added, that he was bruised from head to foot, and never had received so confounded a fall in his life. Upon some occasion, a lie of this sort might have been honoured with the fashionable appellation of a *white one*; but as Tom uttered it with a wicked design, it was perhaps rather a *black one*. However, it answered his purpose better than he expected, for, in consequence of his dismal groans and wry faces, Patty Fielding (that was the villager's name) pressed him to follow her, if he was able, to her uncle's cottage, assuring him, at the same time, with a heartiness which he little merited, that both her uncle and aunt would do the best they could to set him upon his horse again.

With this invitation Tom complied, as it may be easily imagined, without the slightest demurring; and to the care of his innocent conductress we shall leave him for awhile, and give some account of the Baronet's proceedings.

Sir Charles, upon his arrival at the house at which he intended to put up, made the minutest enquiries after the poor people in the neighbouring cottages, and by asking mine host of the Red Lion, if there were any pretty girls near him, received an answer very much to his satisfaction. By that answer he discovered that the girl who had flung him into a fever of love, was the niece of an industrious old couple, who made a shift to gain a bare subsistence, and who were then particularly to be pitied, as their landlord, a sour, severe man, had threatened to turn them out of their dwelling, and to seize their goods, as some late losses had prevented them from paying their rent.

As a man not destitute of good nature, Sir Charles felt for the distresses of the worthy pair, struggling with the pressures of poverty and age; but as a libertine, he rejoiced at the tyrannic menace of their ruthless landlord, concluding that his purse, properly employed, would be of singular service to him. He waited therefore with the utmost impatience for Tom's intelligence to confirm the information he had himself received.

In a few hours Tom made his appearance. In consequence of his communications, Sir Charles hurried to Farmer Fielding's, supplied him with

money more than sufficient to answer his landlord's demands, and only desired, in return, to occupy for a few days, the room in his house which was then vacant, he had been informed, by the absence of the lady who hired it for the summer, as he had some private reasons for living in a very obscure manner in that part of the country.

Fielding was struck dumb by his generosity: and his dame was not able, though a loquacious woman—to articulate a syllable. When they had recovered the use of their tongues, they expressed the most grateful acknowledgments in language which wanted no tricks of oratory to set it off; it was the language of the heart; and on that account more valuable than the richest flowers of elocution.

Sir Charles's gratitude was by no means equal to that of the honest people under whose roof he was entertained in an homely, indeed, but truly hospitable manner. He was, it is true, entertained, in a great measure, at his own expence; but he plainly perceived that the Fieldings, if fortune and education had placed them in an exalted sphere of life, would have exhibited princely dispositions.—In return for all the civilities which he received from this humble, happy

pair—civilities which no money could buy, he attempted to seduce their Patty, whom they loved as well as if she had been their own daughter, from the paths of innocence. His every attempt was fruitless; for she was neither to be deceived by his promises, nor dazzled with his gold; but nobly rejected all his dishonourable offers. and told him, when he made his last efforts to stagger her virtue, “ that she had rather work from morning to night for her bread, for an honest livelihood, than be the mistress of a king: while I am virtuous,” added she, “ if I am ever so poor, I shall not envy the finest lady in the land who has lost her honour.”

Struck with the conclusion of this speech, Sir Charles, libertine as he was, found himself so much shaken by it, that he resolved (looking upon her as a jewel of considerable value, and thinking that she only wanted to be well set to appear with a lustre equal, if not superior, to the sparklers of a court) to talk to her in a different style. To drop the metaphor, he made honourable addresses to her, provided the most eminent masters of all kinds for her; and as she had an excellent natural understanding, as well as a beautiful person, she in a few months afterwards was, in the character
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of Lady Spearman, distinguished even in the Circle.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

A MANDARINE, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old fly Bonze, who following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean? cried the Mandarin, Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels. No, replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't like.

A CHINESE TALE.

A PAINTER of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with
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directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and every feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each willing to shew his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single part that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. They complied, and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. Well, cries the painter, I now find that the best way to please one half of the world, is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties.

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THE VANITY OF WEALTH,

AN ODE.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to blind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the muses' moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be by blessing beauty—blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;

Come

Come taste with me the balm of life,
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
 I boast whate'er for man was meant,
 In health, and Stella, and content;
 And scorn! Oh! let that scorn be thine!
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

OF

**CÆSAR'S SUCCESS, HIS TRIUMPHS,
 AND HIS DEATH.**

CÆSAR pursued his prosperous fortune with great rapidity. Besides his conquests in Alexandria, and over Pompey's party in Africa, he went into Spain, and marched in person against the two sons of Pompey, who, under Labienus, had raised a powerful army. The armies came to an engagement in the plains of Munda. Cæsar, after great hazard of being entirely routed, animated his soldiers with the greatest resolution, and gained a complete victory over the enemy. Thirty thousand were killed on the spot, the generals were dispersed, and all Spain submitted to the conqueror.

When

When Cæsar returned to Rome, he triumphed four times in one month. He rewarded his soldiers with great liberality, and exhibited public shows with great magnificence, for the diversion of the people; and to remove every cause of jealousy, he bestowed the honours of the state on Pompey's friends equally with his own adherents.

Many of the senators, however, who had received these favours at the hands of Cæsar, secretly upbraided themselves for accepting of his kindness, at the expence of public liberty. Many were also dissatisfied with the change of government, and the ambitious conduct of Cæsar, who now attempted to assume the regal title. These sought to accomplish his ruin, and in private cabals it was agreed, that the liberty of the common-wealth could not be longer maintained without the death of the dictator.

Brutus and Cassius were, by Cæsar's appointment, prætors for that year. Those men were at the head of that party. The conspirators carried on their plot, with all imaginable caution and secrecy; and the better to justify their designs, deferred it till the Ides of March, on which day Cæsar was to be declared king. A famous augur told Cæsar, that great dangers threatened him on

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the Ides of March; and those writers, who would add horror to the description of this day, tell us that the world wore a gloom, and heavy presage of Cæsar's fate; that wild beasts came into the most frequented parts of the city; that there were apparitions in the streets, and illuminations in the skies; and that inauspicious sacrifices damped the hearts of all men, except the assassins, who, with an incredible serenity of mind, waited the approaching opportunity of sacrificing the usurper.

Cæsar's wife having had frightful and ominous dreams the preceding night, persuaded him not to go abroad that day; but Decimus Brutus, one of the conspirators, calling on him in the morning, and laughing at those silly omens, took him by the hand, and led him out of his house.

As Cæsar was going into the senate-house, he met the augur who had forewarned him of the dangers of that day. The Ides of March are come, said Cæsar. "True," replied the augur, "but they are not yet past."

Scarce had Cæsar taken his seat, but all the assassins pressed about him, and sued for favours, which they knew would not be granted. The sign was given. Immediately one, oppressed with the
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greatness of the attempt, made an irresolute pass at him. Cæsar then rushed upon Casca, and beat him to the ground. But while they were struggling, another of the conspirators came behind him, and plunged his dagger into his bosom. At the same time Cassius wounded him in the face, and Brutus in the thigh. Till this time he had made a very vigorous resistance, but now made no more, and submitting to the strokes of a person who owed to him his life, he only uttered these words: "And thou too, my son Brutus!" Cæsar used to call him by this tender name, supposing him to be his illegitimate son by an intrigue with Servilia. Growing now faint with the loss of blood, he reeled to Pompey's statue, where, covering his face with his robe, and drawing his skirts to his knees, that he might fall decently, he sunk down and expired, having received twenty-three wounds.

Cæsar had long before been advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk, as was his common practice, among the people, without arms or any one to defend him. But to these admonitions he always replied, "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures: I will die but once." At last, thus fell in the fifty-sixth year of

his age, the conqueror of the Gauls, of Pompey, and of the Senate, the master of the Roman Republic and the world, who died without uttering the least complaint, or shewing any mark of grief or weakness, in the year before Christ forty-three.

It is not to be omitted here, that among many other noble schemes and ordinances, which tended to the grandeur of the city of Rome, and the enlargement of the Roman empire, Cæsar reformed the Calendar: and with the assistance of the most able astronomers, regulated the year according to the course of the sun. Two months were added to the Calendar, and the whole year was divided into three hundred and sixty-five days.—He also added one day to every fourth year in the month of February, and that year was named Bissextile or Leap Year.

This reckoning of time from this regulation, was called the Julian account of time; and some ages after the Old Style, in opposition to the New, or Gregorian Style. This last is now generally followed in most parts of Europe, and reckons eleven days forwarder.

With

With the death of Cæsar ended the first Triumvirate, or government of the Roman empire by three persons, Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus.

HAPPINESS NOT INDEPENDENT.

NO individual can be happy unless the circumstances of those around him be so adjusted as to conspire with his interest. For in human society, no happiness or misery stands unconnected and independent. Our fortunes are interwoven by threads innumerable: one man's success or misfortune, his wisdom or folly, often, by its consequences, reaches through multitudes.

Such a system is too far complicated for our arrangement.—It requires adjustments beyond our skill and power.—It is a chaos of events into which our eye cannot pierce, and is capable of regulation only by Him who perceives at one glance the relation of each to all. We are ignorant of the influence which the present transactions of our life may have upon those which are future.

The important question is not, what will yield to a man a few scattered pleasures, but what will render

render his life happy on the whole amount.— There is not any present moment that is unconnected with some future one. The life of every man is a continued chain of incidents, each link of which hangs upon the former. The transition from cause to effect, from event to event, is often carried on by secret steps, which our foresight cannot divine, and our sagacity is unable to trace. Evil may at some future period bring forth good ; and good may bring forth evil, both equally unexpected.

FILIAL DUTY.

DARIUS, the Emperor of Persia, having invaded Scythia, with the whole force of his empire, the Scythians retreated by degrees, 'till they came to the utmost deserts of Asia, when Darius sent to know by what end they proposed flying from him, and where it was they would begin to fight. They returned him for answer, that they had no cities or cultivated lands for which they had occasion to give him battle, but when once he was come to the place of their fathers' monuments, he should then understand after what manner the Scythians could fight:— Thus we see what public testimony even the most barbarous

barbarous nations have given of their affection for their parents.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

WHEN we consider what we were created for, whither we are hastening to, and what we must 'ere long be, surely we cannot but acknowledge the work that lies before us, to be truly great, interesting, and important. No less than the advancement of our Maker's glory, the pursuit of those objects which belong to our eternal peace, and the preparation for death, judgment, and a world to come; these are matters of the highest moment, and equally concern every son and daughter of Adam, as candidates for a blissful immortality. If so, then we may well lament the shortness of our time for such an arduous work, and impressed with a sense of the necessity of completing it before we go the way of all flesh, exclaiming with Dr. Young,

How much is to be done!

Life, like a winter's day, is short. Time, like the shadow upon a dial, is fleeting and hastening

to be gone, and an awful eternity approaching, which must be either a state of happiness or misery, according to the waste or redemption of the precious NOW.

From these considerations we may learn the inestimable value of our passing moments, and the danger of delaying suitably to improve them, while we feel, if I may so express myself, the propriety of the Poet's observation and excellent advice, in the following lines:

Time wasted is existence, us'd is life;
Part with it as with money, sparingly:

Should the reader wish for directions in the improvement of his time, I would earnestly recommend the ensuing couplet from Mr. Pope's *Essay on Man*, as a daily rule for practice:

Make every day a critic on the past,
And live each hour as though it was your last.

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ANECDOTE
OF
JOHN ELWES, Esq.

WHEN Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "*excommunication*."—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and a penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a *white sheet*. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost.—Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done; he had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels.

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Riding

Riding sixty miles in the night, to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thousand would have done; but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never spared it.

The ladies were so overjoyed—so thankful:—So much trouble and expence!—What returns could they make? To ease their consciences on this head, an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words—"My dears, is it *expence* you are talking of?—send him *six-pence*, and he gains *two-pence* by the journey!"

AN ANECDOTE.

A Young Italian gentleman being led by curiosity into Holland, where having lived some time conversing with the most ingenious, was one day set upon by a protestant minister, who would needs engage him in a controversy about religion. The young gentleman knowing himself too weak for the encounter, begged his pardon, and endeavoured to wave the discourse, but the more he avoided it, the more hotly he was pressed
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by the minister, whereupon the young Italian, in a very great passion, conjured him by all that was good, to let him alone in peace with his religion. "For," said he, "I cannot embrace yours, and if you make me lose my own, I will never make choice of any other."

OF
BENEFITS TO OTHERS.

CATO in Tully, boasts of this as the great comfort and joy of his old age, that nothing was more pleasant to him than the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the remembrance of many benefits and kindnesses done to others.

Seneca observes, that he who preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man; for without it we can be neither sociable nor religious.

BON MOT.

WHEN the Duchess of Bedford was last at Buxton, and then in her eighty-fifth year,

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it was the medical farce of the day for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into "a shock of the nervous system."—Her Grace, after enquiring of many of her friends in the rooms, what brought them there, and being generally answered, for a nervous complaint, was asked in her turn, "What brought her to Buxton?" "I came only for pleasure," answered the hale Duchess—"for, thank God, I was born before Nerves came into fashion."

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR SMOLLETT.

A BEGGAR asking the Doctor for alms, he gave him, through absence, or mistake for a less valuable piece, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him and told him of it. Upon which Smollett returned it to him with another guinea, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, at the same time, "My God, what a lodging Honesty has taken up with!"

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ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

AN eminent carcase butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's Poems, and by way of shewing his taste, repeated with great affectation the following line:

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Then turning to the Doctor.—"What think you of that, Sir, said he?" "Rank nonsense, replied the other! it is an assertion without a proof, and you might with as much propriety say,

"Who slays fat oxen, should himself be fat."

THE

THE INHUMAN MURDER

OF

MISS LLOYD.

THE murderer was a labourer by profession, had formerly been in the service of Miss Lloyd, and lived at no great distance from her. It is a happiness to reflect, that that divine intervention, which seldom allows the mind of man to sleep long in security, after the commission of a deed which so forcibly stamps its depravity, did in this case interpose, and prompted the murderer to a candid confession of the foul crime.

On the evening of the day on which the murder was committed, he went to Tregaron fair, where some of his neighbours perceiving that he was possessed of money, entertained suspicions, which, however, were only momentary, as the circumstances of the robbery were not then known; but on the Sunday following, the subject was generally talked of, and in going to an adjoining meeting-house, an acquaintance, who had given him change for half-a-crown, asked him if he knew of the robbery or murder, when he bluntly acknowledged his guilt, and was immediately
taken

taken into prison. On his confession he said, that upon going to Kiltrhyg, he found all the servants were from home, and immediately proceeded to the parlour, where Miss Lloyd was sitting alone; here he made a pretended demand of money which was owing to him for hay-making. Alarmed at his coming to her in that part of the house, she ran into the kitchen, where the villain followed her, and making a spring, caught her by the throat, and instantly choaked her! He then dragged the body into the parlour, and rifled her pockets, wherein he found two crown pieces, two crooked shillings, and a bunch of keys. In one of the pockets was a bag of money, which he mistook for a pincushion, and left it behind.

He afterwards proceeded up stairs, where seeing the people (from a front window) driving the cattle into the yard, he effected his escape through the back part of the house, and fled into an adjoining wood, where he secreted two bottles of liquor, which he had brought out with him.

From thence he set out to the fair as above related, and had change for one of the crowns, which led to a discovery of the whole.

SPRING.

SPRING.

THE Spring leads on the pleasant hours,
For shame, ye sleepers, rise!
See, how the ground is drest with flow'rs,
How bright the smiling skies!

The pretty birds their voices raise,
What sounds can be more sweet?
In yonder fields the lambkin plays;
There, see the milk maid neat.

The glorious sun now melts the dews,
That glitter'd on the thorn:
Then, tell me, who would now refuse
To rise at early morn?

I knew, indeed, how *Thoughtless* slept,
When he from school was freed;
He slept, 'till sloth upon him crept,
And sloth produc'd his need.

Poor and despis'd, by all forsook,
Who made him here their care;
To foreign lands his way he took,
And sadly perish'd there.

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So happy let our moments be,
Nor such engagements cease,
But pass from faults and troubles free,
In innocence and peace.

ON THE
NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

AWAKE from silence every voice,
Each chearful pipe, and sounding string;
Let every grateful heart rejoice,
And every tongue in rapture sing.

On this distinguish'd day of grace,
Th' Eternal Prince of Glory came,
To purge the guilt of human race,
And save them by his pow'rful name.

Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
Ye mountains crown'd with cedars tall;
Be still, ye rude imperious winds,
Throughout the wide terrestrial ball.

Let nought but harmony and love
O'er all th' expanded surface reign,

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And

And let the sacred choir above
Approve, and join the heav'nly strain:

When we in bondage were exil'd,
And rebels to th' eternal God,
Our souls with blackest guilt defil'd,
Obnoxious to th' impending rod.

That from his seat of perfect bliss
The son of Glory shou'd descend,
To offer man the terms of peace,
And his unbounded grace extend:

Such goodness, such stupendous grace!
Nor men, nor angels can explore;
Then let us, what we cannot trace,
With awful reverence adore.

Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
All ye that graze the verdant plain;
Ye herds, that to the wilds repair,
And ye that skim the surging main.

Some signs of exultation show,
While grateful minds your voices raise,
'Tis all that mortals can below,
To hail the day in songs of praise.

While

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While skilful hands the chorus join,
And tune the rapture-raising lyre,
While grateful strains of love divine,
Serene, extatic joys inspire.

Thus sacred be the happy day,
While sun and moon, and stars endure;
'Till nature feels her last decay,
And time itself shall be no more.

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

SIR HERVEY ELWES.

AS he had no acquaintance, no books, and no turn for reading, the hoarding up and counting his money was his greatest joy. The next to that was partridge setting; at which he was so great an adept, and game was so plentiful, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. But he lived entirely upon partridges, he and his whole household, consisting of one man and two maids. What they could not eat he turned out again, as he never gave away any thing. During the partridge season, Sir Hervey and his man never missed a day, if the

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weather

weather was tolerable, and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he seldom failed in taking great quantities of game. At all times he wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a worn-out full dressed suit of cloaths, and an old great coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thorough-bred horse, and the horse and the rider both looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together.

When the day was not so fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his own hall, to save the expence of fire. If a farmer in his neighbourhood came in, he would strike a light in a tinder-box that he kept by him, and putting a single stick in the grate, would not add another 'till the first was nearly burnt out.— As he had but little connection with London, he always had three or four thousand pounds at a time in his house. A set of fellows, who were afterwards known by the appellation of the Thackstead gang, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. They were totally unsuspected at the time, as each had some apparent occupation during the day, and went out only at night, and when they had got intelligence of any great booty.

It was the custom of Sir Hervey to go up into his bed-chamber about eight o'clock: when, after taking a basin of water gruel, by the light of a small fire, he went to bed to save the unnecessary extravagance of a candle. The gang, who knew the hour when his servant went to the stables, leaving their horses on the Essex side of the river, walked across and hid themselves in the church-porch till they saw the man come up to his horses. They then immediately fell upon him, and after some little struggle, bound and gagged him; they then ran up to the house, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Hervey, presented their pistols, and demanded his money.

At no part of his life did Sir Hervey behave so well as in this transaction. When they asked for his money, he would give them no answer till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe; he then delivered them the key of a drawer, in which were fifty guineas; but they knew too well he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life if he would not discover where it was deposited. At length he shewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, in which there were two thousand seven hundred guineas; this they packed up in two large baskets, and actually carried off.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE.

TWO gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the Lord's Prayer: Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steele here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, I believe in God, and so went cleverly through the Creed:— Well, said the other, I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.

THE MARQUIS DE LA SCALLAS,
AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN,

HAVING invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided, some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency. Soon after which the Major-Domo entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy, for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price.

Regard

Regard not his price, cried the marquis; pay him the money directly. So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money.—What then would the fellow have?—An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate a single blow.

On this the whole company ran down stairs, to see so singular a man. A fine fish! cried the marquis: What is your demand, my friend?—Not a quatrini, my lord, answered the fisherman. I will not take money. If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me an hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere.

Rather than lose the fish, said the marquis, we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here, cried he to one of his grooms, discharge this honest man's demands: but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much!

The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders. Now, my friend, said the fisherman, keep an exact account, I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due.

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The whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when addressing the servant—Hold, my friend, cried the fisherman: I have now had a full share of the price. Your share! exclaimed the marquis; what is the meaning of all this? My lord, returned the fisherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged that he shall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and by own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke. And pray, honest friend, said the marquis, who is this partner?—Your porter, my lord, answered the fisherman, who keeps the outer gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half of what I should obtain for the fish.—Ho! ho! exclaimed the marquis, laughing very heartily, by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale.

The porter was accordingly sent for: and being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for
the

the like sum, as a recompence for the friendly service he had done him.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A GENTLEMAN had two children, the one a daughter, that was very plain in her person; the other a boy that was a great beauty.—As they were at play together one day, they saw their faces in a looking-glass that stood in their mother's chair; upon which the boy seeing his beauty, was so charmed with it, that he extolled it mightily to his sister, who took these praises of his beauty, as so many reflections on her disagreeableness. She went to her father, acquainted him with the affair, and made very great complaints of her brother's rudeness to her. Upon this, the old prudent gentleman, instead of being angry, took them upon his knees, and embracing both with the greatest tenderness, gave them this excellent advice. I would have you both look at yourselves in the glass every day; you my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your

D d person,

person, by the superior lustre of a virtuous and amiable conduct.

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

THE late Doctor Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive even to impertinence into the business of every stranger.—The Doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had sat himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The doctor well knew the dispositions of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come in and go over the same ground, so he was determined to stop him. Have you a wife, landlord? Yes, Sir.—Pray let me see her. Madam was introduced with much form. How many children have you? Four, Sir. I should be happy to see them.—The children were sought, and introduced.

How

How many servants have you? Two, Sir, a man and a woman.—Pray fetch them. When they came, the doctor asked if there were any one else in the house; and being answered in the negative, addressed himself to them with much solemnity: My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself; my name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of ——— years of age; reside at Philadelphia, and am now going on business from thence to Boston. I sent for you all, that, if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you; which done, I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace.

PLUTARCH.

PLUTARCH relates a story of one Belfus, who having murdered his father, was so haunted by a guilty conscience, that he thought the swallows, when they chattered, were saying, “Belfus has killed his father;” whereupon being unable to bear the horror of mind occasioned by his guilt, he confessed the fact, and received condign punishment.

HENRY OF MONMOUTH.

HENRY of Monmouth, afterwards Henry V. was seduced by a set of minions, who endeavoured to endear themselves to him, by administering to his pleasures; they succeeded so far as to lead him into some excesses, and to be the occasion of his failing in the duty and reverence he owed his father; but his good sense, and natural sweetness of disposition, brought him back into the paths of virtue and honour. He was heartily ashamed and concerned that he had ever given the least cause of uneasiness to his father, who had so true and tender an affection for him; and never rested, till he had prostrated himself before him, and obtained pardon and forgiveness. The King was at last reconciled to him, and immediately restored him to his favour. This prince afterwards became the darling of the people, and the terror of his enemies,

ŒCONOMY AND BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN a collection was made to build the hospital of Bedlam, those who were employed to gather the money, came to a small house,

house, the door of which was half open; and from the entry they overheard an old man scolding the servant maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire, had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match having still the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might have been of further service. After diverting themselves awhile with the dispute, they knocked, and presented themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as they had told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, and testifying their surprize, told the old fellow what they had heard. Gentlemen, said he, your surprize is occasioned by a thing of little consequence.—I keep house, and save and spend money my own way; the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other, and both equally gratify my inclination. With regard to donations. always expect most from prudent people, who keep their own accounts.

When he had thus spoken, he turned them out of the house without further ceremony, and shut the door.

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ANECDOTE
OF
A PHYSICIAN.

A PHYSICIAN, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. Oh! madam, replied the Doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*

HYMN
TO
HUMANITY.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a chearful guest.

Nor

Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart a prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then comes, sweet nymph! instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe:
Not let my vacant cheeks be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may that tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart.—
Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of Fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile,
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;

Nor

Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' Poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast,
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity,
Alike, the foolish, and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,

When 

When the prophetic eye survey'd
 Sion in future ashes laid!
 Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
 That thousands in the desert fed!
 Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave,
 Sigh'd, and forgot its power to save!
 O for that sympathetic glow
 Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes; it fills my labouring breast;
 I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail! |
 See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair;
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O God! their moving sorrow see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with Grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Head you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.

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Affist them, hearts from anguish free!
Affist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

THE HEROIC PRINCE.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

THE glorious achievements of that renowned Prince and warrior Edward III. will be recorded with wonder and admiration to the latest posterity. The subject of the present history relates to the battle of Poitiers, in which John, King of France, was totally defeated, and taken prisoner.

At the instant King John was going to begin the battle, Cardinal Perigot, the Pope's Nuncio, who was appointed mediator, entreated him to spare the lives of such a number of his nobility and gentry as would unavoidably fall in the attack, and permit him to wait upon the Black Prince, and advise him to surrender. This permission being

being granted, he waited upon the Prince of Wales, who, conscious of his critical situation, agreed to accept of such terms as were honourable for himself and his country.

Upon the Cardinal's return with this answer, John sent his troops back into quarters, and the Nuncio was employed the whole day in endeavouring to adjust the preliminaries.

Edward agreed to restore all the places and prisoners he had taken during that campaign, and to a cessation of arms for seven years, on being permitted to retire, without molestation, to Bourdeaux. This condition was refused on the part of John, who insisted upon Edward's surrendering himself prisoner, with an hundred knights; and the remainder of the English army should, on that condition, be permitted to retire unmolested. The Prince nobly rejected the proposal, saying, "that he and his knights should never be taken ~~but~~ in battle; and that he would rather lose his life than agree to such a proposal."

Here the negotiation terminated, and both armies now prepared for battle. The Prince had, indeed, gained some advantage from this procrastination, having considerably defended his

camp by means of additional intrenchments, which he had thrown up during this interval.

On Monday morning, (Sept. 19, 1356) the French army appeared in order of battle, and Edward drew up his small force in three divisions, disposed in a close, compact manner, his front being defended with hedges and ditches, and his flanks, on one side by a morass, on the other by a mountain. The van, under the command of the Earl of Warwick, was posted on the declivity of a hill. The Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk headed the rear; and Edward's station was at the end of the lane, commanding the main body.— Three hundred men at arms, and as many archers, were detached under John de Greille Capal de Buche, to lie in ambush at the bottom of the mountain, in order to attack the enemy in rear, during the heat of the action.

The enemy began the action with great bravery, but met with so warm a reception from the English archers, who lined the hedges, that about one half of them were cut to pieces by Lord Audley, before they reached the front of the main body of the English army: the bodies slain, and the horses, greatly embarrassed the French Marshals, Clermont and Andrehan. Clermont, in ad—

vancing towards the van of the English army, was killed on the spot, and Andrehan taken prisoner by the Lord Audley.

The ill success of these Marshals, and the carnage that ensued, so greatly discouraged their followers, that they fell into great confusion, and precipitately fled.

The first corps of the French army being now routed, the Dauphin advanced to the charge, notwithstanding his troops were greatly dejected; but, at the first onset, John de Greille, rushing from the ambush, attacked their rear so furiously, that they were seized with a panic, and fled in great confusion. The Dauphin escaped under a guard of eight hundred lances; and the Duke of Orleans followed his example, with the greatest part of the troops under his command, which had not yet engaged.

Edward, now perceiving these two bodies routed and dispersed, mounted his horse, and advanced, being followed by his men at arms, in order to attack the third division of the French army, commanded by the King in person. The Prince began the charge with great impetuosity: nevertheless, the event was for a considerable time doubtful,

doubtful, until Gauchet de Briene, Duke of Athenes, and Constable of France, fell; upon which his brigade gave way, and victory ensued on the English side.

Edward meeting with the German cavalry, routed them at the first attack; in which action the Count of Sarbruck was slain, and the Count of Nassau wounded,

John, accompanied by his son Philip, strenuously endeavoured to rally his scattered forces, and, by his own example, animate their spirits to return to their charge. He dismounted, and personally fought with great bravery, till he found himself entirely deserted; when Dennis de Mothec, a knight of Artois, who had formerly served under him, persuading him to surrender, without further risking his personal safety, he requested to see his cousin Edward; but the Prince being at that time in a distant part of the field, he threw down his gauntlet, to signify his surrender to Mothec. In the interim, a party of English, and one of Gascons, arriving, deprived Mothec of his royal prisoner.

To terminate a dispute which ensued, the Earl of Warwick, and Reginald Lord Cobham, interposed,

posed, and conducted John to the Prince of Wales, who had retired to his pavilion.

Edward, upon this occasion, displayed great heroism and virtue; he received John in a most tender and respectful manner; he consoled him upon his misfortunes, claiming little merit to himself from the victory, and ascribing it more to chance than great generalship. He told the king, that his conduct on that day, though unfortunate, would hand him down to posterity as a great general, and an intrepid hero, and that his conquerors knew how to estimate his virtues, and pity his misfortunes. He added, that his esteem and affection for the Royal Family of France, was unbounded: and the more so, perhaps, as he had the honour of being related to them; at the same time pledging himself to exert all his influence with his royal father to procure an honourable and advantageous peace for both kingdoms.

Edward carried his politeness so far as to wait upon John to supper, and could not be prevailed upon to be seated, notwithstanding the pressing importunities of King John, who supported his misfortunes with true heroism and magnanimity of soul, declaring, that as it was his fate to be a captive,

captive, it was his good fortune, at least, to be the prisoner of the most generous and amiable prince in the world.

Edward's noble prisoners were fascinated at this god-like behaviour of the victor, and seemed to consider him as a superior class of beings to themselves, and even to their prince.

A SINGULAR
INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

THE late Duke of Montague was remarkable for those achievements of wit and humour, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself. The following well authenticated story, will serve to shew the manner in which this great man exercised his benevolent disposition, and at the same time will, I hope, afford entertainment to every reader.

Soon after the conclusion of the peace before last, the Duke had observed that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro the Mall with a kind of
mournful

mournful solemnity, and ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun. This man the Duke singled out for a frolic. He began, therefore, by making some enquiry concerning him, and soon learnt that he was an unfortunate creature, who, having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment; but at the conclusion of the peace had been reduced to starve upon half-pay.

This the Duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learnt upon further enquiry, that the Captain having a wife and three children, had been obliged to send them down into Yorkshire, whither he regularly transmitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which could not subsist them nearer the metropolis, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation.

These particulars afforded a new scope for the Duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations. After some time, when every thing

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had been prepared. he watched an opportunity, as the Captain was sitting alone to send his gentleman to him with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day.

The Duke having placed himself at a convenient distance saw his messenger approach without being perceived. and begin to speak without being heard; he beheld his intended guest start from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze, with a look of wonder and perplexity, at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or to believe his senses, when the message was repeated to him till he did. In short. the Duke saw, with infinite satisfaction, all that could be expected in the look, behaviour, and attitude. of a man addressed in abrupt and sudden a manner; and as the speech depended upon the Captain's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality on striking the first stroke. that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes; he was told. however that the Captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his Grace the time appointed.

When he came. the Duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him a

with an air of secrecy and importance, told him, that he had desired the favour of his company to dine, chiefly on account of a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish without the assistance of a friend; that having learnt these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together, and added, that he thought such an act of civility would be no imputation upon his honour.

During this discourse, the Duke enjoyed the profound astonishment, and various changes of confusion, that were evident in the Captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the Duke perceiving he was labouring to insinuate, in the best manner he could, that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; the Duke laid his hand upon his breast, and swore that he told him no more than what he had good evidence to believe was true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the Captain entered the dining-room with great curiosity and wonder; but his astonishment was unspeakably increased, when he saw at the table

his own wife and children. The Duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more, astonished the lady, than he had her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity of sending a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary: it is sufficient to say. it gave the Duke a heart-felt satisfaction, that is known only to generous minds. He at length got his guest quietly seated at the table, and persuaded them to partake, without thinking of yesterday or the morrow.

Soon after dinner, a lawyer was ushered into the room, who pulled out a deed for the Duke to sign, which he read aloud, the Duke first apologizing for the interruption.

To complete the adventure and astonishment of the Captain and his wife, the deed turned out to be a settlement, which the Duke had made, of a genteel sufficiency for them, during their lives. The Duke having gravely heard it read, without appearing to take notice of the emotion of his guest, signed and sealed the instrument, and delivered

livered it to the Captain, desiring him to accept it, without compliments; for, says he, "I assure you, it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money, or time, more to my satisfaction, any other way."

GOOD TEMPER,

ITS EFFECTS AND UTILITY.

A GOOD-natured man, whatever faults he may have. they will. for the most part, be treated with lenity; he will generally find an advocate in every human heart;—his errors will be lamented, rather than abhorred; and his virtues will be viewed in the fairest point of light;—his good humour, without the help of great talents or acquirements, will make his company preferable to that of the most brilliant genius, in whom this quality is wanting,—but with it, such a brightness will be added to their lustre, that all the world will envy and admire, whilst his associates will almost adore, and labour to imitate him.—In short, it is almost impossible that we can be sincerely beloved by any body, without this engaging property, whatever other excellencies we may possess;—but with it, we shall scarcely fail of finding some friends and favourers, even though we should

should be destitute of almost every other advantage. It is true, we are not at all equally happy in our dispositions; but human virtue consists in cherishing and cultivating every good inclination and in checking and subduing every propensity to evil.

If a man had been born with a bad temper, might have been made a good one, at least with regard to its outward effects, by education, reason and principle; and though he is so happy as to have a good one while young, he must not suppose it will always continue so, if he neglects to maintain a proper command over it. Power, sickness, disappointments, or worldly cares may corrupt, or embitter the finest disposition, if they are not counteracted by reason and religion.—Hence these should be ever exerted in the exigencies of life—they will teach us a becoming submission under all the accidents of our mortal state, with which it is so variously chequered;—divest calamity of its severest sting,—make our enemies ashamed of their persecuting spirit,—and cause us to smile even in the midst of misfortune.

By good temper is not meant an insensible indifference to injuries,—and a total forbearance from manly resentment.—There is a noble and generous

generous kind of anger, a proper and necessary part of our nature, which has nothing in it sinful or degrading.—We are not to be dead to this,—for the person who feels not an injury, must be incapable of being properly affected by benefits. With those who treat us ill without provocation, we ought to maintain our own dignity—but whilst we shew a sense of their improper behaviour, we must preserve calmness, and even good breeding, and thereby convince them of the impotence, as well as injustice of their malice.

Generous anger does not preclude esteem for whatever is really estimable, nor does it destroy good-will to the person of its object, or authorize any impeachment to rest on the goodness of our dispositions: It even inspires the desire of overcoming our enemy by benefits, and wishes to inflict no other punishment than the regret of having injured one who deserved his kindness: It is always placable, and ready to be reconciled, as soon as the offender is convinced of his error; nor can any subsequent injury provoke it to recur to past disobligations, which had been once forgiven.

The consciousness of injured innocence naturally produces dignity, and usually prevents anger; but

but if tempered with the calmness of a quiet spirit, it ever rises superior to the oppressive hand of insolence and cruelty.

ANECDOTE
OF
THE DUKE OF OSSUNA.

THE Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, passing by Barcelona, and having got leave to release some slaves, he went aboard the Capoe galley, and, passing through the crew of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were? Every one excused himself upon several pretences; one saying that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjustly. Among the rest, there was one sturdy little black man; and the Duke asking him what he was in for, "My Lord," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Taragona, to keep me from starving."

The Duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder, saying, "You rogue, what do you do amongst many

many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company." So he was freed, and the rest remained still to tug at the oar. .

ESSAY ON PRIDE.

PRIDE is an inordinate self-esteem, which expresses itself in an insolent and supercilious treatment of others: and wherever it is found, whether in creatures of a higher or lower rank in the scale of beings, deserves, and always meets with, neglect and contempt. In man, who is a dependent, a frail, and an ignorant being, it is superlatively ridiculous; and yet, perhaps, there is scarcely a man in the world who is wholly free from it. It steals insensibly upon us, and grows stronger and stronger continually in many minds, without being perceived. Its disguises are innumerable, and infinitely various, and wonderful are the ways in which it discovers itself.

Modesty and humility are nearly allied to merit, and pride and insolence indubitable signs of ignorance and folly. The knowledge of ourselves is the best preservative against this most contemptible passion; for when we consider our entire and absolute dependence upon our Maker,

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and our littleness and insignificancy, when compared with celestial and angelic beings. we must acknowledge that we have abundant cause for humility, but none for pride.

Newton, Locke and Boyle. who were, perhaps the sublimest geniuses the world ever saw, were remarkable for an uncommon diffidence and humility. The great Mr. Addison also, it is well known, was remarkable for humility, and an excessive bashfulness. And if such men as these who raised the human nature to the highest dignity and perfection to which it was ever raised by any, except the Messiah, were not proud; what can people in general, who pass through life unnoticed except by a few of their relations and neighbours and without doing or writing any thing worthy being handed down to posterity; who are frequently not useless, but pernicious members of society have to be proud of.

It is very common to see persons in the lower circumstances indulging pride to a very extravagant degree; and in a thousand little circumstances, discovering a consciousness of an imagined superiority to their neighbours, in similar situations. The inordinate desire which many in the inferior stations have to make what they call

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figure in the world, which in such situations is the very height of absurdity, and which can proceed from nothing but pride, is too remarkable a characteristic of the present age to be overlooked.

It is easy to perceive, that an almost universal emulation has taken place among tradesmen and mechanics, of imitating their superiors in rank and fortune, in dress, in their manner of living, and in behaviour; in the room of that plainness and simplicity for which they were formerly remarkable. How many do we see actuated by so imprudent a pride, as to put themselves to the greatest inconveniences, for the sake of making an appearance which their circumstances will not support? Instead of taking pleasure in bringing up their families in a decent and creditable manner, their children are educated in idleness and luxury, and are scarcely taught any thing but how to shine at a ball, and to appear with eclat at places of public entertainment. They are frequently incapable of doing any thing towards their own maintenance. though their fortunes are inconsiderable: and if adverse fortune brings their parents to poverty, they are rendered miserable and indigent for the rest of their lives, in consequence of the ill-directed pride of their parents.

How absurd and irrational is such a conduct! How imprudent and wicked! and yet this is not unfrequently the case with those who are above being thought nothing better than humble tradesmen, or honest mechanics.

Of all the different species of pride, this seems big with the most enormous mischief; and its effects have been abundantly seen in the distress and misery to which it often brings those who are actuated by it. It is certain, that by far the greatest part of our numerous bankruptcies have been occasioned by such a conduct.

Beauty, as it is an accidental, so it is also a very transient advantage. For a few years it may engage the attention and regard of the youthful and inconsiderate part of mankind; but its flutter will be short, and its reign soon over. The woman who is admired chiefly for her personal loveliness cannot possibly be long the subject of admiration. Age will come quickly upon her; and she who has been only a beautiful woman, will be miserable in consequence of being unnoticed and disregarded.

To be proud of beauty, is to discover a consciousness of the want of more durable accomplishments; and the woman who is so, tacitly owns

that she is only like a fine picture, all fair and pleasing to the eye, but possessed of no qualities calculated to please those who look farther than the outside.

A proud woman is an odious sight : even beauty will not make up for the want of humility and politeness. Many instances there have been of women, whose pride has prevented their beauty from being admired ; whose insolence has deprived them of their most obsequious servants ; while other women, who, though not handsome, were more agreeable, and less haughty, have, in consequence of these valuable qualities, become the general objects of admiration.

We are so much inferior to many of the brute creation in strength and agility of body, that, to be proud of these advantages, is a proof of a narrow and mean soul. And, indeed, most of those who have been remarkable for these qualities, especially the former, have been also distinguished for low and grovelling souls. As they are merely animal qualifications, it is beneath a rational and immortal creature to value himself upon them.— A single fit of sickness may deprive us of both, and render us more infirm and weak than any of those who at present are not equal to us in respect
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to them ; and the wise Solomon has long ago told us, that wisdom is better than strength.

The uncertain and transient nature of all that we possess, is an unanswerable reason for humility. Ought he to be proud, who may be deprived of all the little advantages in which he prides himself, in a moment, by ten thousand accidents, to which he is continually liable ?

The utmost extent of man's knowledge, is to know that he knows nothing. Can he be proud who knows that the highest degrees of fortune, of ancestry, of personal accomplishments, and of knowledge of the sciences, of which he can be either possessed, or to which he can attain, are as nothing, and vanity in the sight of the Supreme Being ? Even knowledge, which, of all the others, we can with the greatest propriety call our own, is a qualification which we ought not to be proud of ; because the highest perfection in it, to which we can reach, is contemptible, when compared with the knowledge of Angels and Seraphs ; and appears still more so, when we reflect on the amazing and infinite knowledge of the parent of the world. When we reflect also, that none of these accomplishments can secure us from being laid in the silent grave, and there slumber-

being unnoticed, and undistinguished; nor from becoming food for the worms.

View then, O man! the narrow boundaries of thy faculties and powers, and be humble! Remember that thou art as much inferior to the angels, as thou art better than the brutes. Remember that God, and not thee, made the difference.

It appears very plainly, then, to be equally the duty and interest of all to put away all pride and haughtiness; and to remember, that all pride, whether in man or woman, is absurd, disgusting, and contemptible.

It is to be wished, that such considerations as these might effectually engage us to extirpate every secret spark of pride, which any inconsiderable advantages which nature or accident may have given us, are apt to excite in us; and to persuade us to make pride subservient to the noblest of all purposes, the raising in us a fervent desire of being wiser and better than our neighbours: of attaining to higher degrees of moral rectitude, of piety and devotion, than the generality of our fellow-creatures. Always to be too proud to do either a mean, a foolish, or a wicked action; and constantly to endeavour to acquire
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true dignity, by being as useful members of society as possibly we can, and ever to act with propriety and virtue in every relation and circumstance of life.

By these honourable methods we may be sure of gaining the friendship and esteem of all the worthy and the virtuous of our own species; and also of being approved and rewarded by the greatest and best of all Beings, whose favour is better than life, and in whose presence there are everlasting and unspeakable pleasures.

GELALEDDEIN OF BASSORA.

IN the time when Bassora was considered as the School of Asia, and flourished by the reputation of its professors and the confluence of its students, among the pupils that listened round the chair of Albumazor, was Gelaleddein, a native of Tauris in Persia, a young man amiable in his manners and beautiful in his form, of boundless curiosity, incessant diligence, and irresistible genius, of quick apprehension and tenacious memory, accurate without narrowness, and eager for novelty without inconstancy.

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No sooner did Gelaleddin appear at Bassora, than his virtues and abilities raised him to distinction. He passed from class to class, rather admired than envied by those whom the rapidity of his progress left behind; he was consulted by his fellow-students as an oraculous guide, and admitted as a competent auditor to the conferences of the Sages.

After a few years, having passed through all the exercises of probation, Gelaleddin was invited to a Professor's seat, and entreated to increase the splendour of Bassora. Gelaleddin affected to deliberate on the proposal, with which, before he considered it, he resolved to comply; and next morning retired to a garden planted for the recreation of the students, and, entering a solitary walk, began to meditate on his future life.

If I am thus eminent, said he, in the regions of literature, I shall be yet more conspicuous in any other place: If I should now devote myself to study and retirement, I must pass my life in silence, unacquainted with the delights of wealth, the influence of power, the pomp of greatness, and the charms of elegance, with all that man envies and desires, with all that keeps the world in motion, by the hope of gaining or the fear of losing

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it.—I will therefore depart to Tauris, where the Persian Monarch resides in all the splendour of absolute dominion; my reputation will fly before me, my arrival will be congratulated by my kinsmen and my friends: I shall see the eyes of those who predicted my greatness sparkling with expectation, and the faces of those that once despised me clouded with envy, or counterfeiting kindness by artificial smiles. I will shew my wisdom by my discourse, and my moderation by my silence; I will instruct the modest with easy gentleness, and repress the ostentatious by seasonable superciliousness. My apartments will be crowded by the inquisitive and the vain, by those that honour, and those that rival me; my name will soon reach the Court; I shall stand before the throne of the Emperor; the Judges of the Law will confess my wisdom; and the Nobles will contend to heap gifts upon me. If I shall find that my merit, like that of others, excites malignity, or feel myself tottering on the seat of elevation, I may at last retire to academical obscurity, and become in my lowest state, a Professor of Bassora.

Having thus settled his determination, he declared to his friends his design of visiting Tauris, and saw, with more pleasure than he ventured to express, the regret with which he was dismissed.

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He could not bear to delay the honours to which he was destined; and therefore hastened away, and in a short time entered the capital of Persia. He was immediately immersed in the crowd, and passed unobserved to his father's house. He entered, and was received, though not unkindly, yet without any excess of fondness or exclamations of rapture. His father had, in his absence, suffered many losses; and Gelaeddin was considered as an additional burthen to a falling family.

When he recovered from his surprize, he began to display his acquisitions, and practised all the arts of narration and disquisition; but the poor have no leisure to be pleased with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleasantries without a smile. He then applied himself singly to his brothers and sisters, but found them all chained down by invariable attention to their own fortunes, and insensible of any other excellence than that which could bring some remedy for indigence.

It was now known in the neighbourhood, that Gelaeddin was returned, and he sat for some days in expectation that the learned would visit him for consultation, or the great for entertainment.— But who will be pleased or instructed in the man-

sions of poverty? He then frequented places of public resort, and endeavoured to attract notice by the copiousness of his talk. The sprightly were silenced, and went away to censure in some other place his arrogance and his pedantry; and the dull listened quietly for awhile, and then wondered why any man should take pains to obtain so much knowledge, which would never do him good.

He next solicited the Vifiers for employment, not doubting but his service would be eagerly accepted. He was told by one, that there was no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit was above any patronage but that of the Emperor; by a third, that he would not forget him; and by the Chief Vifier, that he did not think literature of any great use in public business. He was sometimes admitted to their tables, where he exerted his wit and diffused his knowledge; but he observed, that where, by endeavour or accident, he had remarkably excelled, he was seldom invited a second time.

He now returned to Bassora, wearied and disgusted, but confident of resuming his former rank, and revelling again in satiety of praise. But he who had been neglected at Tauris was not much regarded

regarded at Bassora ; he was considered as a fugitive, who returned only because he could live in no other place ; his companions found that they had formerly over-rated his abilities ; and he lived long without notice or esteem.

ORTOGRUL OF BASRA.

AS Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandize which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was wakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief Visier, who, having returned from the Divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the Visier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of his apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his little habitation.

Surely,

Surely, said he to himself, this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission.—Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him.—How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. The man is surely most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has no one to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it: I will, from this moment, endeavour to be rich.

Full

Full of this new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes purposed to offer himself as a Counsellor to one of the Kings of India; and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda.—One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of an hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. “Ortogrul,” said the old man, “I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father; turn thine eyes on the opposite mountain.” Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods.—“Now,” said his father, “behold the valley that lies between the hills.” Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. “Tell me now,” said his father, “dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?” “Let me be quickly rich,” said Ortogrul; “let the golden stream be quick and violent.”

violent." "Look round," said his father, "once again." Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize, and in twenty years purchased lands on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the Visier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy.—He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him, hopes of being rewarded.—Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them.—His own heart told him its frailties; his own understanding reproached him with his faults.—“How long,” said he, with a deep sigh, “have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which,

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at last, is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered."

MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE.

ONE of his Ancestors being at the English Court, a plot was laid to take his life.—Receiving a pair of spurs from an unknown hand, he immediately understood the meaning of the present, and fled. It was from this incident the family took a spur for their crest, to which they added a wing as a mark of their activity.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE Emperor Augustus having taken Adiatoriges, a Prince of Cappadocia, together with his wife and children, in war, and led them to Rome in triumph, gave orders that the father and the elder of the brothers should be slain. The designed ministers of this execution were come to the place of confinement to this unhappy family, and there enquiring which of the brethren was the eldest, there arose a vehement and earnest contention betwixt the two young princes, each of them affirming himself to be the elder, that by

his death he might preserve the life of the other. When they had long continued in this pious emulation, the mother, at last, not without difficulty, prevailed with her son Dytentus, that he would permit his younger brother to die in his stead; as hoping that by him she might most probably be sustained.

Augustus was at length certified of this great example of brotherly love, and not only lamented that act of his severity, but gave an honourable support to the mother and her surviving son, by some called Clitanus.

TRUTH, FALSHOOD, AND FICTION.

AN ALLEGORY.

IT is reported of the Persians, by an ancient writer, that the sum of their education consisted in teaching youth *to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak truth.*

The bow and the horse were easily mastered; but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preservatives a Persian mind was secured against the temptations to falshood.

There

There are, indeed, in the present corruption of mankind, many incitements to forsake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance or credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications obtained, by craft and delusion, that very few of those who are much entangled in life, have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falshood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by interest, and the friend by tenderness: Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.

The guilt of falshood is very widely extended; and many whom their conscience can scarcely charge with stooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themselves to abhor,

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own sake; it is generally unpleasing, because contrary to our wishes, and opposite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our interest, we hear unwillingly that we are afraid to know, and soon forget what we have no inclination to impress upon our memories.

For this reason many arts of instruction have been invented, by which the reluctance against truth may be overcome; and as physic is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thousand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falshood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wisdom; Falshood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic

majestic, unassisted and alone; Reason indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion.—Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falshood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of appetites and passions; but, like other feeble commanders. was obliged often to receive law from her allies.—Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy.—She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition.—In these encounters, Falshood always invested her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her.—In her left hand she bore the shield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sophistry rattled on her shoulder. All the passions attended at her call; Vanity
clapped

clapped her wings before, and **Obstinacy** supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect, though not the thunder, of her father; and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falshood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and holding up the shield of Impudence with both her hands, sheltered herself amongst the passions.

Truth, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt, received of Falshood, to spread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

Falshood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture.—

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She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of Truth, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line; was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles, which Falshood always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure Falshood every hour incroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories, she left the Passions in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: They yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revolt when Truth ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

Truth, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found,
that

that wherever she came, she must force her passage.—Every intellect was precluded by Prejudice, and every heart pre-occupied by Passion. She indeed advanced, but she advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the Appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falshood.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war.—It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress

gress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since by giving themselves up to Falshood they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be drest and painted by Desire.

The Muses wove, in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falshood captivated her admirers; with this they invested Truth, and named her Fiction.—She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falshood, and delivered up their charge; but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

A SUSPICIOUS MAN JUSTLY SUSPECTED.

SUSPICION, however necessary it may be to our safe passage through ways beset on all sides by fraud and malice, has been always considered,

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sidered, where it exceeds the common measures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a Greek writer of sentences has laid down as a standing maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himself to be perjured.*

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in comparison with something that we know: whoever therefore is over-run with suspicion, and detects artifice and stratagem in every proposal, must either have learned by experience or observation the wickedness of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often suffered or seen treachery, or he must derive his judgment from the consciousness of his own disposition, and impute to others the same inclinations, which he feels predominant in himself.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and observing the arts by which negligence is surprized, timidity overborne, and credulity amused, requires either great latitude of converse, and long acquaintance with business, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteness of penetration. When therefore a young man, not distinguished by vigour of intellect, comes into the world full of scruples and diffidence; makes a bargain

gain with many provisional limitations; hesitates in his answer to a common question, lest more should be intended than he can immediately discover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; considers every care as an act of hypocrisy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderness of his friends, because he believes no one to have any real tenderness but for himself; whatever expectations this early sagacity may raise of his future eminence or riches, I can seldom forbear to consider him as a wretch incapable of generosity or benevolence, as a villain early completed, beyond the need of common opportunities, and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this class instruction and admonition are generally thrown away, because they consider artifice and deceit as proofs of understanding; they are misled at the same time by the two great seducers of the world, vanity and interest, and not only look upon those who act with openness and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obscurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowness of comprehension, shortness of views, and slowness of contrivance.

The world has been long amused with the mention of policy in public transactions, and of art in

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private

private affairs; they have been considered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level; yet I have not found many performances either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falsehood and impudence, without the assistance of any other powers. To profess what he does not mean, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hopes of relief, to soothe pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes, can surely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

These practices are so mean and base, that he who finds in himself no tendency to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation; he therefore suffers himself to slumber in false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtilty, because they know how to steal upon his sleep, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themselves, who was hindered from obviating their stratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suspicion

Suspicion is, indeed, a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of sleep long continued; a pain, to which the state of that man bears a very exact analogy, who dares never give rest to his vigilance and circumspection, but considers himself as surrounded by secret foes, and fears to entrust his children or his friend with the secret that throbs in his breast, and the anxiety that breaks into his face.—To avoid, at this expence, those evils to which easiness and friendship might have exposed him, is surely to buy safety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the Roman satirist, to save life by losing all for which a wise man would live.

When in the diet of the German empire, as Camerarius relates, the princes were once displaying their felicity, and each boasting the advantages of his own dominions, one who possessed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its cities, or the fertility of its soil, rose to speak, and the rest listened between pity and contempt; till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and if he was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of the first man whom he should meet; a commendation which

which would have been ill exchanged for the boast of palaces, pastures, or streams.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.—It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered; men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them, sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defence. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which suspicion has been strongly impressed by long intercourse with the world, inflexible and severe, not easily softened by submission, melted by complaint, or subdued by supplication.—Frequent experience of counterfeited miseries and dissembled virtue, in time overcomes that disposition to tenderness and sympathy, which is so powerful in our younger years, and they that happen to petition the old for compassion or assistance, are doomed to languish

guish without regard, and suffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeserving or ungrateful.

. Historians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without censure those stratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his destruction. A ship comes before a port, weather beaten and shattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, supplying themselves with necessaries, or burying their dead.—The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to consent, the strangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall suddenly upon their benefactors, destroy those that make resistance, and become masters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their success is recorded to encourage imitation.

But surely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with some regard to the universal interest of man. Those may justly be pursued as enemies to the community of nature, who suffer hostility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and pursue their private advantage by means which, if once established, must destroy kindness, cut off from every

every man all hopes of assistance from another, and fill the world with perpetual suspicion, and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be restored, and those who have conquered by such treachery may be justly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes not only the ease but the existence of society.—He that suffers by imposture has too often his virtues more impaired than his fortune. But as it is necessary not to invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion; it is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

ANECDOTE
OF
JOHN ELWES, Esq.

A Son of Mr. Elwes having paid his addresses to a niece of Dr. Noel, of Oxford, who, of course, thought it proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes,

Elwes, to apprise him of the circumstance, and to ask his consent.—Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection.—Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage betwixt the young people might be productive of happiness to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to any body marrying whatever. “This ready acquiescence is so obliging!” said the Doctor—“but, doubtless, you feel for the mutual wishes of the parties.”—“I dare say I do,” replied the old gentleman.—“Then, Sir,” said Doctor Noel, “you have no objection to an immediate union? you see I talk freely on the subject.” Old Mr. Elwes had no objection to any thing. “Now then, Sir,” observed Doctor Noel, “we have only one thing to settle; and you are so kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter; as I shall behave liberally to my niece—What do you mean to give your son?”—“*Give!*” said old Elwes, “sure I did not say any thing about *giving*; but if you wish it so much, I will *give my consent*.”

The word *give* having stuck in the throat of the Elwes family for two generations,—the transaction ended altogether.

That the above anecdote is literally a fact, Doctor Noel can testify, who that day discovered

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there was more than *one short word* in the English language, to which there is no reply.

ANECDOTE
OF
A COUNTRY CURATE.

A Clergyman being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of *All-Fours* unfinished, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist, he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out.— Now for fear any tricks should be played with his cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve.—He had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was, which he readily did: When turning to the parents of the child, said, “Are you not ashamed to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immo-

immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments."

TITUS ANTONIUS.

TITUS ANTONIUS, a citizen of Rome, was so well beloved by his fellow-citizens, as well as his relations, on account of his many virtuous actions, that they strove who should give the greatest proof of their affection for him, and numbers of the most wealthy of them left him considerable legacies at their death, by which he received vast wealth,

Riches, which commonly corrupt the heart of man, served, on the contrary, to display to still greater advantage the virtues of Titus Antonius. He flew to the relief of all who were in distress, assisted them with his purse, and comforted them by his friendly advice.

He ever preserved the same regard for his friends, and the same affection for his relations, as before the increase of his fortune.—Not forgetful of the duty he owed to his father, who was advanced to a great age, he served him both as a

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guide

guide and a support whenever he had occasion to go abroad. One day, the Emperor Adrian having convoked the senate, Titus Antonius conducted thither his infirm and aged father, who was one of the members, holding him under the arm, and supporting in a manner, the whole weight of his body. The Emperor, struck with the extraordinary tenderness and affection which Titus shewed towards the feeble old man, resolved immediately to adopt him as his heir to the crown, that he might have the pleasure of passing the remainder of his days with a man who shewed such attention to his parent; being certain, from the sweetness of his disposition, that the Romans would enjoy peace and happiness under his reign.

This was a most extraordinary reward indeed, for the filial piety of this deserving young man.— And it appears that Adrian was not disappointed in his expectations; for he assisted that Emperor in his government with great wisdom and assiduity, and comforted him with all the affection of a son during his illness.

After the death of Adrian, Titus ascended the throne, to the great happiness of the people.—He remitted all that was due to the Emperor's treasury,

Curio, abolished many taxes that were too burthensome, examined into the conduct of those who had the administration of justice, rewarded the learned and ingenious, relieved the distressed, kept his soldiers in exact discipline; his virtues were admired by all foreign nations, he was a friend to all the sovereigns of his time, being often besought by them to adjust their disputes, which were submitted to his determination.—In fine, during his reign, the Roman Empire was in a flourishing condition, the world was at peace, and then enjoyed a happiness to which they were strangers before.

ANECDOTE

OF

A NOBLE LORD, AND HIS TUTOR.

A Noble Lord, when he was under the tuition of the Rev. ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so, he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his Lordship, to remind him
of

of his promise, and to ask for this living:—
 “Why, really,” said my Lord, “I wish you had come a day sooner, for I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;” so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

EMPEROR SOLYMAN.

THAT haughty Sovereign of the Turks, whose talents were so great, and whose ambition was without bounds, in his attack on Hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly, that some of his soldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted the whole of her wealth.—You must then have been in a very deep sleep, said the Sultan, smiling, if you did not hear the robbers.—Yes, my sovereign, replied the woman, I did sleep soundly, but it was in the fullest confidence, that your highness watched for the public safety.

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The Prince, who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made her ample amends for the loss which she had sustained.

CONSOLATORY VERSES

To Mrs. H—,

On the DEATH of her INFANT GIRL.

AT length, sweet babe, thy tortur'd frame's at rest;

Life's bands are loos'd, and thou art with the blest:

No more shall pain thy prattler's limbs annoy,

Mounted on seraph's wings to realms of joy.

Fain would I soothe thy woe, relieve thy pain,

And urge, thy loss is her transcendent gain;

Yet the fond mother cries, with actions wild,

Deaf to all comfort—"Oh, my child!—my child!"

Busy Reflection yet, with pointed dart,

Recals each look to wound a mother's heart,

Smiles as her infant smil'd—her voice, the same,

Thrills through her ears, and lisps a mother's name;

Clings round her neck,—too poignantly displays

Her dear, lost child, with all its winning ways.

"Ah! where's the bounding step, the laughing
eye?

Pale thy dear lips which wore the coral dye!

Mute

Mute is that voice o'er which with joy I've hung,
And stopp'd the honey'd prattle of thy tongue;
Nipp'd are thy budding graces, in their prime,
Like flowers in spring, cut off before their time.
Oh! I must ever mourn my hopes beguil'd;
Pride of my life—my child! my child! my child!"

Ye soothing friends, ah! let her breathe her
woes—
From griefs imparted, consolation flows.

Turn, gentle Mourner, think to thee 'tis giv=
To see thy first-born wear the crown of Heaven
See through thy tears—tears will awhile remain
For sighs and tears by nature spring from pain.
See through the eye of faith, disrob'd of clay,
Thy Babe a cherub, join'd eternal day:
A smiling seraph gain'd the heavenly road,
Chaunting sweet hallelujahs to her God.

Would'st thou—if yet thou could'st, allure her
down,
And rob th' exulting Angel of her crown?
Ah, no!—'tis anxious, trembling nature yearns—
The Christian yields her—but the mother mourns.
Could'st thou but see her, rob'd in spotless white,
How would her wond'rous glories charm thy sight!
Then

Then would she say—"Ah! weep for me no more;

"I am not lost—but gone awhile before:

"Absent, indeed, but we shall meet again

"In realms of bliss, 'midst yon celestial train!

"O! turn thy eyes from that distressing night,

"When death and anguish wrung thee from my
fight:

"Soon as the soul was from this body driven,

"I did but close my eyes, and wak'd in heaven!

"Think what a blaze of glory round me smil'd;

"Myr'ads of angels met thy happy child;

"Ten thousand gracious forms appear'd to view,

"Smil'd in my face, as thou wert wont to do:

"Deck'd me in heavenly robes, each bliss display'd,

"Whilst round my flaxen locks a rainbow play'd;

"Around my neck a golden harp they hung,

"And with sweet hallelujah's tun'd my tongue:

"A branch of palm my little fingers grasp'd,

"And oft, uplift with joy and wonder, clasp'd,

"With cherubs wing, upon a sun-beam's ray,

"O'er silver clouds I wing'd my glorious way!

"Ah! 'tis in vain, cloath'd as thou art with sense,

"To paint the wonders of OMNIPOTENCE;

M m

"But

“ But thou wilt know, wilt unincumber’d see,
“ When thou hast shot the gulph ’twixt me and thee;

“ Then will I tune my harp, and meet thy love,
“ Though form’d my infant mind for joys above =
“ I’ll join thy mounting spirit, as it flies,
“ And both together seek our native skies!”

“ Yes, we shall meet, sweet love, and never part =
“ I yet shall see thee, darling of my heart:
“ Prostrate before thy throne, O! Power divine,
“ I’ll kiss the rod, and patiently resign;
“ Fully convinc’d, in trembling nature’s spite,
“ Whate’er thou dost, is just—is good—is right!”

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII PARAPHRASED.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye pow’rs that guard his throne;
Jesus the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

II.

(267)

II.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

III.

Shine to his praise, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes,
Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou reſleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

V.

Bluſh and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

VI.

Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,

M m 3

For

For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms
And speak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye furling seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

IX.

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

(269)

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid ye grow;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On every thankful bough.

XII.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky;
While groveling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your king
Thro' all the nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal name must fly abroad
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race shall bow to God,
That owns the name of man.

ANEC,

ANECDOTE

OF

THE LATE KING OF FRANCE.

NOTHING can more endear a Monarch to his subjects, or render him more illustrious in the estimation of the thinking and the good in all countries, than when he dispenses his bounties with a single eye to the claims of humanity, uninfluenced by the ignoble views of party, or the interested solicitations of the great and affluent.—Of this his most Christian Majesty has given an instance, which, while it bespeaks the goodness of his heart, cannot fail to give him the noblest right to the appellations of the GREAT and the WELL-BELOVED, with which adulation had dignified his two immediate predecessors.

The Prince de Mont barey lately presented a list to his Majesty, of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the vacant places in the military school.—In this list were a great number who were very strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank.—“ Since these,” said the King, “ have no protectors, I will be their friend;” and he instantly gave the preference to them.

VERSES

(271)

VERSES
ON THE
DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Inscribed to a YOUNG LADY.

WHENEVER HE, who since the world began,
Has felt for all the miseries of man;
Who, Folly's mean suspicions to remove,
Requests us to remember HE IS LOVE;
Who guides all Nature to a noble end,
By ways our weakness cannot comprehend;
When, from the tiresome scene of trifling here,
He takes his favourites to a higher sphere,
While the freed spirit leaves her load of clay, \n
And wonders we behind submit to stay,
The feelings of false pity are obey'd,
And mortals mourn for those they call the dead.

How many lectures have we heard in vain?
But truths, neglected, must be told again:
Stupidity herself can scarce forget
That Death is an inevitable debt.
That too much pleasure must itself destroy,
That something still is wanting in our joy;
That modest Merit rarely meets her due,
That Happiness recedes as we pursue;

That

That Pride's poor play-things are not worth a sigh,
That 'tis our highest privilege to die,
And all our grief must fairly be confest
But selfishness, or ignorance, at best.

You, Madam, answer,—“ That our friend was
young,
“ That scandal never stain'd his faultless tongue;
“ That all his words were free from sordid art;
“ That virtue never fir'd a purer heart—
“ How cruelly cut off before his time—
“ His every joy just rising in the prime!”
Let me, from sad experience of the past,
With my first minute might have been my last;
And think, with fondness, of that happy shore,
Where HE, who shar'd our sorrows, sighs no more;
Where Envy shall not interrupt our peace,
And human anguish finds a full release.

The young, when rushing on their quicksand
stage,
Avoid, and pity, and despise old age ;
With sullen hatred hear its frigid rules,
And fancy that their fathers have been fools ;
That they the manners of the world will mend,
That every gay companion is a friend ;
That native merit their success ensures,
That she they doat on, has a heart like yours.

But

But soon, by life's calamities oppress,
 Conviction, bursting on the tortur'd breast,
 Their blasted hopes the bitter truth reveal,
 That men may talk of what they do not feel;
 Nay, that the best ne'er practise as they know—
 That words are all a wise man can bestow:
 Then venerable Misery fails to move,
 Suspicion freezes every source of Love;
 They feel no pleasure, they forbear to please,
 And who would ransom life on terms like these?

Come, let each thought in grateful rapture swell,
 Since HE who lov'd us, hath escap'd so well;
 Without one pang, from tenderness forgot,
 With scarce one cause to murmur at his lot:
 To all which goodness infinite can give—
 'Twas in *expiring* HE began to *live*.

From this low scene, when such a soul retires,
 What heart could censure, what the heart inspires;
 A parting tear to Nature must be paid—
 Nature, in spite of pride, must be obey'd;
 And, kindling, like his friend, at beauty's charms,
 While every honour'd passion's up in arms,
 The coldest of all songsters must avow,
 Life worth ambition, if enjoy'd with you.

ANECDOTE.

A PRUSSIAN Clergyman applied to the late King of Prussia, for his permission to preach in his chapel, and to honour him with his presence.

His Majesty thought it rather presumptuous for a country clergyman to ask such a favour, but nevertheless granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on, that he should preach the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him.

The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day, for the text, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine sermon on it—but Sunday morning came, and no text.

He, however, went into the pulpit with an intent to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the King had forgot to send him a text.

The King came to the chapel soon after, and sent the clergyman a letter, which he opened and read; the contents were—"The inclosed is your text, and you will preach immediately."

He

He opened the bit of paper that was inclosed; when, to his great astonishment, he found it quite blank; he looked at the other side—it was blank there too.

He held it out for the audience to look at, and said, “ *Here* is nothing;”—and then turning it, “ and *there* is nothing, and of *nothing* God created Heaven and Earth.”

Then quoting a verse in the first chapter of Genesis, he preached a sermon on it extempore.

The King was so delighted at the great presence of mind the clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

BERANGER.

IN Lombardy, a country that has not been remarkable for the valour of its inhabitants, there lived a knight, a widower with an only daughter. He had contracted debts, and was obliged to have recourse to an usurer; but this temporary shift, as it generally happens, only served to plunge him the deeper into difficulties; so that in a short time, being unable to satisfy his

creditors in any other manner, he was obliged to compound matters by offering his daughter in marriage to the son.—The offer was accepted, and the damsel espoused the son of the usurer. It is thus that the noblest race is destroyed, that chivalry degenerates, and that brave men are succeeded by a generation of reptiles who have no passion but for silver and gold.

The old gentleman himself was ashamed of this alliance, and mortified in his soul that he had cast a blot upon the birth of his grandchildren. He created, however, his son-in-law a knight, and armed him with his own hand.

Puffed up with this new title, our young plebeian thought himself elevated into a hero. His nobility was the constant theme of his conversation.—All he would listen to, especially at table, was tournaments, arms, and combats.—He hoped by that, to give his wife a great opinion of him; but he found that it subjected him the more to her contempt. To impose on her then in a manner somewhat more specious, he declared that, ashamed to have suffered love to chain down his valour, he was resolved, at length, to shew her what a husband she had got, and engaged that if he could shortly fall in with an adversary, he would give
proofs

proofs of such prowess, as all her ancestors combined together would have been unable to exhibit.

The next day he rose early; sent for arms quite new and shining with extraordinary lustre; then mounted a shewy charger, and sallied forth courageously.—The only difficulty was to determine whither he should bend his course thus equipped; and by what means he should continue to acquire with his rib the reputation of a gallant knight.—Not far distant there fortunately was a wood.—Thither he repairs with full speed; ties up his horse, and looking round to see that he was observed by nobody, he hangs his shield on the trunk of a tree, and with all his force begins to exercise his sword upon it.—He likewise shivers his lance to pieces against a tree; after which he returns home with his shield, all hacked and cut, suspended from his neck.

His wife, as he dismounted from his horse, came to hold the stirrups. He commanded her to retire, and, displaying his shattered arms, the pretended evidence of his combat, observed, with an air of contempt, that the whole family from which she was so vain of deducing her origin, could not, together united, have borne the dreadful assault
which

which he had just sustained.—She made no answer, but went in again, not a little surprized, however, to see his shield battered as if he had been at a tournament, whilst neither knight nor horse had received a scratch.

The following week our hero sallied out again, and with the same success.—He had even the insolence, on this last occasion, when the wife came on his return to assist him in getting off his horse, to put her from him rudely with his foot, as if she were not fit to touch a man of his extraordinary merit. The horse, notwithstanding, had come back as fresh as when he went out; the sword, which was hacked like a saw, did not shew the least trace of blood, and neither the helmet nor the coat of mail appeared to have received a single blow.—All these circumstances excited a degree of mistrust in the wife.—She strongly suspected the truth of these terrible combats, and to know with certainty what to think of it, she in secret provided herself with the arms of a knight, and resolved to follow her husband the next time he went out, and, if possible, to retaliate by some kind of artifice.

He soon returned to the wood, to dispatch, as he gave out, three knights, who had dared him to
combat.

combat. The wife pressed him to take some attendants along with him, armed, if it were only to guard against treachery.—But this was what he would by no means agree to; and declared that he had confidence enough in his own arm to meet three men without apprehension, or even more, if they had the audacity to present themselves against him.—As soon as he was gone, the wife made haste to arm herself.—She laced on a coat of mail, hung a sword by her side, tied a helmet on her head, and galloped after the braggadocia.

Already had he reached the wood, where, with a dreadful noise, he was paying away upon his new shield.—The wife, at the first sight, was seized with a violent fit of laughter, but composing herself, came up, and addressed him in the following abrupt manner :—“ Slave, by what authority dost thou come here to cut down my trees, and interrupt my progress with this disagreeable uproar? Is it to put it out of thy power to give me satisfaction that thou destroyest thy shield? Coward as thou art, cursed be he that does not despise thee as much as I do! I here arrest thee as my prisoner; follow me instantly to rot in one of my dungeons.”

The

The poor knight was, at this address, ready to drop down with fear.—He found himself caught without the least chance of escaping, and did not feel courageous enough to fight.—If a child that moment had advanced towards him, he durst not have put himself on the defensive. His sword soon dropped from his hands, he intreated forgiveness, and promised never to enter the wood more during life; and further offered, if he had done any damage, to make it good an hundred times over.—“Base-minded wretch, to imagine that gold can repress the indignation, and avert the vengeance of a brave man. I shall shortly teach thee another language.—Before we leave this place, our quarrel must be decided by arms. Quickly mount thy horse, and think of defending thyself, for I never grant quarter; and I give thee notice beforehand, that if thou art vanquished, thy head instantly flies off thy shoulders.” At the same time she lets fall a smart blow on his helmet. The terrified wretch answered, trembling, that he had made a vow to God never to fight, and asked, if it were not possible by any other means to make reparation.—He was informed that there was one method, and one only, and that was to go down on his knees and ask pardon, which he instantly complied with. When he had risen up, he took the liberty of asking the name of his conqueror.

queror.—“Of what consequence is that to you? However, I will not conceal it from you, whimsical as it is, and though I am the only one of my family that has borne it, my name is BERANGER, and my business is to shame cowards.”

This said, the Lady mounted her horse again, and rode off.—On her way was the residence of a knight, who had long been in love with her, and whose suit till then she had always rejected. But now she went into his house, told him that at last she accepted his vows, and even took him home behind her.—Soon after, the husband entered, affecting to put on his usual confidence: When his people asked him the issue of his recent combat: “I am now at length,” said he, “going to enjoy quiet—my lands are entirely cleared of the freebooters that infested them.”

After he had disarmed, he went in to give his wife an account of his last exploit, and was greatly surprized to see a man sitting by her side upon the couch, and to observe her embracing the stranger, instead of getting up to receive him.— He began to assume that imperious and threatening tone that had become familiar to him, and even pretended to go and bring his sword.—“ Hold your peace,” said she, “ you poltroon! or if you dare

dare so much as to breathe, I shall send for BERANGER;—you know how he treats cowards.”

That word closed his mouth.—He withdrew in confusion; and whatever liberties his wife indulged in afterwards, he durst not throw out the least reproach, lest she should publish his adventures in the forest.

COLUMBUS.

WHEN Columbus, after having discovered the Western hemisphere, was, by order of the King of Spain, brought home from America in chains, the captain of the ship, who was intimately acquainted with his character, his knowledge and abilities, offered to free him from his chains, and make his passage as agreeable as possible.—But Columbus rejected his friendly offer, saying, “ Sir, I thank you; but these chains are the rewards and honour for my services, from my King, whom I have served as faithfully as my God; and as such I will carry them with me to my grave.”

OLD

OLD AGE.

OLD Age is a stage of the human course which every one hopes to reach; it is a period justly entitled to general respect.—Even its failings ought to be touched with a gentle hand. For though in every part of life vexations occur; yet, in former years, either business or pleasure served to obliterate their impressions to the mind.

Old age begins its advances by disqualifying men either from relishing the one, or for taking an active part in the other; while it withdraws their accustomed supports, it imposes, at the same time, the additional burden of growing infirmities.

In the former stages of their journey, hope continued to flatter them with many a fair and enticing prospect; but as old age increases, these illusions vanish.—Life is contracted within a narrow and barren circle.—Year after year steals somewhat away from their store of comfort,—deprives them of some of their ancient friends,—blunts some of their powers of sensation,—and incapacitates them for some functions of life.

The querulous temper, to them imputed, is to be considered as a natural infirmity, rather than a vice; the same apology cannot be made for that peevish disgust at the manners, and that malignant censure of the enjoyments of the young, which is sometimes found to accompany declining years.

It is too common to find the aged at declared enmity with the whole system of present custom and manners; perpetually complaining of the growing depravity of the world, and of the astonishing vices and follies of the rising generation. All things, according to them, are rushing fast into ruin.—Decency and good order have become extinct, ever since that happy discipline, under which they spent their youth, has passed away.

Former follies vanish, and are forgotten.—Those which are present, strike observation and sharpen censure.—Had the depravation of the world continued to increase in proportion to those gloomy calculations, which, so many centuries past, have estimated each race as worse than the preceding; by this time, not one spark of piety and virtue must have remained unextinguished among mankind.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
BISHOP ATTERBURY.

IN the debates on the occasional conformity and schism bills, in the House of Lords, December 1718, Lord Coningsby fell foul of the Bishop of Rochester, (Dr. Atterbury) for calling himself a *prophet* the day before, and added—"As I am sure I have read as much scripture as he, or any Bishop of them all, for I have found there a prophet very like him, namely, BALAAM, who, like that Right Reverend, drove so very furiously, that he constrained the very asses he rode on to open his mouth, and reprove the madness of the prophet."

The Bishop, when his Lordship had finished his fiery transports, rose up, in a very demure and humble way, and thanked his Lordship for the notice he took of him, which he received as an honour, it coming from so polite and noble a Lord, tho' accompanied with so acute a reflection; that he confessed the ingenious Peer had wittingly and happily applied Balaam to him, a prophet, priest, and preacher, being often promiscuously used; but there still wanted the application of the
Asses;

Afs; and his Lordship being the only one that reproved him, he must of necessity take the Afs upon himself. From that day his Lordship was called Atterbury's Pad.

THE CRUELTY OF PARENTAL TYRANNY.

POLITICIANS remark, that no oppression is so heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by the perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. The robber may be seized, and the invader repelled, whenever they are found; they who pretend no right but that of force, may by force be punished or suppressed. But when plunder bears the name of impost, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wisdom confounded; resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate.

Equally dangerous and equally detestable are the cruelties often exercised in private families, under the venerable sanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught to honour
from

from the first moments of reason; which is guarded from insult and violation by all that can impress awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without controul, and trample the bounds of right with innumerable transgressions, before duty and piety will dare to seek redress, or think themselves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than supplications, by which insolence is elated, and tears, by which cruelty is gratified.

It was for a long time imagined by the Romans, that no son could be the murderer of his father; and they had therefore no punishment appropriated to parricide. They seem likewise to have believed with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and therefore they allowed every man the supreme judicature in his own house, and put the lives of his own offspring into his hands. But experience informed them by degrees, that they had determined too hastily in favour of human nature; they found that instinct and habit were not able to contend with avarice or malice; that the nearest relation might be violated; and that power, to whomsoever intrusted, might be ill employed. They were therefore obliged to supply and to change their institutions; to deter the parricide by a new law, and to transfer

fer capital punishments from the parent to the magistrate.

There are indeed many houses which it is impossible to enter familiarly, without discovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion ; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonstrances but from his own conscience, will seldom be long without the art of controlling his convictions, and modifying justice, by his own will.

If in any situation the heart were inaccessible to malignity, it might be supposed to be sufficiently secured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occasion of its existence, produces an obligation to make that existence happy. To see helpless infancy stretching out her hands, and pouring out her cries, in testimony of dependence, without any powers to alarm jealousy, or any guilt to alienate affection, must surely awaken tenderness in every human mind ; and tenderness once excited will be hourly increased by the natural contagion of felicity, by the repercussion of communicated pleasure, by the consciousness of the dignity of benefaction.

I be-

I believe no generous or benevolent man can see the vilest animal courting his regard, and shrinking at his anger, playing his gambols of delight before him, calling on him in distress, and flying to him in danger, without more kindness than he can persuade himself to feel for the wild and unsocial inhabitants of the air and water.

We naturally endear to ourselves those to whom we impart any kind of pleasure, because we imagine their affection and esteem secured to us by the benefits which they receive.

There is, indeed, another method by which the pride of superiority may be likewise gratified.—He that has extinguished all the sensations of humanity, and has no longer any satisfaction in the reflection that he is loved as the distributor of happiness, may please himself with exciting terror as the inflictor of pain; he may delight his solitude with contemplating the extent of his power, and the force of his commands, in imagining the desires that flutter on the tongue which is forbidden to utter them, or the discontent which preys on the heart in which fear confines it; he may amuse himself with new contrivances of detestation, multiplications of prohibition, and varieties of punishments, and swell with exultation when he considers

P p

how

how little of the homage that he receives he owes to choice.

That princes of this character have been known, the history of all absolute kingdoms will inform us; and since, as Aristotle observes, "the government of a family is naturally monarchical, it is, like other monarchies, too often arbitrarily administered.— The regal and parental tyrant differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their slaves. The same passions cause the same miseries; except that seldom any prince, however despotic, has so far shaken off all awe of the public eye, as to venture upon those freaks of injustice which are sometimes indulged under the secrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious injunctions, partial decisions, unequal allotment, distributions of reward not by merit, but by fancy, and punishments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the misery of others no man will confess, and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The King may be instigated by one man to the destruction of another; he may sometimes think himself endangered by the
virtues

virtues of a subject; he may dread the successful general or the popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confiscations; and his guilt may whisper that he can only be secure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppression of those who were born to his protection, of those who can disturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no spoils? Why cowards are cruel may be easily discovered; but for what reason, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppression who has nothing to fear?

The unjustifiable severity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that those whom he injures are always in his sight. The injustice of a prince is often exercised upon those of whom he never had any personal or particular knowledge; and the sentence which he pronounces, whether of banishment, imprisonment, or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns.—But the domestic oppressor dooms himself to gaze upon those faces which he clouds with terror, and with sorrow; and beholds every moment the effect of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to those who surround him, and can walk with satisfaction in the gloom of his own

presence; he that can see submissive misery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands justice, will scarcely be amended by remonstrance or admonition; he has found means of stopping the avenues of tenderness, and arming his heart against the force of reason.

Even though no consideration should be paid to the great law of social beings, by which every individual is commanded to consult the happiness of others, yet the harsh parent is less to be vindicated than any other criminal, because he less provides for the happiness of himself. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to live long, and therefore hopes for that time at which he shall sink back to imbecility, and must depend for ease and cheerfulness upon the officiousness of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the assistance of his children, and whose bed must be surrounded in his last hours, in the hours of languor and dejection, of impatience and of pain, by strangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies, to whom his death is desirable.

Piety

Piety will, indeed, in good minds overcome provocations, and those who have been harrassed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have suffered, so far as to perform the last duties with alacrity and zeal. But surely no resentment can be equally painful with kindness thus undeserved, nor can severer punishment be imprecated upon a man not wholly lost in meanness and stupidity, than through the tediousness of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindness of his own children, to receive not the tribute, but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his miseries, not to gratitude, but to mercy.

A MORNING HYMN.

GOD of my life, this early dawn
I dedicate to thee:
As thou hast been, so may'st thou still
My kind protector be.

When cover'd by the midnight gloom,
And veil'd in shades of night;
Thou, Lord, my watchful guardian was,
And kept me in thy fight.

The

The curtains of Almighty love
Were drawn around my bed;
And while I slept, thy providence
Its blessings on me shed.

Thy love deserves my best returns
Of gratitude and praise;
And while I live, I shall delight
To thee my voice to raise.

Bless God, my soul, whose pow'r divine
Has thy protection been;
Who has thy life secur'd from ills,
Which were by thee unseen,

As each return of day declares
The greatness of thy love;
So may each day my thanks renew,
And gratitude improve.

This day safe guard me, O my God,
From every outward ill;
Preserve my health, relieve my wants,
My soul with comfort fill.

Against temptation I would guard,
And flee the paths of sin;

May

May Satan's pow'r be broke without,
And ev'ry lust within.

With thankful praise for mercies past,
I leave myself with Thee:
O! may I of thy grace partake,
And thy great goodness see.

And may I carefully pursue
Whate'er is just and right,
That I may always be approv'd
In my Creator's fight.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

CORNELIA, a Roman Lady of exemplary virtue, was left a widow with twelve children, but only three of the twelve arrived at years of maturity: one daughter, whom she married to the second Scipio Africanus; and two sons, whom she so carefully instructed, that though born with the most happy geniuses and dispositions, it was judged that they were still more indebted to education than nature

A Campanian Lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and shew, in a visit to Cornelia,

nelia, having displayed her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired Cornelia to let her see her jewels also. This amiable Lady diverted the conversation to another subject, till the return of her sons from the public schools.— When they entered their mother's apartments, she said to her visitor, pointing to them, " These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire ; and such ornaments, which are the strength and support of society, add a brighter lustre to the fair than all the jewels of the east."

THE
HAPPY STATE.

I.

IN search of happiness in vain,
How oft poor mortals rove ;
Attend, be taught, let reason reign !
You'll find it fix'd in love !
Let each unruly thought subside,
That late oppress'd the mind ;
Seek one dear object ; there confide,
If happiness you'd find.

II. Un-

(297)

II.

Unnumber'd ills (a ghastly train!)
On dissipation wait,
Unthinking youth oft feels the pang,
But feels it when too late:
Dispel those false destructive fires,
Their transient charms disperse;
A slave no more to base desires,
Observe the blest reverse.

III.

The bright Eliza Heaven ordain'd,
The young Palemon's share;
In him, the nymph despotic reign'd,
As he within the fair:
With him each joy, each care she knows,
And bears an equal part;
From her dear breast sweet comfort flows,
Flows truly from the heart.

IV.

In mutual love, supremely blest,
No anxious fears intrude;
For aught that cou'd alarm their rest,
By virtue is subdu'd:

Q q

To

To Hymen then your tribute pay,
Embrace their envy'd fate;
Connubial love shall truth repay,
And crown the HAPPY STATE.

ANECDOTE

ON

A DIVINE'S PROCURING A LIVING.

A NOBLEMAN, before a numerous assembly told a worthy Divine, who was solicited by him for a Living then vacant, and in his Lordship's disposal, "No, no, Doctor, talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance." The Doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied, "he should be incorrigible not to improve with his Lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to dance attendance." "Have I so, Doctor?" says the Earl, "then even take the Living, and my daughter Sophy shall teach you to turn out your toes." The company laughed, but the Doctor had most reason.

· ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
THE PRINCE OF CONTI.

THE Prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier, at the siege of Philipsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage.

Next morning the grenadier went to the Prince with a couple of diamond rings, and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse, I suppose you intended for me; but these I bring back to you, having no claim to them." "You have doubly deserved them by your bravery, (said the Prince) and by your honesty, therefore they are yours."

ANECDOTE
OF
SWIFT AND ADDISON.

ONE evening, during a *tele a tete* conversation between Addison and Swift, the various characters in scripture were canvassed, and their

merits and demerits were fully discussed. *Swift's* favourite, however, was Joseph, while Addison contended strongly for the amiable Jonathan.— The dispute lasted some time, when the Author of *Cato* observed, that it was very fortunate they were alone, as the character which he had been praising so warmly was the name-sake of Swift, while the other, of which Swift had been so lavish in his commendations, was the name-sake of Addison.

ANECDOTE
OF
AN HIGHWAYMAN.

HAWKE, the noted Highwayman, being one evening on the look out, stopped a gentleman, and bade him deliver. The gentleman protested he had no money, and was flying from his creditors, in order to avoid a gaol. Hawke, pitying his unhappy situation, asked him how much would relieve his wants? He was answered thirty guineas. He then directed the gentleman to go to a house not far off, and wait till nine o'clock in the morning, and he would bring him something that would relieve him; accordingly, before the
time

time expired. Hawke made his appearance; and, to the no small joy of the gentleman, made him a present of fifty guineas; adding, "Sir, I present this to you with all my heart, wishing you well:— You are welcome to it." Upon which Hawke took his leave, and went away immediately.

✓ ANECDOTE
OF
THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

IN the war carried on by Louis XII. of France, against the Venetians, the town of Brescia being taken by storm, and abandoned by the soldiers, suffered, for seven days, all the distresses of cruelty and avarice. No house escaped but that where the Chevalier Bayard was lodged. At his entrance, the mistress, a woman of figure, fell at his feet, and deeply sobbing, cried, "Oh! my Lord, save my life; save the honour of my daughters." "Take courage, Madam," said the Chevalier, "your life and their honour shall be secure while I have life."

The two young ladies, brought from their hiding-place, were presented to him; and the family

family, thus re-united, bestowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them an opportunity to express their zeal. They employed a notable surgeon; they attended him by turn, day and night; and when he could bear to be amused, they entertained him with concerts of music.

Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother said to him, "To your goodness, my Lord, we owe our lives, and to you, all we have, belongs by right of war; but we hope, from your signal benevolence, that this slight tribute will content you," placing upon the table an iron coffer full of money. "What is the sum?" said the Chevalier. "My Lord," answered she, trembling, "no more than two thousand five hundred ducats,—all that we have; but if more be necessary, we will try our friends." "Madam," said he, "I shall never forget your kindness, more precious in my eyes than one hundred thousand ducats. Take back your money, and depend always on me." "My good Lord, you kill me, to refuse this small sum; take it only as a mark of your friendship to my family." "Well," said he, "since it will oblige you, I take the money; but give me the satisfaction of bidding adieu to your amiable daughters." They came to him with looks of regard and affection.

tion. "Ladies," said he, "the impression you have made on my heart will never wear out.—What return to make I know not, for men of my profession are seldom opulent; but here are two thousand five hundred ducats, of which the generosity of your mother has given me the disposal: accept them as a marriage present; and may your happiness in marriage equal your merit."

"Flower of chivalry," cried the mother, "May the God who suffered death for us, reward you here and hereafter."

AN ANECDOTE
OF
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

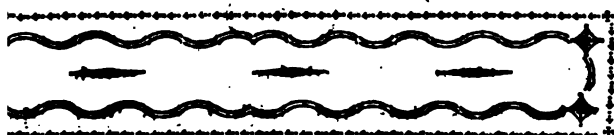
THE following is as striking an instance of profound policy, as perhaps stands upon record in the annals of any nation.

Sir Robert Walpole having some point to carry in which the Bishops were interested, expected powerful opposition from that quarter. The Archbishop of Canterbury was indebted to him entirely for his exaltation; and as he had often made
the

the warmest protestations of gratitude, Sir Robert now resolved to put him to the test. Accordingly he sent for him a few days before he intended bringing his bill into the House, and told him he had a favour to request. The Prelate replied, "He need only ask to obtain any thing in his power to grant." Sir Robert then desired that he would closely confine himself to his palace on such a day, and give him leave to assign what reason he thought proper for such proceeding.

The Archbishop promised to observe his patron's injunction faithfully: and this profound politician, on the day of his confinement, caused a report to be spread that his Grace of Canterbury was suddenly taken ill, and even lay at the point of death. He then introduced his bill; and as every one of the lawn sleeve gentry, from their expectation of preferment, wished to please him, the bill passed without difficulty.

F I N I S.



A

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE

OF LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

[O woman ever united more real fortitude with so much tenderness and feeling as this trious character.

he was the most affectionate of wives; and yet sufficient strength of mind to take off the pro-lings at the trial of her illustrious husband, d Russel, no other person being permitted, an inhuman Judge, to use a pen or pencil on occasion. And many years after, when she in a very advanced age, her two daughters, Duchesses of Bedford and Devonshire, hap-ing to lie-in just at the same time, one of them

B

died

died in child bed, and the afflicted mother being a few days afterwards with her only surviving daughter, was strictly questioned by her as to the health of her sister, of whose fate she had some suspicion; when this venerable and heroic woman, calling forth all her strength of mind, to prevent the shock, which must have been dangerous at such a period, assumed a smile, and said, " Make yourself easy, my dear. I have kiss'd your sister out of bed to-day." This was literally true, for she had kissed her in her coffin.

ANECDOTE of BISHOP BURNET.

BISHOP Burnet was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the character which the French call *l'etourdie*. All the world knows, that in Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned, on suspicion of practising a concealed method of poisoning; and, among the rest, the Countess of Soissons, niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and mother of the famous warrior Prince Eugene, of Savoy. In the latter end of Queen Ann's reign, when that Prince came over to England, Bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as great as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the Duke of Marlborough,

borough, that he might have the satisfaction of being in company with a person, whose fame resounded through all Europe. The Duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that might give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the Prince and other company at Marlborough House. The Bishop, mindful of the caution, resolved to sit silent and *incognito* during the whole entertainment; and might have kept his resolution, had not Prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified Clergyman, taken it into his head to ask him who he was. He was no sooner informed that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the Bishop, and, among other questions, asked him how long it was since he left Paris? Burnet, fluttered by this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction desired, answered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time when the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarce pronounced these words, when his eyes meeting those of the Duke's, he instantly recognized his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error, by asking pardon of his Highness: he stared

wildly around, and, seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

ANECDOTE

OF GENERAL BURGOYNE,

As related by Himself.

IN Portugal he had been posted, with a body of six thousand British and some Portuguese soldiers, on the banks of the Tagus, to dispute the passage of that river with the whole Spanish army. The renowned Count de Lippe, the Generalissimo of all the forces and auxiliaries of Portugal, found every delay he could throw in the way of the enemy, of so much importance, that he sent positive orders to dispute the pass to the last man.— If he found it impossible to withstand the enemy, he was to abandon to them his camp, his artillery, and provisions, excepting as much of the latter as his men could carry at their backs, and retreat as slowly as he could to the mountains on his left, from whence he was to join the main army in small detachments. The Count accompanied the order with these words, “ I know to what a rude trial I expose the feelings of a gallant officer, when I order him to abandon his camp to the enemy; but

but the nature of the service requires such a sacrifice. Do you execute the orders, I will take measures on myself, and justify you in the sight of the world.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom. Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship.—But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remains only, for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns;

turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging, by a solemn oath, to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosper became the wife of Felix, and Adversity Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix, the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his garden, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained

retained at his table the Nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks, so also will the current of fortune be diffused, unless bounded by oeconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the Nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his name. The friends whom he had neglected, deserted him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet as his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before he had appeared youthful and engaging.

What

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him and that he died in a short time, wretched and in exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes; and to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting, therefore, the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads, and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain.— Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things,

things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble; taught him to compassionate the distress of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“ I am sent (said she) by the Gods, to those alone whom they love ; for I not only train them up, by my severe discipline, to future glory, but also prepare them to receive, with a greater relish, all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probatory state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age.— Prosperity, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her to the blissful habitations of Tranquillity and Content.”

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the
C deformity

deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease.— By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated ; and, at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the Philosopher, “ That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the Gods, who want nothing.” She admonished him to turn his eyes to many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour ; and in his addresses to the Gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, and unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner : “ As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence, to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished ; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity ;
whom,

whom, if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having, in a short time, acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry; in quelling all disorderly passions, and informing his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honeysuckles.—Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock; and over the door was

written, in large characters, the following inscription:

*" Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
" Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
" Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
" What Palace can display so fair a train?"*

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

ON a large heath, called Shag's Heath, about a mile and a half from Woodlands, in Horton parish, Dorsetshire, is an ash tree, under which the unfortunate Duke was apprehended.

The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that after the defeat at Sedgemoor, the Duke and Lord Lumley quitted their horses at Woodyeat's; whence the former, disguised as a peasant, wandered hither. He dropped his gold snuff box in a pea field, where it was afterwards found full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs. Uvedale, of Horton. One of the finders had fifteen pounds for half the contents or value of it. The Duke went on to the island, as it is called, a cluster of
small

small farms, in the middle of the heath, and there concealed himself in a deep ditch, under the ash.

When the pursuers came up, a woman, who lived in a neighbouring cot, gave information of his being somewhere in the island, which was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who passed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighbouring cots. As they were going away next morning, one of them espied the brown skirt of the Duke's coat, and seized him. The soldier no sooner knew him, than he burst into tears, and reproached himself for the unhappy discovery.

The family of the woman who first gave the information, are said to have fallen into decay, and never thriven afterwards.

The Duke was carried before Anthony Ettrick, of Holt, a Justice of Peace, who ordered him to London. Being asked what he would do if set at liberty? he answered, if his horse and arms were restored, he only desired to ride through the army, and he defied them all to take him again.—Farmer Kerley's grandmother, lately dead, saw him, and described him as a black, genteel, tall man, with a dejected countenance.

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The close where he concealed himself is called Monmouth Close, and is the extremest N. E. field of the island. The tree stands in a hedge, on a steep bank, and is covered with initials of the names of persons who have been to see it.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING,

HIS Majesty generally, after dinner, made a rule to visit the Countess of Yarmouth. In passing through the chambers to her apartment one evening, only preceded by a single page, a small canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, when one of them rolled in under a closet, where wood was generally kept for the use of the bedchamber. After the King had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea, and, judging where it went,—“Come,” says he to the page, “we must find this guinea; here, help me to throw out this wood.” The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a little time found it. “Well,” says the King, “you have wrought hard, there’s the guinea for your labour, but I would have nothing lost.”

No bad example in the high departments of State.

AN

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Earl of St. Albans, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, in all her misfortunes, found himself at the Restoration but in an indifferent condition. Being one day with Charles the Second, when all distinctions were laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment of great value, which was just vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the Earl personate himself. The gentleman addressed himself accordingly, enumerated his services to the Royal Family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means, (replied the Earl) and I am only sorry that, as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend there, the Earl of St. Albans, (pointing to the King) who has constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone ungratified: but when any thing of this kind happens again, worthy your acceptance, pray let me see you."—The Gentleman withdrew.—The King smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant to the Earl.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS.

THERE was at Rome, in the time of the Emperor Augustus, a poor Greek poet, who, from time to time, when the Emperor went out of his palace, presented him with a Greek epigram; and though the Emperor took it, he never gave him any thing; on the contrary, having a mind one day to ridicule him, and shake it off, as soon as he saw him coming to present him with his verses, the Emperor sent him a Greek epigram of his own composing, and writ with his own hand. The poet received it with joy; and, as he was reading it, he shewed by his face and gestures that he was mightily pleased with it. After he had read it, he pulled out his purse, and, coming up to Augustus, gave him some few pence, saying, "Take this money, Cæsar; I give it you, not according to the merit of the verses, but to my poor ability: had I more, my liberality would be greater." The whole company fell a laughing, and the Emperor more than the rest, who ordered him a hundred thousand crowns.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE of MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of St. John's, and who, not long before, had been employed by the Queen as her Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, came to Cambridge, and next morning paid a visit to the Master of his own College. The Master (whether Dr. Gower, or Dr. Jenkins, is uncertain) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a Fellow of his College to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat himself, and let the Queen's Ambassador stand. Piqued a little at that, Mat composed an extempore epigram on the reception he had met with. It was not reckoned in those days that he had a very happy turn for an epigram; but the occasion was tempting, and he struck it off as he was walking from St. John's College to the Rose, to dinner. It was addressed to the Master, and was as follows:

*I stood, Sir, patient at your feet,
 Before your elbow chair;
 But make a Bishop's throne your seat,
 I'll kneel before you there.*

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One

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a Bishop's throne,
Pay *homage* to the Queen.

ON HAPPINESS.

“ ——— Alas, where shall we find,
“ Some spot to real happiness confin'd?”

THIS penfive enquiry has not been confined to the breast of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith alone, but, in the hours of adversity and disappointment, it has been the language of all the progeny of Adam. It has often sprung from real, sometimes from imaginary infelicity; which is frequently increased, and often wholly proceeds from our making a false estimation of human happiness. We are apt to place a higher value on every blessing not in our possession, than on those we enjoy. The prospect of every distant good is embellished with charms, which lose their lustre on a nearer approach, or pall with familiarity.

It is not unusual with us to imagine the condition of others preferable to our own: we change our situations, but therein find not the happiness we expected, and yet remain unconvinced of our folly.

folly. We pursue, vainly pursue, the fleeting phantoms which enfeebled Hope raises in the dis-tempered imaginations, although disappointment attends every step, and mocks every endeavour. We either find the objects of our wishes recede in proportion to our advances, or, if possessed, that they prove inadequate to our sanguine expectations.

One of the most deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is *wealth*: it glitters at a distance, and appears replete with every requisite essential to terrestrial felicity: it attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breasts of its candidates an inextinguishable ardour to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary good; and therefore, to attain it, is to exclude every want, to possess every satisfaction.

But, alas! wealth often flies the pursuer, and in the end leaves him tired, languid, and disappointed, with the fruitless chace. To some, indeed, she grants her favours with peculiar liberality, and admits them to rifle her treasury. But are these in "a spot to real happiness confined?" No, surely; they find, by unprofitable experience,

that the possession of riches falls far short of their expectations.

Riches are not able to confer that happiness they promise, or to avert those evils they are supposed capable of preventing. They are unable to limit the licentiousness of desire, to fill the grasp of avarice, to guard the avenues through which afflictions enter, or to afford that happiness which is expected from them. The possession of wealth introduces wants, not less numerous, nor less importunate, than those we complain of in a state of poverty. They are, indeed, different in kind, but not less destructive of that felicity we vainly seek after in this imperfect state. We are very apt to conclude that those are exempt from unhappiness, on whom prosperity beams her radiance, and whose dwellings are circumfused with affluence. In the erring estimation of short-sighted mortals, their lines are "cast in pleasant places;" but a little reflection will convince us that they are "encompassed with many sorrows." View the men who have free access to the temple of riches, and you will not find them happier than others; they have still numerous wants, which increase with their acquisitions; and still more numerous fears, arising from their very possessions, to which those in humble stations are strangers.

strangers. Some find their desires strengthened by the increase of their riches; and the more they inherit, the more unbounded is their grasp.— Were it possible for such to accumulate all the treasures of the earth, they would still be unsatisfied, and, like Alexander, weep because there was no other world within their reach to plunder. Others, whose desires are more circumscribed, and who appear contented with their present possessions, are not less unhappy.

Men cannot essentially possess more than they enjoy; the rest, like a cypher on the left hand of a figure, is of no value, unprofitable as to any useful purpose; it is only barren splendour, which, like the glare of a comet, although it shines at a distance, yet affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes upon it: he may contemplate it with barren admiration, but cannot render it subservient to any of the most valuable purposes of life. Such, therefore, as possess more wealth than is sufficient to furnish the reasonable wants of humanity, are generally employed in a laborious search after pleasures yet untasted, in which they hope to find unmixed happiness. There is one source of pleasure which the enjoyment of wealth opens to a rational mind, but few there are who find it. The extension of help to the helpless, of
relief

relief to misery, and of comfort to those who dwell in the regions of adversity, are employments attended with the purest satisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances overspread with the gloom of sorrow, is attended with sensations of the most refined delight, and tunes the soul to harmony. This is the noblest use to which wealth can be applied, the essential end for which Heaven has dispensed it. But, alas! how few are there, amongst the great and opulent, who exercise themselves in such benevolent, such God-like actions! How few, whose minds are refined enough to relish the satisfaction arising from such praiseworthy conduct!

The generality of the rich spend their time and substance in a course of falsely estimated pleasure, which, whilst it affords a momentary gratification to some desires, creates others, more difficult to be satisfied. Every indulgence of the passions, beyond the boundaries of reason and temperance, either increases the appetite for more extensive enjoyments, or cloyes with a languid satiety:—These are effects equally destructive of true happiness. In this dilemma, the mind is perpetually tossed, like a vessel without a rudder on the boisterous ocean. It is still hurried on, by the gales of passion, in pursuit of something untried, which

is supposed more capable of conferring happiness; but this, when obtained, leaves us equally unsatisfied, and at an equal distance from the object of our wishes.

Thus men pursue, with unremitting ardour, that happiness which, for want of a better regulated judgment, constantly eludes their grasp, till, tired with reiterated disappointment, they quit the stage of life and their fruitless search together.

It would be a mark of wisdom in us to consider the numerous examples of this kind as proper objects of instruction. Viewed in this light, they may be useful warnings, and teach us to avoid the folly exhibited in their conduct. Let their mistaken assiduity, and consequent failure of obtaining the grand end of life here, excite others to pursue a different plan, a plan more likely to be attended with success.

Compleat substantial happiness is not the produce of terrestrial soil. Whilst we are encompassed with the walls of flesh and human frailty, the avenues through which happiness visits the soul will not admit such a degree of it as will fill up and satisfy our intellectual capacities: but still such a portion of it is within our reach,

as

as will render this state of existence easy and tranquil.

The Sovereign Lord and Governor of universal nature has wisely ordained, that, amidst the highest gratification of time and sense, some alloy should be experienced. By these means we are led to aspire after the attainment of that more perfect state, which, in the wise determination of his council, we are formed to inherit, when time, and all its deceptive scenes, shall terminate for ever.

The terms on which this compleat happiness is declared by eternal wisdom to be attainable, are such as, if complied with, will also tend to the increase of our present felicity. "Godliness is profitable to all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." The more we withdraw our affections from perishing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celestial objects, the more pure, refined, and acute, will be our sense of present pleasures: they will not be pursued to satiety, but will only lead the mind to the contemplation of those enjoyments which are divine, permanent, and eternal. The joys which the visible creation affords, will not then be centered in us as a substantial, lasting good,
but

but will rather be considered as the lower steps of that ladder by which we may ascend to the superior joys of a glorious immortality. By the "good things that are seen," and which we enjoy here, we shall be excited to seek after "those which are invisible," in that state where the aspirations of hope will end in certainty, and the panting bosom of desire will repose in compleat fruition.

It is undoubtedly a proof of wisdom in us to seek that happiness which is attainable in this life, agreeable to the dictates of reason and prudence. Our passions are ever calling for fresh gratifications; they are clamorous, and not easily silenced; but we know, that if they were indulged without restraint, they would soon precipitate us into ruin irretrievable: it is therefore the province of reason to regulate them, to curb the roving of the will, and to point out the boundaries which it ought never to pass. This reason is capable of doing, and thereby of securing us from numerous inconveniences that arise from giving the reins to ungoverned passions, and free scope to a licentious imagination.

Whenever we thus restrain our wishes and actions, the effects recompence our labour; the

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commotions in our breasts cease, and a calm overspreads the mind: our desires are circumscribed, and, instead of murmuring at our lot, we are convinced the blessings we receive are infinitely beyond our deserts.

This sense produces gratitude and humility in our minds, and thence spring true contentment and lasting peace. We are satisfied with those blessings which the munificent Author of our being has showered upon us, and are most solicitous to make suitable returns for his unmerited bounty. In this situation of mind the purest happiness is found; and herein we are best capable of becoming proper objects for the enjoyment of that superior felicity which awaits the wise and virtuous in the realms of immortality and eternal life.

THE FORTUNATE EXPERIMENT; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

A Tale for the Ladies.

LORD FAIRFIELD, a very amiable nobleman, in the prime of life, and possessed of a large estate in the North of England, was so much struck with the beauty, and charmed with the

the conversation and carriage of a young lady, one day at York races, that he could not help making a particular enquiry after her. From the person whom he employed, (his own steward) for the gratification of his curiosity, he received the following intelligence:

“ Her name is Flowerdale, my Lord; her mother is a woman of good family, but having been reduced to narrow circumstances, by the profuseness of an extravagant husband, found it necessary to live in a very frugal way. Mrs. Flowerdale being also a woman who has a great deal of family pride, could not bear to live in or near the place in which she had figured with splendour, and therefore retired to a small house in D——w, the village which your Lordship took notice of, for the pleasantness of its situation, when you rode through it last summer. As she is an excellent œconomist, she not only contrives to live with decency, but keeps up a kind of dignity, in her retirement with her daughter, who is, indeed, by what I can find, in every shape qualified to make a valuable wife. I mention her *domestic* merit, because I am well assured that your Lordship will never bring yourself to share your title and fortune with a woman who has only her outward charms to recommend her.”

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“ You

“ You say very right, Jenkins; the brightest beauty nature ever formed, would not, without *that* merit you have mentioned, make me think of entering into matrimonial connexions; and I am not yet *fashionable* enough in my principles to seduce the *innocent* amongst the fair sex, nor so regardless of my health, as to have any dealings with the *abandoned*. Miss Flowerdale has, I own, raised emotions of the tender kind in my bosom, and upon the strength of what you related concerning herself, and her family, I would pay my addresses to her immediately, were I certain of being as *personally* agreeable in *her* eyes, as she is in mine. By addressing her in my own character, I shall be apprehensive, supposing the improbability of a refusal, of her closing with my proposals, for the sake of the rank to which I invite her: I wish, therefore, to make my advances to her in such a light, that I may attribute her compliance with my wishes to a real prepossession in my favour, totally detached from all mercenary considerations. Now I have a scheme in my head, Jenkins, towards the execution of which, you must lend me your assistance.”

“ I am always ready, you know, my Lord, to obey your commands.”

“ I have

"I have ever found you so. Your son is just come from France. *Tom* is no coxcomb; but he can play the part of a coxcomby man of fashion in a masterly manner. My design is, that *Tom* shall personate *me*, while I pass for a decayed gentleman, belonging to him,—an humble friend, an obsequious companion. I have reason to believe, from Miss Flowerdale's looks and behaviour yesterday, that I am quite a stranger to her; and it must be my business to keep her ignorant of my rank in life, till I have made an impression on her heart. The moment I am sure of having gained my point I shall unmask."

Lord Fairfield having, in this manner, disclosed his scheme to Mr. Jenkins, he readily came into it, adding, that he would answer for his son's doing his best in the part intended for him.

Miss Flowerdale was as much struck with Lord Fairfield as he had been with her: she had never seen him before; but she went home, wishing with some anxiety to see him again, so powerfully had his fine person, elegant manners, and polite conversation, (for he had an opportunity of paying a few respectful civilities to her, without being guilty of impertinence) recommended him to her attention. A widow lady, whom Mrs. Flowerdale visited

visited in the neighbourhood, had taken her and Cecilia to the course; and it was by the unruliness of one of the horses, that Lord Fairfield had the first opportunity to enter into a conversation with the latter, who was much frightened upon the occasion, and whom he greatly relieved by his assiduities.

Mrs. Flowerdale observing that her daughter was very low spirited during their ride home, asked her several times, whether she was not well; and Mrs. Hughes, the lady in whose carriage they were, joined her interrogatories; but Cecilia evaded the discovery of her feelings, by imputing her dejection to the deep impression which the fright had made on her.

In a few days afterwards, a smart young fellow, well mounted, and genteelly dressed in a laced frock, accompanied by a gentleman in plain cloaths, whom he treated like a led captain, and attended by a servant, made his appearance at Mrs. Flowerdale's small but comfortable habitation.

Cecilia was making up a nosegay when they approached. At the sight of the gentleman whom she had seen at the races, the flowers which she
had

had in her hands dropped to the floor: she started, and ran immediately to her mother, in an adjoining apartment, to express her surprise:—her pleasure she kept to herself.

The smart young fellow having asked if Mrs. Flowerdale was at home, and being answered in the affirmative, dismounted with agility, and entered the parlour, to which the servant conducted him, followed by his companion.

They had not been many minutes in the room before Mrs. Flowerdale came in to them.

“ I beg ten thousand pardons, madam,” said the laced gentleman, “ for making this visit with so much abruptness, as I believe I am an entire stranger to you; but I hope the occasion of it will render any apology unnecessary. Lord Fairfield would not have been so troublesome, if he had not been too much charmed with the beauty of Miss Flowerdale, to be able to remain any longer without intreating you to let him pay his addresses to her. Yes, Madam; I am desperately in love with your amiable daughter, and if you will allow me to repeat my visits as a lover, and consent to her being Lady Fairfield, you will make me the happiest man in the three kingdoms.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Flowerdale was under no small astonishment during the first part of this speech; but another passion took possession of her, as the speaker proceeded, and announced the errand on which he waited on her. According to the description which she had heard of the young Lord Fairfield, for she had never seen him, he was the man, so that she did not suspect his individuality; and she was too much flattered by the conclusion of his address, not to return a very gracious and encouraging reply.

Mrs. Flowerdale, having paid all her attention to his supposed Lordship, had overlooked his companion; but just when she was going to bid her servant call Cecilia down, she recollected the gentleman who had been so obliging to her daughter upon the *course*, and repeated her acknowledgments to him for his politeness.

When Cecilia came into the room, her cheeks were covered with blushes at the sight of *him*, who had occasioned a great disturbance in her gentle bosom, and trembled to such a degree, that she could hardly support herself.

“ Lord Fairfield, my dear,” said Mrs. Flowerdale, “ does me the honour to desire me to admit

mit him as a lover to you. His Lordship has sufficiently apologized for the abruptness of his first appearance in this house; and I expect *you* to be sufficiently sensible of the distinguishing compliment he pays us both by coming to our poor retreat."

Cecilia, while her mother talked in this strain, stood with her eyes riveted on the floor. She had once timidly raised them after her entrance; but as they met those of *him* who was not the object of her mother's regard, she threw them down again, and from that instant looked exactly like the statue of Modesty, in the first style of sculpture.

"Well, madam," said the supposed Lord Fairfield, "I see your amiable daughter is embarrassed at the suddenness of my proceedings; I will, therefore, wait on her to-morrow, hoping to find her less disconcerted at the sight of me." Then making respectful bows to Mrs. Flowerdale and to Cecilia, he remounted, and rode away.

When he was gone, Cecilia received a pretty sharp lecture from her mother, whose vanity was excessively flattered on the prospect of so brilliant an alliance. "How could you behave so ridiculous-
F lously,

lously. child? you looked like a downright fool; but I hope you will behave with more propriety, and find your tongue. Consider, Cecy, what a prodigious match this will be for you. Lord Fairfield is, I swear, a mighty pretty Gentleman, and seems to be extremely good-natured.

Cecilia, with the greatest earnestness imaginable, begged to be excused from seeing his Lordship again, as she could not possibly think of admitting his addresses; and being closely pressed to give her reason for standing so much in her own light, frankly owned that *Mr. Darby* had made too great an impression on her heart to be effaced.

This reply only served to exasperate her mother against her. "Why, sure, child, you are not in your senses, to prefer a Lord's toad-eater to himself; it is easy to see, by the manner of Lord Fairfield's behaviour to Mr. Darby, on what sort of a footing he is with him."

The next morning, the supposed Lord Fairfield made his appearance at Mrs. Flowerdale's without his companion, and exerted all his powers to make himself agreeable in Cecilia's eyes, but in vain: he repeated his visits several days with the
like

like success. He made not the least progress as a lover.

Lord Fairfield, being at length fully convinced, from the reception which young Jenkins met with, and from many corroborating circumstances, that he stood very high in Cecilia's esteem, appeared one day at Mrs. Flowerdale's door in a superb equipage, and richly dressed. His arrival in that style soon produced a discovery; which, though totally unexpected, was altogether pleasing. In a short time afterwards Cecilia became Lady Fairfield, and acquitted herself so well in the sphere of life to which she was raised, that she added a lustre to her coronet, and enjoyed all the felicity with the most indulgent of husbands, which she truly deserved.

ANECDOTE

OF MRS. PRITCHARD AND A FIDDLER.

THE celebrated actress Mrs. Pritchard, having retired with her family, during the summer, into a country village, took a fancy to see a play acted in a barn. She and her company engaged one of the best and most conspicuous seats in the little theatre. The scenes were made of paste-board,

board, and the clothes such as the Manager could borrow or purchase. The orchestra was filled with one single crowdero. The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their best.—Mrs. Pritchard, instead of taking up with such fare as the country afforded, laughed so loudly and incessantly at the business of the scene, that the country audience were offended. Somebody present happened to know the great actress, and the fiddler asking her name, was told that she was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the Theatre-Royal, in London.—“ I will give her a hint presently,” (said Crowdero), and immediately played the first tune in the Beggar’s Opera :

“ Through all the employments of life,

“ Each neighbour abuses his brother, &c.”

“ Come, let’s be gone, (said Mrs. Pritchard) we are discovered; that fiddler is clever;” and as she crossed over the stage to the entrance, she dropped Crowdero a curtesy, and thanked him for his admonition.

TRUE MEEKNESS.

ME EKNESS, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. She who hears innocence

ence maligned, without vindicating it; falsehood asserted, without contradicting it; or religion profaned, without resenting it, is not gentle, but ricked.

Meekness is imperfect if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passions and resentment of others. If it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a profitable account to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like the spirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking.

True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice: they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A meek spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home; yet, by a sort of divine alchemy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good even from the most unpromising: it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances: "It will
suck

suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Meekness may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smooths every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress. Honours and dignities are transient; beauty and riches frail and fugacious; but this amiable virtue is permanent. And surely the truly wise would wish to have some one possession which they may call their own in the severest exigencies. This can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

THE TOILET LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is my earnest wish to make a strong impression on the minds of my fair readers, because men have always found the influence of their conduct great and irresistible.

Frail daughter of Eve! that vice which renders the most beautiful among you disgusting, which debases the most exalted, is

GAMING,

It is this vice that poisons your minds, and makes you forget all the amiable obligations of wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend.

It is this vice obliterates the gratitude you owe the Deity.

It is this vice destroys your taste for intellectual elegance.

This vice is the source of continual unhappiness.

Read the following example:

THE STORY OF MISS BRADDOCK.

Miss Frances Braddock was the admiration of every polite circle.—Her person was elegant, her face beautiful, and her mind accomplished.

She unhappily spent a season at Bath. The whole *beau monde* courted her acquaintance.—She gave the *ton* not only to the fashion but to the sentiments of every assembly. Her taste was admirable, her wit was brilliant.

Her father, at his death, bequeathed twelve thousand pounds between her and her sister, besides
a con-

a considerable sum to her brother, the late General Braddock, who was cut off with a whole party, on an American expedition against the Cherokee Indians.

Four years after the death of her father, she lost her sister, by which her fortune was doubled,—but alas! in the course of a month, by a constant application to cards, she lost the whole.

She fell under the infatuation of her own opinion—She conceived that *judgment* was sufficient, being totally ignorant of *unfair practice*.

Her misfortune preyed upon her mind, nor did she communicate the cause even to her most confidential friends for a considerable time, till at last her mind being unequal to struggle with accumulating adversity, she declared to an intimate female, that the world should never be sensible of her necessities, however extreme they might be.

Notwithstanding her caution, her poverty became known, and her sensibility was daily injured by the real and fictitious condolence of her acquaintance, which stimulated her to the rash resolve of terminating her anxiety, by putting an end to her existence.

On

On the night of perpetrating the act of suicide, she retired to her chamber in apparent good health, and in full possession of her senses.—Her attendants left her in bed with a candle lighted, as was usual, and having locked the door, put the key under it.

Miss Braddock always opened her chamber door in the morning to admit her attendants, but the next morning the maid coming as usual, and not hearing her mistress stir, retired till near two o'clock in the afternoon, when being alarmed at receiving no answer to her calling, she employed a man to climb in at the window, when the horrid catastrophe of her mistress was discovered; and the following facts appeared in the evidence upon the view of the Coroner's inquest.

After the departure of the maid on this night, she got out of bed again, and, it is supposed, employed some time in reading, as a book was discovered lying open upon her dressing-table. She put on a white night-gown, and pinned it over her breast; tied a gold and silver girdle together, and hanged herself on a closet door in the following manner:—at one end of the girdle she tied three knots, each about an inch asunder, that if one slipped, another might hold; opening the
G door,

door, she put the knotty end over, and then locked it to secure the girdle, at the other end of which she made a noose, put it about her neck, and dropping herself off a chair, accomplished her fatal purpose. She hung with her back to the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands. She bit her tongue through, and had a bruise on her forehead, supposed to have been occasioned by the breaking of a red girdle, on which she had tried the first experiment, and which was afterwards found in her pocket, with a noose upon it. The Coroner's inquest being called, they returned their verdict *non compos mentis*. On the day after she was decently buried in the abbey church, by the side of her brave old father, who happily did not live to weep over the misfortunes of his children.

In her window were found written the following lines:

O Death! thou pleasing end to human woe!
 Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
 Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
 And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

Thus, by an act of *self-murder*, or of *madness*, a young lady, in the 23d year of her age, in the full possession

possession of personal charms, sensibility, and virtue, lost her life, by an unhappy infatuation to a fashionable vice.

O cards! ye vain diverters of our woe!
Ye waste of life! ye greatest curse below!
May beauty never fall again your slave,
Nor your delusion thus destroy the brave.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN his last illness, the King endured many restless nights: it was his custom to converse with the servant who sat up with him, by way of entertainment. He said, one night, "I cannot enjoy the least repose—do relate something to me."—The poor servant, an honest young Pomeranian, was doubtless at a loss how to amuse the King, wherefore he kindly furnished him with a subject, by asking, "From whence do you come?"—"From a little village in Lower Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning." "How much does she gain daily by it?"

G 2

"Sixpence."

“ Sixpence.” “ But she cannot live well on that?”
 “ In Pomerania it is cheap living.” “ Did you
 never send her any thing?” “ O yes! I have
 sent her at different times a few dollars.” “ That
 was bravely done, you are a good boy. You
 have a deal of trouble with me—have patience—
 I shall endeavour to lay something by for you, if
 you behave well.” Thus the conversation ended.
 A few nights after, it being again the Pomeranian’s
 turn to sit up with the King, he called him to his
 bed-side, and said, “ Look in that window, and
 you will find something which I have laid by for
 you.” The lad seeing many pieces of gold, was
 doubtful whether to take them all: at last he went
 to the King, with two in his hand, and said, “ Am
 I to have these?” “ Yes,” replied the good mo-
 narch, “ all of them, and your mother has re-
 ceived some likewise.” The boy on enquiry
 heard, to his great joy and surprize, she had 100
 rix dollars settled on her for life.

THE

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN,
WITH REGARD TO THE GENERAL LAWS
OF THE UNIVERSE,

A Reason why he should be contented with his present State.

SAY first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know!
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

Presumptuous

Prefumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When

When the proud steed shall know why man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', beings', use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd by his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

THE ANGEL AND THE HERMIT.

A Certain person had embraced the life of a
hermit from his earliest years. It often
happens that alone, in a wood, one may enjoy
more happiness than in the society of a convent,
or even than in that of the wide world. This her-
mit, for a long course of years, had mortified
himself

himself and fasted, to purify his soul. Watching and labour, heat and cold, all extremes were grown familiar to him; but after so long a penitence, he began at last to think that he had not been sufficiently recompensed by God, and to murmur that he had not been raised to one of those enviable conditions to which he was often a witness when gathering his food. "What!" said he, "does the Almighty load with blessings such persons as neglect him, and leave another that serves him faithfully in wretchedness and want? Why did he not create the world an equal benefit to all mankind? why so unequal a partition of good and evil? so strange a distribution confounds me!

As the good man, in the course of his reclusive life, had acquired but little experience, this consideration gave him much embarrassment. He was indeed so much puzzled by it, that he resolved at last to visit the world, and to seek for a solution of his doubts. He accordingly took a staff and set forward on his journey.

He had proceeded but a little way from his cell, when he was met by a young man, of a very agreeable mien and well-proportioned figure, holding a javelin in his hand. His dress was that of a serjeant at arms, and he seemed to belong to the
the

the train of some rich Lord. It was an Angel, who had concealed himself in that disguise, in order to pass undiscovered. They saluted each other, and entered into conversation. "Who is your master," said the Hermit? "Sir, it is he who is Master of the whole world." "For a certainty, you could not have a better. And where are you going thus equipped?" "I have in this quarter a great variety of acquaintance, and I am going to visit them. But it is disagreeable to travel alone, and I wish to have some person to accompany me. You will confer a lasting obligation on me, if you will do me that favour." The hermit, whose project would be greatly facilitated by such visits, readily agreed to the proposal; and they proceeded together.

The night overtook them, before they could get clear of the wood.—Fortunately they descried a hermitage, whither they went to beg a lodging. The hermit gave them as good a reception as his hut could afford; he spread great plenty of his frugal fare before them; but when they came to say grace, the travellers remarked, that instead of praying like them, the hermit was busy in wiping and rubbing a cup made of curious wood, which he kept by him, and drank out of during the repast.

The angel observed where he laid it up; and rising softly in the night, took and hid it: and the next morning, on setting off, without saying a word, carried it along with him. On the road he mentioned the circumstance to his companion, who was quite indignant at his behaviour, and wanted to go back and return the cup to the hermit. " Hold," said the angel; " I have my reasons for acting in this manner; and you shall in due time be made acquainted with them. Perhaps you may have further motives hereafter for wondering at my conduct; but know that whatever you see me do, it is not without sufficient cause, and remember that you be not scandalized at it." The hermit on this reproof was silent: he bowed and pursued his journey.

A prodigious fall of rain, which continued the whole day, wet them entirely through their cloaths, they not being able to obtain any shelter. Night being come, fatigued and half dead with cold, they entered a town; and as neither of them had money, they were obliged to go from house to house, asking in the name of God for an asylum. Every where they met with a refusal, for as we observe people in general love money still better than they do God, the case was much the same at that time. The rain still pouring down, they
thought

thought it best to go and take their seat upon the ground, under a flight of stone steps.

These steps formed part of a tolerably handsome house belonging to an old usurer, a very rich man, but one who would not part with a farthing to get his father into Paradise. The avaricious landlord shewed his head for a moment at the window; when our travellers representing to him the sad condition they were in, supplicated him through charity to grant them a place to lie in. He made them no answer; but shut the window and retired.

“ Brother,” said the Angel, “ let us remain here; since we can procure no better accommodation; this pent-house will at least protect us from the rain.” But a female servant, who overheard their complaints, and came to examine the cause, admitted them into the house. She gave them a little straw, and they lay down upon it under the staircase. A few minutes afterwards, she brought them a small dish of pease, the remains of the miser’s supper; and in this manner they passed the night, without fire, without light, and almost perishing with cold and moisture.

On the dawn of day, the hermit wanted to depart. "No," said the angel; "I will not go away, till I have taken leave of my host, and thanked him for his hospitality." He went immediately to find him, and, as a mark of his gratitude, begged his acceptance of a small present; which was no other, than the cup which he had stolen the day before from the hermit. The usurer did not hesitate to accept it. He wished them a good journey, and assured them that if, on their return, they brought him some other trifling boon, they should be provided with the same lodging.

When they were clear of the town, the hermit could not help declaring his astonishment to his companion: "You want to put me to the proof, I imagine," said he, "when you behave in this strange manner! you steal from that good old man who entertained us so hospitably, merely to give to that blood-sucker who denied us shelter.—Is it your maxim to act in opposition to the practice of other men?"—"I have already warned you to be circumspect in your conclusions," answered the angel; "consider you have passed all your life in woods, and that you have had no experience of the world. Once more I desire you to follow me, and be surprized at nothing."

The

The third night they went to take up their lodging in a rich monastery. They were received charitably, and served with abundance; but the next morning, the angel, before his departure, set fire to the straw of his bed, and took off his companion along with him. As they were ascending a hill, at some distance, he desired the hermit to turn his head and look behind them. By this time the flames had reached the battlements of the monastery; all was on fire. The hermit, at the sight, threw out a loud cry, "Wretch that I am! behold me now an incendiary; whither shall I fly? where hide myself?" In saying which he rolled himself upon the earth, struck his breast, and cursed the hour when he fell in with a man so abominable. "It is in vain that I warn you," said the angel; "you again relapse into your former error: but for the last time I caution you to be attentive and follow me peaceably."

He was at no loss for a lodging that night, but took up his abode, with the hermit, at the house of a reputable tradesman. This was a respectable old man, grown grey with years; he lived in a pious manner with his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and a child of ten years, the only product of his marriage, and the consolation of his age.— He prepared an entertainment for his guests, himself

tions, may be entirely devoted to God. I gave the usurer the cup as a return for the reception he was obliged to give us at his house; because God leaves no good action unrewarded; but it is the only recompence that man will receive: his avarice will one day be punished. The Monks, whose convent I reduced to ashes, were at first poor and laborious, and consequently led an exemplary life. Enriched by the indiscreet liberalities of believers, they have been corrupted; for it is a misfortune in Monks to be rich. In that place which they had erected for their abode, their whole time was occupied in schemes for extending their possessions, or in intrigues to supplant each other in the offices of the monastery. If they appeared in their hall, it was only to hear tales, or to pass their time in trifling amusements. Institutions, rules, church regulations, duties, all were neglected. God, to correct them, thought proper to reduce them to their former poverty. They will rebuild a monastery that will be less magnificent; this work will afford subsistence to many labourers and poor artists; and they themselves, being obliged, as in their first state, to cultivate the earth, will become possessed of more humility and goodness."

" You

“ You force my approbation of your conduct,” answered the hermit; “ but why did you destroy that innocent child, who seemed so eager to render us a service? why deprive of its only comfort the old age of that respectable man, whose benevolence we experienced?” “ That old man, by whom we were received only because I took the shape of one whom he knew, had for thirty years been employed in acts of charity. Never did the poor present themselves in vain at his door; he even stinted himself to supply them. But since he has had a son, and particularly since that son has begun to grow up, his blind fondness urging him to amass a large patrimony for the youth to inherit, he has become austere and avaricious.— Day and night his thoughts have been engaged on profit; and soon he would have laid aside all sense of shame, and turned usurer. The child, dying in innocence, has been received in heaven; the father having no longer any motive for avarice, will recur to his old praiseworthy maxims; both will be saved; and without what you called an atrocious crime both of them had perished. Such are the secret designs of God, since you wish to know them. But remember that you called them in question; repair to your cell and repent. For my part, I must return to heaven.

In saying these last words, the Angel threw off his earthly disguise, and disappeared. The hermit, prostrating his face upon the earth, thanked the Almighty for his paternal reprimand. He then returned to his hermitage; where he passed the remainder of his days in so much sanctity, that he merited not only forgiveness of his error, but also the recompence promised to a virtuous life.

ODE TO REFLECTION.

'TWAS when Nature's darling child,
 Flora, fann'd by zephyrs mild,
 The gorgeous canopy outspread
 O'er the sun's declining head,
 Winding from the buz of day,
 Thus a bard attun'd his lay:
 Noblest gifts to mortals given,
 Bright reflection! child of Heav'n,
 Goddess of the speaking eye,
 Glancing thro' eternity,
 Rob'd in intellectual light,
 Come, with all thy charms bedight:
 Tho' nor fame nor splendid worth
 Mark thy humble vot'ry's birth,
 Snatch'd by thee from cank'ring care,
 I defy the fiend Despair;

All

All the joys that Bacchus loves,
All inglorious pleasure proves;
All the fleeting modish toys
Buoy'd by Folly's frantic noise,
All, except the sacred lore,
Flowing from thy boundless store!
For when thy bright form appears,
Even wild Confusion hears;
Chaos glows, impervious Night
Shrinks from thy all-piercing sight.
Yet! alas! what vain extremes
Mortals prove in Error's schemes,
Sunk profound in torpor's trance,
Or with levity they dance;
Or in murmurs deep, the soul
Thinks it's bliss beyond the pole,
Bounding swift o'er time and place,
Vacant still thro' boundless space,
Leaving happiness at home;
Thus the mental vagrants roam.
But when thou, with sober mien,
Deign'st to bless this wayward scene,
Like Aurora shining clear,
O'er th' ideal hemisphere;
Who but hears a soothing strain
Warbling "Heav'n's ways are plain?"
Who but hears the charmer say,
"These obscure the living ray?"

Self-love, the foulest imp of night,
 That ever stain'd the virgin light;
 Coward wretch, who shuns to share,
 Or soothe the woes which others bear;
 Envy, with an eagle's eye,
 Scandal's tales that never die;
 Int'rest vile with countless tongues,
 Trembling for ideal wrongs;
 Flatt'ry base, with supple knee,
 Cringing low servility;
 Prejudice, with eyes askew,
 Still suspecting aught that's new;
 Would but men from these refrain,
 Eden's bowers would bloom again;
 Doubts in embryo melt away,
 Truth's eternal sun-beams play.

WHAT HAVE YE DONE?

WHEN the Philosophers of the last age were
 first congregated into the Royal Society,
 great expectations were raised of the sudden pro-
 gress of useful arts; the time was supposed to be
 near when engines should turn by a perpetual
 motion, and health be secured by the universal
 medicine; when learning should be facilitated by
 a real character, and commerce extended by ships
 which

which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest.

But improvement is naturally slow. The Society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful, the ground that was not ploughed brought no harvest, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At last, those who were disappointed began to be angry; those likewise who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears, from some of their earliest apologies, that the Philosophers felt, with great sensibility, the unwelcome importunities of those who were daily asking "What have ye done?"

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been suffered to promise; and the question could only be answered by general apologies, and by new hopes, which, when they were frustrated, gave a new occasion to the same vexatious enquiry.

This fatal question has disturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of his

his life too strictly enquires what he has done, can very seldom receive from his own heart such an account as will give him satisfaction.

We do not indeed so often disappoint others as ourselves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise; and when our days and years are passed away in common business or common amusements, and we find at last that we have suffered our purposes to sleep till the time of action is past, we are reproached only by our own reflections; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the rest of mankind; that we live without notice, and die without memorial: they know not what task we had proposed, and therefore cannot discern whether it is finished.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder to what purpose he came into the world; he will repine that he shall
leave

leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the system of life, but has glided from youth to age among the crowd, without any effort for distinction.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only because every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will than the imbecility of his nature.

From this mistaken notion of human greatness it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wisdom so loudly declare that they despise themselves. If I had ever found any of the self-contemners much irritated or pained by the consciousness of their meanness, I should have given them consolation by observing, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being, who, with respect to the multitudes about him, is himself little more than nothing. Every man is obliged, by the supreme Master of the Universe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity such abilities as are bestowed upon him. But he has no reason to repine, though his abilities are small, and his opportunities

portunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happiness of one fellow-creature; he that has ascertained a single moral proposition, or added one useful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with respect to mortals like himself, may demand, like Augustus, to be dismissed at his departure with applause.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Field-Marshal Fretag was taken prisoner at Rexpoede, the French Hussar who seized him, perceiving that he had a valuable watch, said, "Give me your watch:" The Marshal instantly complied with the demand of his captor. A short time after, when he was liberated by General Walmoden, and the French Hussar had become a prisoner in his turn, the latter, with great unconcern, pulled the Marshal's watch out of his pocket, and presenting it to him, said, "Since fate has turned against me, take back this watch, it belonged to you, and it would not be so well to let others strip me of it."

Marshal Fretag, admiring this principled conduct of the *Sans Culotte*, who did not know him, took

took back the watch, and immediately after presented it to the Frenchman, saying, "Keep the watch; it shall not be mine, for I have been your prisoner."

To the NOBILITY, GENTRY, &c.

==
THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF

WANT and MISERY.

WHILE thro' the drear of frost and snow,
Shiv'ring and starving now we go,
O cast a tender eye!

For this good end your wealth was giv'n;
You are the delegates of Heav'n,
To stop the heart-felt sigh!

While cloth'd in fur you stand elate,
You cannot feel our wretched state,
You cannot form our woe;
Yet must each sympathetic breast,
When once it hears how we're distress'd,
And how forlorn we go,

When cold and hunger both prevail,
And both with equal force assail
To wound a mortal frame,

K

Bring

Bring to each mind a horrid view,
A scene as horrid as 'tis true,
And almost wants a name.

The parent hears his offspring cry,
The children watch the parent's eye,
And catch the falling tear;
They echo back each dismal groan,
'Till soon one universal moan
And sorrow rends the air.

Tho' worthless objects may be found,
Who justly feel the piercing wound,
Yet be their faults their own;
Leave them to Heav'n while you dispense
Those blessings you've receiv'd from thence,
And gain th' immortal crown.

How many pray'rs you'll then obtain!
How many blessings not in vain,
Unworthily bestow'd!
From morn to night, from night to day,
Poor Want and Misery will pray,
To bless the great and good.

SPIRITUAL

SPIRITUAL FELICITY.

WITH regard to Spiritual Felicity, we are not confined to humble views.—Clear and determinate objects are proposed to our pursuits, and full scope is given to our most ardent desires. The forgiveness of our sins, and God's holy grace to guide our life; the protection and favour of the great Father of all, of the blessed Redeemer of mankind, and of the spirit of sanctification and comfort; these are objects in the pursuit of which there is no room for hesitation and distrust.

Had Providence spread an equal obscurity over happiness of every kind, we might have had some reason to complain of the vanity of our condition. But we are not left to so hard a fate. The Son of God hath removed that veil which covered true bliss from the search of wandering mortals, and hath taught them the way which leads to eternal life.

AN ESSAY
ON THE
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

HAIL sacred pages! Oracles divine,
Here law und gospel in coalition join,
To teach the world of nature (this short plan),
Man's duty to his God, God's love to man.
Moses, the prophet, was of old inspir'd,
To write the law as God the Lord requir'd;
To be observ'd by all the Jewish train;
Bulls, rams, and goats, were on their altars slain;
Kids, lambs, and heifers, thus resign'd their breath,
And shew'd by faith, Messiah's wond'rous death.
By faith the patr'archs gain'd their blest abode,
(With saints and angels they enjoy'd their God;)
Trusting in the Redeemer yet to come,
T' appear in flesh from the blest virgin's womb;
To save rebellious man from wrath below,
And crowns immortal on their heads bestow.
Hark!—Hark! what joy serene accosts my ear?
The night's far spent, I think the dawn appear;
Peep out my soul of thy bewilder'd state,
And catch the heav'n-born news ere it grows late.
Spring from my breast in raptures! oh the thought!
Behold good tidings of great joy is brought;

Which

Which shall be to all people their reward,
A Saviour's born, no less than Christ the Lord.
The glorious heav'nly host, on rapid wing,
Sang praises to the God of Israel's King,
Who dwells on high; peace ever be on earth,
Good-will to men summ'd up their godly mirth.
Then swift as thought fled to the realms above,
With tidings of salvation, peace and love.
Thus good old Simeon did the child embrace,
Now let thy servant, Lord, depart in peace;
My lifted eyes hath thy salvation seen,
A light prepar'd to light the Gentiles in.
With heavenly raptures! lo, his soul was fill'd,
And to Death's cold embraces then did yield.
Jesus in wisdom daily did increase,
Esteem'd by God and man, great Prince of Peace;
His precepts far excell'd all human thought,
Which he affirm'd by th' miracles he wrought,
Casting out devils; by his pow'ful might,
He rais'd the dead, restor'd the blind to sight.
Whilst impious Jews, who, with malignant strife,
Disown'd their King, enrag'd, they fought his life.
Christ in the agonizing garden pray'd,
To have this bitter cup remov'd; then said,
O Father, not my will, but thine be done,
Whilst drops of blood from his blest cheeks did run.
While thus he spake, a multitude appear'd,
With swords and staves these caitiffs were prepar'd;
Then

Then perjur'd Judas in their front drew nigh,
 And with a kiss betray'd his Lord most high.
 Into the hands of finners, lo, he's hurl'd,
 As if the greatest sinner in the world;
 Beat and insulted by this rabble crowd,
 Accus'd with blasphemy, and mock'd aloud;
 Dress'd in a purple robe which Herod found,
 With thorns his glorious sacred head was crown'd,
 When at the bar of men Christ was arraign'd,
 Their witness prov'd absurd, and counsel feign'd;
 Thrice Pilate did his innocence declare,
 In this just man no fault at all appear.
 Whilst Jews like Dæmons vent their cruel rage,
 Cry'd out for blood, their brutish thirst t' assuage.
 Pilate, through fear a tumult would arise,
 Join'd with these miscreants, and receiv'd their lies;
 A murd'ring robber by him was set free,
 That Christ might die on the accursed tree.
 (View, O my soul! thy Saviour thus abus'd,
 Make no reply, tho' impiously accus'd!
 He's lowly, meek, and calm on ev'ry side,
 Learn thou from hence to mortify thy pride.)
 Behold him on the cross resign his breath,
 And bow his glorious sacred head to death.
 Stupendous condescension! love and grace,
 That God the Son did thus himself abase;
 He left his Father's bosom to assume
 Our mortal rags, and suffer'd in our room;

He

**He shed his precious blood to satisfy
His Father's justice, and bring sinners nigh
To God the Father; in, and through the Son,
We're justified by faith in him alone.
Within the silent tomb awhile he lay,
Conceal'd by death, 'till the third glorious day;
On which he rose triumphant from below,
Wreath'd with a crown immortal on his brow.
He burst the bonds of death, the grave, and hell;
Beneath his pow'r their mightiest efforts fell.
The mighty Conqu'ror up the ætherial sky
Ascended, to the blissful realms on high;
Upon a throne of grace, at God's right hand,
He ever lives; there pleads for sinful man,
Till the dissolving heav'ns with fire abound,
And clashing elements their noise resound;
The sun be darken'd, and the earth be burn'd,
The moon to blood oblit'rately be turn'd;
He'll then descend from Heav'n in glorious state,
And summons all t'appear, both small and great.
Their scatter'd dust, which hath for ages lain,
Shall then be join'd and rais'd to life again,
To hear their final everlasting doom,
From him who knows all things past, present, and
to come.
Happy! thrice happy they who serv'd the Lord,
But sinners will receive their just reward.**

ANEC.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson had an audience of the King, by appointment, in the Queen's library, in the course of conversation his Majesty asked him, " why he did not continue writing?" " Why, Sire," says Johnson, " I thought I had written enough!" " So should I have thought too, Doctor," replied the King, " if you had not written so well."

A PRAYER

OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

O THOU eternal, incomprehensible Being, who art the fountain of mercy, and the source of love; thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and the infidels: the seed of virtue is sown even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From Thee, I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinions does not prevent Thee from being a beneficent Father to all mankind. Shall I, then, thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they please?—
 Shall

Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of my sword? O Thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbour in my breast! I will try to be like Thee as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection; I will be as indulgent as Thou to all men whose tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulsions in point of conscience shall be banished for ever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue, and to detest vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to Thee, Thou Eternal Being! in the manner they think best. Does an error in the judgment deserve expulsion from society? and is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a proper sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects for ever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this bold attempt; and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves thy ministers: But may thy almighty power never forsake me! O Thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolutions

L

tions

tions with- thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle; and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. *Amen.*

AN ANECDOTE

RELATING EDUCATION IN THE DAYS OF
ALFRED AND CHARLEMAGNE.

BOTH Alfred and Charlemagne provided masters for their sons, as soon as ever their tender age would allow it; and had them carefully trained up in the equal discipline of arms and hunting, and while these were the principal objects of their active life, Charlemagne was never taught to write, nor Alfred to read till he was thirty-eight, and the former continued unable to write as long as he lived.

The FOLLY of FREE-THINKING:

AN ANECDOTE.

THE late Mr. Mallet was a great Freethinker, and a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his opinions
whenever

whenever he could introduce them. At his own table, the lady of the house (who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, say, 'Sir, we Deists.' The lecture upon the non-credence of the Freethinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends.—At first the man was sullen, and would answer no questions; but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, "Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well; but you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?" 'Sir,' said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, 'what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?

ANECDOTE OF BOYCE.

WHEN Boyce, author of some very elegant verses, was almost perishing with hunger, being relieved by Dr. Johnson, who gave him a guinea to buy a piece of beef, and procure other necessaries, he could not eat it without ketchup, and laid out the last half guinea he possessed in truffles and mushrooms, eating them in bed too, for want of cloaths, or even a shirt to sit up in.

Singular and laughable Instance of
IGNORANCE.

DOCTOR Johnson, whilst he was a teacher of youth, had two very good classick scholars, yet, it was thought necessary that something more familiar should be known, and he bid them read the History of England. After a few months had elapsed, he asked them, "if they could recollect who first destroyed the monasteries in our island? One modestly replied, that he did not know; the other said, Jesus Christ.

A HYMN to the MORNING.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n! Aurora rise,
Thy cheering course to run,
With lustre crimson o'er the skies,
And usher in the sun.

Thy balmy breath's refreshing pow'r
Shall soon revive the plain;
Awake the sweets of ev'ry flow'r,
And gladden ev'ry strain.

The virgin, yet untaught to sigh,
Shall lightly tread the vale;
And raise with joy the tearless eye,
To bid thy presence hail.

Come, modest maid, with blushes speak,
In all thy roses drest;
Diffusing health to ev'ry cheek,
And peace on ev'ry breast.

Come, Morning! come, which heav'n design'd
Its choicest gifts to bear;
And kindly teach the human mind
To worship and revere.

In

In wonder wrapt let nature stand,
 To think how much she owes;
 And learn to praise the gracious hand,
 From whence the blessing flows.

An ESSAY on LIGHT.

WHEN God had spoken into being that illustrious globe of light, the Sun, every dark orb in the new-created system was so illuminated, as to exhibit to its future inhabitants the vast variety of entertaining wonders; with which the creation was to be replenished.

Light, indeed, according to the Mosaic account, existed antecedent to the creation of the sun, and the yet imperfect world, without that bright luminary, enjoyed an alternate succession of day and night.—God himself enlightened it, his spirit moved upon the surface of the chaotic mass, and divided the light from the darkness.

When these divine beams were suspended, the same almighty power was pleased to supply their want by fixing the sun in the mighty void to give light upon the earth; whereas, if the world had been left in its original state, our very eyes would
 have

have been but a useless ornament, and all the beauties about us for ever buried in eternal night.

But in obedience to God's command, the solar rays stream swiftly from their blazing fountain, and, by a regular and constant flow, always illuminate one half of the rolling world: their motion is so swift, and their quantity of matter so minute, that when they come within the sphere, they are out of the force of the earth's attraction; otherwise they would actually move about her with a compound motion, and make a perpetual sunshine.

Many of these rambling effluvia, in their passage from the sun, unavoidably miss our world, travel on from system to system, and lose themselves in the pathless regions of empty space; but here they never stream in vain; like so many ready obsequious servants, they visit every object, fly to us unasked, and pleasantly entertain us every moment with the endearing beauties of the gay creation.

MR. Morlan, first physician to the Dukes of Burgundy, going one day to the Prince's with a sword, was jocular upon his adjustment, and said, " Monseigneur, do not you think I resemble

seemle Captain Spezzaferro of the Italian comedy?" "It is impossible to resemble him less," answered the Prince; "Spezzaferro never killed any body."

ANECDOTE.

WHEN George the Second proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections were raised; and the Duke of N——, in particular, begged his Majesty to consider, that the man was actually mad. "If he be mad, so much the better," replied the King, "as in that case, I hope to God he'll bite some of my Generals."

The following melancholy Accident shews that a TYGER is not always deterred from approaching FIRE.

A Small vessel from Ganjam to Calcutta, being longer on her passage than was expected, ran out of provisions and water: Being near the Sugar Island, the Europeans, six in number, went on shore in search of refreshments, there being
some

some cocoa-nuts on the island, in quest of which they strayed a considerable way inland. Night coming on, and the vessel being at a distance, it was thought more safe to take up their night's lodging in the ruins of an old pagoda, than to return to the vessel. A large fire was lighted, and an agreement made, that two of the number should keep watch by turns, to alarm the rest in case of danger, which they had reason to apprehend from the wild appearance of the place. It happened to fall to the lot of one Dawson, late a silversmith and engraver in Calcutta, to be one of the watch. In the night, a tyger darted over the fire, upon this unfortunate young man, and in springing off with him, struck its head against the side of the pagoda, which made it and its prey rebound upon the fire, on which they rolled one over another once or twice before he was carried off. In the morning, the thigh-bones and legs of the unfortunate victim were found at some distance, the former stript of its flesh, and the latter shockingly mangled.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

KING Frederick William the First ordered our hero once to sit before the court painter, Huber, in order to have his likeness, with the rest of the family, which were designed for a present. However unwilling, the Prince was obliged to obey his father's commands. He therefore went to Huber, sat down, took his flute from his pocket, played a tune, and got up, saying, "Tell my father I have been sitting," and went away. He seemed to have a dislike against Huber; for some years after his accession to the throne, the conversation turning on painters, Huber's name was mentioned: "I do not know him," said the King; "perhaps he may have painted a gateway after the life."

ANECDOTE OF AN INNKEEPER

IN A VILLAGE NEAR NORFOLK.

A Well-known Miser, from London, riding through the village, asked the Innkeeper, who was standing at his door, if he could give him
some

some tea, adding, I suppose since the commutation act, instead of paying eight-pence, you can give one plenty of bread, butter, and tea, for six-pence. The host took the traveller by the hand, and led him into a room, where all the windows were walked up; "Are you willing," said he, "to pay for the candles?"

The Impiety of murmuring against Providence; Instability of Human Happiness; Heart-breaking Discovery; Our Duty to submit to Providence; and the good Effects of Industry.

THE murmurs of mankind against the decrees of Omnipotence, are as unjust as they are impious. Resignation to the will of his Creator is the duty of every human being, who, by presuming to censure the unequal distribution of good and evil in this world, discover a weak head, or a depraved heart; sometimes both.

Short-sighted as we are, how childish are our complaints, how absurd are our repinings! repinings and complaints into which we surely should never fall, did we seriously reflect on the infinite

and amazing vicissitudes of human affairs, did we consider that the severest afflictions, according to our hasty apprehensions, are often eventually the most substantial blessings.

Against the decrees of Omnipotence I once murmured myself. The unequal distribution of good and evil in this world, I once censured.— I repined at the sight of beings in a more prosperous situation, and complained of my own hard fate in the bitterest terms. I am now in another, in a better frame of mind, and sincerely hope that many of my discontented fellow-creatures may be rendered otherwise by reading the following narrative, written with the pen of experience.

I was born to the inheritance of a small paternal estate, the income arising from which would, in this age of luxury and dissipation, be reckoned a trifling one. Little, however, as it was, I could not hope to see it increased, as I was not, being an only and a fondled child, with a tender constitution, bred up to any business, though I received a very good education.

Having lost my father and mother as soon as my education was finished, I could not help thinking that what had served us all three, would, undoubtedly,

edly, be sufficient for *me* alone; especially as I looked upon my orphan situation in a desponding light, and had no desire to live in an expensive manner.

So violent was my grief, so deep was my affliction, on being deprived of my parents, that I gave myself up to despair; and accused Heaven of cruelty for snatching them away from me; instead of being thankful for having enjoyed them so long. Time, however, and the tenderness with which the gentleman whom my father had appointed to be my guardian, treated me, alleviated my sorrow. My friendship too for that Gentleman's son, who was remarkably formed to please, who was as amiable in my eyes, as he was agreeable, and who professed the sincerest esteem for me, not a little contributed to its alleviation.

The happiness which I enjoyed with my young friend was excessive, and I thought that nothing could make any addition to it: but while I was pluming myself on my peculiar felicity, and depending upon its continuance, I was extremely disappointed; for the much esteemed companion of my heart was obliged to make a voyage to Lisbon, his father's affairs rendering his presence at that place absolutely necessary.

During

During his absence, which affected me greatly, I became acquainted with one of the most amiable girls in the world; and soon fell so desperately in love with her, that I had no rest night or day, because I had reason to believe that her father would think my fortune too small; and that he would expect a more advantageous match for a girl with *her* person and accomplishments. Then, —then I wished, most ardently wished, that I had been thrown into a way to improve my patrimony, and to make it more worthy of the acceptance of the only woman with whom I could be happy; without whom, indeed, I should be actually wretched.

I had been fortunate enough, as I thought, to find several opportunities to make my addresses to the lady; but the dread of being rejected by *him*, who had alone a right to dispose of her, kept me for a considerable time in a state of the most racking uncertainty; and I was weak enough to affront the memory of my once beloved and revered parents, by accusing them of having been cruelly inattentive to my future welfare.—“ Had I been brought up to business, I might have been enabled, perhaps, to offer myself to this adorable creature without fearing a refusal either from *her* or from her father!”

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I was not, indeed, too far advanced in life to settle to business; but love engaged my thoughts so much, and forbade me also to embark my little all on a precarious bottom, that, instead of endeavouring to increase my income by industry, I abandoned myself to despair.

Despair, at length, drove me to ask the father of my Maria for his consent.

I was, as I feared I should be, repulsed with a peremptory denial.

This was a finishing stroke; I could not support it.—I murmured at Providence for not having given me the exact sum I wanted, fretted myself ill, and was soon pronounced to be in danger.

My guardian, and his family, who had ever behaved in the tenderest manner to me, well knowing the cause of my disorder, informed Maria of my situation.

She, who had never been averse to me, on being acquainted with it, flew to her father, and, with tears in her eyes, intreated him to let her come and see me.

Moved

Moved by her sorrow, he complied with her request; but he was so much more affected at her return, by the account she gave of my indisposition, that he consented to our union.

Our marriage was to be solemnized as soon as my health was restored; and I believed myself to be the happiest of men.

My wife's fortune was but little, if at all superior to mine. Her parents, however, reckoning upon her person and accomplishments, had higher views for her, and had flattered themselves that she would be raised considerably by her external attractions co-operating with her intrinsic merit: they were consequently, at first, rather chagrined to see their schemes defeated; but finding that she was satisfied with her lot, and that I continued extravagantly fond of her, they also became more contented.

In a short time after our marriage, her grandfather died, and left her only five hundred pounds; but at the same time ordered five thousand more to be paid on the birth of a son; and in case of our having only girls, to be made over to another branch of the family.

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This unkind, this unjust procedure, roused my resentment; and I insulted the memory of the deceased old gentleman with the keenest invectives. I ought to have been thankful for his having remembered us at all, as he had a large family, who wanted what he had bequeathed to us more than we did.

We were now perpetually wishing, and wishing with anxiety, to have a boy, to bring so good a legacy home to us; but heaven, justly offended, no doubt, at our unreasonable disquietude, sent us only a female, who was to me, in particular, very disgusting, merely as a female; and her mother was so much displeased with her sex as to deny it nourishment from her own breast. The poor child, though as fine a one as ever was born, was turned out of the house at the tenderest age, not only to partake of the rude accommodations and homely fare of one of the lowest cottagers, but to run the risque of imbibing, with the milk of a stranger, all the ill-blood and ill-humours with which that stranger might be filled. Thus did we throw away a treasure, of which we were not capable of estimating the value.

My wife, not finding herself breeding again, soon began to take a fancy to a different stile of
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living,—She had hitherto been satisfied with privacy, and paid a proper regard to domestic œconomy; as we were by no means in splendid circumstances; but her disappointment arising from the birth of her daughter, had made a change in her temper; and the society of some gay people of her own sex, with whom she struck up an acquaintance, at first, in order to dissipate her uneasiness; inspired her with too strong a passion for pleasure.—Yet was not my fondness in the least abated by her new propensities. I still doated on her, and indulged her in the gratification of her heart's every wish.

Just about this time, I received a great deal of pleasure (pleasure very little expected) from my friend Theodore's return from Lisbon. His arrival gave me the greatest delight, as I had flattered myself that he would, as a sincere friend, enjoy, by the force of sympathy, the happiness I felt in my lovely Maria's company.

I flew to him, therefore, immediately, and presented him to my wife with the highest encomiums on each other, which, indeed, they both deserved, and which they both soon felt neither proceeded from the extravagance of love, nor the romantic ardour of friendship. Few men were more agreeable

able than Theodore; few women more amiable than Maria.

I now began almost to forget my late disappointment in the arms of my wife, and in the conversation of my friend, between whom I spent all my happy hours.—My felicity was, in truth, so complete, that I even thought not of the diminution of my fortune. My felicity, however,—(how can we expect permanent felicity *here?*)—was soon interrupted.—My wife fell sick of a fever.—In a few days afterwards she was declared to be hastening to her dissolution, and in a few days more expired in my arms.

It is impossible to describe the agonies which my soul endured when I beheld the woman whom I had ever loved to distraction stretched out before me a lifeless corpse. I behaved like a madman; and in the height of my phrenzy dared, impiously dared, to accuse the Almighty of having given her to me only to make me a thousand times more miserable than I should have been, if I had never known her, by an early separation. I stamped—I tore my hair—I committed innumerable irregularities. When I grew somewhat less disturbed, I sunk into a fullness which nothing could remove.

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Soon

Soon after the death of my wife, my friend Theodore was obliged to settle abroad. His departure occasioned new murmurings, new impieties.

There was now but one object left to attract my attention; *that* object was my little girl, against whom, from her birth, my bosom was fleeced.

Maria had now just entered into her fourth year; but having been shamefully neglected both by her mother and me, had contracted a great many low ways under the tuition of her vulgar nurse. I went to see her,—but oh! sharp reproach for having so long stifled parental affection in my bosom,—she screamed at the sight of me.—I was *indeed* a stranger.

Pitying the poor child's situation, I took her home: however, as I gave myself no trouble about her education, she only exchanged, as she grew up, the coarse dialect of the nurse, for the pert language of the chambermaid. Forced by recollection to dwell on the late losses I had sustained, certain of never seeing my beloved wife again, and doubtful with regard to the re-appearance of my friend, I sat either stupified with sorrow, or raving with despair; unmindful of every thing

thing which ought to have engaged my thoughts; unmindful of my mouldering fortune; unmindful of my injured daughter.

One day the maid came into my room, telling me that Miss was cutting her double teeth, and was very ill, adding, that she wished I would give her an anodyne necklace, which she knew her mistress had in her cabinet.

On being thus unnecessarily, I thought, reminded of my wife, I was thrown into a violent rage, and in the first transports of my passion, severely reprimanded the maid for her officiousness; but passing soon afterwards through a room in which the young Maria lay on her lap in extreme pain, I was struck with the resemblance between her and her late lovely mother, a little while before she expired.

A sigh, which I could not suppress, heaved my bosom; and as I hung over the poor innocent, the tears of paternal sensibility rushed from my eyes, and rolled down her pallid face. I then hastened to the cabinet, to search for the necklace, or any thing else that might probably relieve her.

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In turning over several papers, which were intermixed with my dear Maria's trinkets, I recognized the hand of Theodore.

Astonished beyond expression at so unexpected a sight, I opened the letter with precipitation, and read it with horror.—I was stabbed with the perusal of it.—Every word planted a dagger in my heart.—It was—oh, heaven! I still tremble at the recollection of it—a letter from Theodore, the man whom I believed to be my firmest, sincerest friend, to Maria, my wife, who doated on *me*, I also believed, as fondly as I did on *her*. After having thanked her for the very great tenderness which she had discovered for him, he thus proceeded:—"You need not be in the least afraid of your husband's suspicions, for I do not know upon the face of the earth a man who has a stronger confidence in any person than he has both in you and me; nor is there a man in the world, in my opinion, more easily to be duped."

This heart-breaking discovery made me quite furious.—I now exclaimed against Providence in the most daring and irreverent terms, for having suffered me to be so deceived and despised; so grossly imposed upon, and injuriously treated.—I declared, with much vehemence, that no human
being

being had ever been so cruelly used, and swore in tremendous accents that no man should so use me with impunity.

Could I have reached Theodore in those moments of madness, when I smarted with resentment, and breathed nothing but revenge, I should have certainly murdered him; but luckily he was at a distance, and I had leisure to grow cool.—My rage, indeed, gradually subsided; but the misery I felt by reflecting on the undeserved treatment which I had received from two persons the dearest to me in the world, threw me into a violent fever.

From that fever, I, with great difficulty, recovered, and sunk into a dejection which almost rendered me incapable of doing any thing. I neglected my affairs—life became burthensome to me—all the efforts of my acquaintance to raise my spirits, and to put me in humour with existence, were ineffectual. I at last grew so disgusted with society, that I only admitted the visits of an old gentleman, who was a man of exceeding good sense, and irreproachable morals. By *his* frequent visits, I found myself by degrees less and less embarrassed in his company; and at length grew so unguarded, that I made a discovery of the true
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cause of my melancholy, which I had till then concealed from every living creature.

No sooner was he acquainted with the source of my sorrow, than he told me that I was, in his opinion, very deservedly punished. "Learn henceforward," said he, "to submit without the least murmuring to the will of the Supreme; for you may be assured, that every thing in this world is ordered by unerring wisdom; and that we poor imperfect beings know not what is best for us.—You thought yourself the most miserable of men when you lost your wife; but had she lived, what torments would you have endured! You would have seen her prefer your friend to yourself: you would have known that she had been guilty of a very atrocious crime, and the continued sight of her would have doubled your concern, as well as your aversion.—Had you been divorced, or only separated from her, the talk occasioned by it, and the apprehensions with regard to your meeting somewhere, might have produced the most painful sensations in your breast. Besides, with what propriety could your daughter have been educated under the eye of a mother who had violated her conjugal vows; and how severely must she have been shocked at the idea of being the daughter of a woman, whom she could not, without being scan-

scandalized at her conduct, acknowledge as a parent. You ought, therefore, fervently to offer up praises to heaven for having delivered you from so much unhappiness by the death of your wife; and not with less fervency ought you to pour out your thanksgivings for the absence of your friend. Had your friend been within your reach at the time you discovered his treachery, you would have, it is highly probable, challenged him in the heat of your resentment. You might, by so doing, either have been answerable for his death as a murderer, or have been sent yourself, unprepared, and loaded with guilt, into the awful presence of Him, who has expressly prohibited revenge in these emphatical words; *Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.* Look up, therefore, with devotion, and with gratitude, to *that* Being, who is as *merciful* as he is *almighty*; think, seriously think, how unworthy you have been of his interposition in your favour; and may you be always ready to say, for the future, on the most trying occasions, *Thy will be done*, without feeling your heart at variance with your lips.

I was struck with the good sense and piety uttered by my valuable neighbour, who had taken the most efficacious measures to restore the tranquillity of my mind, by setting things before me

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in a proper light, and by endeavouring to make me sensible that, under the pressure of any misfortunes whatever, a thorough submission to the dispensations of Providence is as much our *interest* as it is our *duty*.

I now began to reproach myself severely, for having behaved in so unbecoming, so unjustifiable a manner; and tried to atone for my past ill conduct, by making myself as well satisfied as the situation of my affairs, which had been considerably injured by the extravagance of my wife, in consequence of her immoderate love of pleasure, would suffer me to be. Yet still I could not bring myself to behold my little daughter with the eyes of an affectionate parent. I repined continually because my child was not a son, as I should have had. during the minority of a son, the management of five thousand pounds, which would have been of the greatest service to me. Setting aside her having been estranged from me for so long a time, Maria had none of those winning, fond yearnings after me, which children generally have who are trained up under the inspection of their fathers and mothers. Of this want of filial sensibility in my daughter, I complained, in the bitterest terms, to my good old neighbour, who told me that I had brought upon myself the disquietude
which

which tormented me. "At the very time," continued he, "that the tender affections take root, you cast your daughter from you as if she had been an alien: from *your* unfatherly behaviour, therefore, to *her* during her infancy, arises *her* inattention to *you*. Folly is its own punishment. —However, it is not yet too late to make her sensible, by a proper carriage, that you are her best friend; and possibly this despised girl may turn out every thing you can wish her to be."

I listened a second time to the voice of reason. I began to apply myself to the education of my child. I hired, in the first place, an elderly woman recommended by my friend, who had been bred a gentlewoman, but having met with misfortunes, was glad, with a moderate allowance, to undertake the care of my family, and to teach my girl all kinds of needle-work: in reading, writing, accompts, geography, French, and music, *I* was her only instructor; and by accompanying my instructions with many rewards and few punishments, I at length carried my point so far, as to make her love the *father*, while she revered the *master*. I had, at the same time, the satisfaction to see that she improved every day in her person and manners, and became a very fine girl.

When she was about eleven years old, my excellent friend and neighbour—(to whom I was indebted for all the pleasure I at last received as a parent, and to whom my daughter was also indebted both for her father and her education; as I should not, probably, have behaved to her in a paternal way, or have taken any pains to render her an accomplished woman, if I had not been acquainted with *him*)—was suddenly taken ill, and died in a few days.

The first news of his death was a blow which almost stunned me.—So deeply was I affected by it, that I gave myself up again to murmuring and despondence.

While I was throwing out some very melancholy effusions, dictated by despair, I was informed that he had left my daughter, in his will, having few relations of his own, and none who were not richer than himself, ten thousand pounds; five of which I was at liberty to improve by any sort of business or traffic, the most agreeable to me, till my daughter was six and twenty; with the other five she was to be invested on her being of age. I was, however, only to enjoy the use of my five thousand during the stipulated term of years, on condition that I tied up a part of my
estate

estate which would produce an equivalent sum at the expiration of them, in case I should be guilty of any embezzlements, or be disabled, by unforeseen contingencies, from making a restitution.

This was a noble legacy, as unmerited as it was unexpected; but it administered no kind of consolation to me for the loss of the worthy testator. The generosity of my excellent friend I remembered every hour with the sincerest gratitude, and his separation from me with the sincerest regret. However, as I paid too great a regard to the memory of him whom I had so justly and so highly esteemed when living, to neglect the improvement of the sum for which I was made responsible, I offered myself to a sober, careful man, who had been his book-keeper, to go into partnership with him, provided he would thoroughly instruct me in his business; and he cheerfully complied with my proposals, as the stock advanced by me would be of considerable advantage to him.

In this manner I obeyed my dear deceased friend's injunctions, and made an honest old servant of his happy. By strictly attending to the duties of my new employment, I not only kept my mind from dwelling on any disagreeable subjects; but in a few years trebled the five thousand
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committed to my stewardship. When my daughter came of age, I made over ten thousand to her, and married her to a very amiable and deserving young man, for whom she had a great affection. With the remaining sum, added to my little patrimony, I resolved to spend the rest of my days in doing all the good in my power, as my daughter and her husband were in too affluent circumstances to wish for my decease. In acts of beneficence, therefore, I have spent my time from that happy æra, in supplicating the Almighty's pardon for my past offences, and in pouring forth praises to him for all the blessings which he has showered on my undeserving head. Never am I so happy, never do I feel such transporting sensations, as when I am offering up my fervent thanksgivings to the throne of grace.—More and more am I every hour convinced, that the *goodness* of the Deity is equal to his *power*; that we ought ever to pay the most implicit submission to his decrees; and that whatever he permits to be, is permitted for the wisest ends.

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ANECDOTE
OF
REMARKABLE LEARNED AND UNFORTU-
NATE SOLDIER.

IN the year 1724, Francis Brightwell, and Benjamin Brightwell, his brother, were tried at Old Bailey, for robbing John Pargiter on the highway, in the road to Hampstead. The prosecutor swore very positively against them both; but as no evidence had been given against them, Francis Brightwell, who was a grenadier, proved, by several witnesses, that he was upon the King's guard, at Kensington, at the time the robbery was committed. Hereupon the Court went into enquiry concerning the reputation and character of the prisoner. And several colonels, majors, captains, and other military officers, appeared in favour of Francis Brightwell, and alledged, that they had known him long in the service, and gave testimony as to his sobriety and diligence in the discharge of the duty of a soldier. And as to his honesty, a lady, who was present in court, declared, that she had entrusted him with a thousand pounds at a time; and a gentleman declared, that he had committed his house and goods, to the value of six thousand, to his keeping; in both
which

which trusts Brightwell had acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. These ample testimonies concurring to the honour of a man in so low a condition of life, greatly surprized the court, and all who were present: but their astonishment was increased, when Mr. Hughes, a clergyman, appeared also in the soldier's favour, and made the following declaration. " I have known Francis Brightwell, (said he) near twenty years. He has always been reputed to be a person of the fairest character for sobriety, probity, and justice. He has often consulted me concerning difficult passages in Virgil and Homer: for he is to an extraordinary degree accomplished with Latin and Greek literature, and has good skill in Roman antiquities; and, in a word, he carries so large a share of exquisite learning under his grenadier's cap, that I believe there is not such another grenadier in the universe."

Mr. Hughes's testimony was corroborated by that of several others; and, upon the whole, the jury acquitted both Francis Brightwell and his brother. And it afterwards appeared, that the robbery with which they had been unjustly charged, was actually committed by Joseph Blake, and the famous Jack Shepherd. However, this unfortunate accusation proved fatal to Francis Brightwell, who

who died shortly after, of a disorder that he contracted in goal, though he was attended by Sir Hans Sloane, then one of his Majesty's physicians.

The following particulars are also related concerning this remarkable grenadier. He was contented in his station, studious at leisure, and ambitious only of knowledge. He had offers of being promoted to the rank of corporal, or of serjeant, which he declined, that he might have as few avocations as possible from his studies.— Neither did he covet money; and 'tis supposed, that had he been at the sacking of a town, he would not have thought of carrying off any other plunder but a valuable book or two. The following instance is given of his disregard of gain. He had an excellent manner of cleaning and furbishing arms, for which he had his settled prices.— An officer, whose arms he had brightened, was so well pleased with his work, that he sent Brightwell (over and above the usual price) a guinea for a present. The philosophic foldier took his price, and returned the guinea by the servant. Some time after, when the officer saw him, "Why," said he to Brightwell, "would you not accept of the guinea I sent you?" "I am paid for my work," replied the centinel, "and desire no more." "Accept of a crown then," said the officer, "if
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your modesty makes you think a guinea too much." "Excuse me, Sir," answered the veteran, "and do not think it vanity or affectation, when I refuse your kindness; but, indeed, Sir, I don't want: but I am thirsty, and have no money about me; so that if your honour will be pleased to give me threepence to drink your health, I shall thankfully accept of it."

SICKNESS not always a MISFORTUNE :

ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF OZIBAH.

An Eastern Tale.

OZIBAH, Caliph of Persia, reigned in all the magnificence, unmanly ease, and effeminate delights, so conspicuous in the palaces of the Monarchs of the East. Buried beneath the impenetrable veil of pleasure, neither the groans of his subjects, oppressed by wicked magistrates; the cries of the orphans, whom the savage banditti of the mountains had wantonly deprived of their parents; nor the melting tears of the widows stripped and exposed to the miseries of despair, could find admittance. But though the most complicated scenes of human misery were disregarded, yet the tremendous hand of Providence no sooner
visibly

visibly appeared, than the Monarch trembled on his throne; these delusive scenes of pleasure, which had so long bewitched him, he beheld with horror and detestation, and those objects which he had hitherto beheld with contempt, now appeared only worthy of his attention.

Sickness seized this voluptuous Caliph, and the angel of death stared him tremendously in the face. Where could he flee for succour, or to whom could he petition with any hopes of success?—Virtue he had despised, neglected justice, and laughed at the precepts of religion. To the latter, however, he had recourse, and dispatched a messenger to the venerable Abdallah, who was a constant votary at the holy shrine in the temple at Mecca.

His arrival being notified to the Caliph, he ordered him to be brought into his presence: No sooner did this venerable man enter the chamber of Ozibah, than he cried out, “Glory eternal to the King, whose dominions are safe from decay, and whose kingdom is everlasting. The extent of the heavens, and the boundaries of the earth, are but minute parts of his creation; and infinite space but a small point of his productions. He has regulated the order of the universe, and the

government of the sons of Adam, by the understanding of kings who exercise justice. By his decrees the ties of love, and the bonds of affection, are fastened ; and he has implanted, in the various beings and creatures of his workmanship, the passion of inclination and union, with a mutual tendency to society ; and praises without end are due to the souls of the prophets, who walked in the paths of righteousness, and directed the way to obtain everlasting felicity. But thou, O mighty Monarch of the East, hast chosen the paths of pleasure instead of virtue, and obeyed the irregular sallies of thine appetite, in opposition to the precepts of religion. For this the arrow of disease was shot from the bow of Omnipotence, to shew unthinking mortals how insignificant is all their boasted strength, when opposed by the arm of that Being who inhabiteth eternity. .

“ But he always thinks of mercy, even in the midst of justice ; nor ever strikes, but wishes at the same time the conversion of the offender.

“ The other night returning to my cell, from trimming the midnight lamps in the holy temple at Mecca, I beheld the brilliant concave of the skies was veiled from the sight of mortals, by black and impenetrable clouds. The thunders grumbled in
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the distant skies, and seemed to foretell the horror of a future tempest. Scarce had I entered the door of mine habitation, than the thunder became far more loud and dreadful; so that the rocks seemed to move, and the very foundations of the world shake. The sheets of lightning extended themselves from one side of the heavens to the other; and the torrents of water that poured down from the adjacent mountains seemed to threaten the earth with a second deluge. Surely, cried I, the avenging hand of Providence is now executing its justice on a sinful land, or the dissolution of all things is approaching.

“ As I pronounced these words, I looked up, and saw a young man sitting near me clothed in a long robe, whose whiteness equalled that of the snow on the mountains of Candahar. I stood trembling before him, but he said to me, ‘ Fear not, Abdallah, I am one of those benevolent beings that watch over the children of the dust, and direct their steps in the paths of virtue.— Thou art terrified at the present tempest, and canst look upon it only as the effect of the wrath of an offended Deity: whereas, wert thou acquainted with the true nature of things, thou wouldst be convinced, that it is entirely owing to his goodness and mercy. Thunder and storms are as much
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the works of the Father of the universe, as the fruits and flowers that enrich and adorn the earth, and he is obeyed and honoured by storms and tempests, as well as by the gentle and fragrant breath of the morning. The sun, which by his genial warmth cheers and animates the whole creation, leads us to the worship of Him who is the author of life and happiness: the light, which embellishes and adorns every part of the universe, is a lively representation of him who is the very essence of beauty and comeliness; the rivers, the forests, the verdure, and fruits of the earth, all declare his goodness, and are so many instances of his bounty towards the children of men. But the voice of his thunder is appointed to awaken those who either abuse or disregard his blessings, and to bring them to a sense of their duty and dependance on him. But storms are not only designed as a lesson of instruction; for they also of themselves produce very happy effects, by purging and cleansing the air of any impurities, or unwholesome vapours, that too long a stagnation might occasion; by destroying those swarms of insects, which, though useful in some respects, yet would prove prejudicial to mankind. Thus are these objects of terror only instruments in the hands of Omnipotence, whereby he produces the
most

most salutary effects.' Saying this, he rose up, and left me to reflect on what he had delivered.

"And now, O mighty Ruler of this extensive Empire, let me intreat you to look upon this affliction, as intended by the beneficent Father of Nature; as an earnest of his good-will; and as I was taught to look upon storms and tempests, only as instruments in his hands, tending to promote the happiness of his creatures; so should we consider sickness as an instrument of the same kind, tending to make us acquainted with our own condition, the uncertainty of all earthly happiness, and cause us to fix our desires on that true felicity, which lies beyond the grave, and whose limits are those of eternity itself."

This speech greatly pleased Ozibah, who, turning himself towards Abdallah, answered, "O Abdallah, a few days ago, I thought myself great and happy; I was fresh as the vernal rose; and strong as the cedar of the mountain; but now my strength is wasted and dried up, and joy and pleasure vanished from my sight. I rely wholly on Omnipotence; and, should he extend his arm, and raise me from the pit of destruction, I will constantly endeavour to tread the paths of virtue, and to obey the precepts of religion. The orphan shall

shall find in me a father, the oppressed a deliverer, and the stranger a friend and protector. Return, Abdallah, to thy place, and when thou pourest out thy prayers in the holy temple of Mecca, remember Ozibah, thy king and friend."

Abdallah accordingly returned to his habitation, and soon after the King recovered from his sickness. His first care was to remove those magistrates who oppressed the people, placing in their stead men of integrity and virtue. He also regulated every thing which he found amiss in the government: nor would he permit any to approach him, unless they were lovers of virtue. By persevering in those noble actions, his kingdom soon became rich and powerful, and all his subjects happy.

AN ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

DURING the King's journey to Silesia, he often slept at a Clergyman's house, without ever seeing his landlord. Being once in good humour, he sent for the minister to talk with him. "How do you do, Doctor?" "Very bad; please your
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efly.' "Well, well, things will be better in another world." 'Perhaps they may be so.' "How am I to understand this?" "I will explain myself; if your Majesty has time to spare to hear me." "Pray do; it is my duty to do so." 'I have, Sire, two daughters, and only a small parish. Perceiving that I was in the boys, I spared no expence in their education, but sent them to a good school, and afterwards to the university; by which means I incurred some debts. My children are very good scholars, yet, being unprovided for, they are of course unable to make me any return for my expences. The parish revenues are decreased than augmented;—all my prospects are darkened—the hope of settling in the affairs is vanished—I am grown old with age, and if death should seize me, without my children, the *sum cuique*, and paying my creditors, I dare I hope for a good reception in the next world? And'—

yes, it is certainly a bad affair—'tis all that I can be obliged to step in as mediator.—'What will be the amount of your debts?" 'About five hundred pounds.' "If you can prove your sons have any property, and are fit for my service, I will be provided for. I will settle with your

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creditors,

creditors, and your salary shall be increased, since you have educated your children for the good of the country. But where are your daughters?" "I always send them to town when your Majesty comes here with your suite." "That is prudent; let me see them to-morrow."

The next day his Majesty was told that two amiable young ladies were in the antichamber, and would not be refused admittance, insisting they had been sent for. "Oh!" said the King, "they are surely the parson's daughters; go and fetch me a milliner, and introduce the ladies."—The King found them not only handsome and lively, but of fine understandings; he conversed with them some time—bought them several expensive things—and presented them with money besides. The minister's sons, who produced very good testimonials, were provided for; the daughters soon obtained husbands;—and the King boasted of having made a parson happy in both worlds.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

OUR hero was a great friend to, and very fond of children. The young Princes Von——, had always free access to him. One day writing in his cabinet, where the eldest of them was playing with a ball, it happened to fall on the table; the King threw it on the floor, and wrote on: presently after, the ball fell again on the table; he threw it away once more, and cast a serious look on the child, who promised to be more careful, and continued his play. At last the ball unfortunately fell on the very paper on which the King was writing; who, being a little out of humour, put the ball in his pocket. The little Prince humbly begged pardon, and intreated to have his ball again, which was refused. He continued some time praying in a very piteous manner, but all in vain. At last, grown tired of asking, he placed himself before his Majesty, put his little hand to his side, and said, with a menacing look and tone, “Do you chuse, Sire, to restore the ball or not?” The King smiled, took the ball from his pocket, and gave it the Prince, with these words: “Thou art a brave fellow; Silesia will never be retaken whilst thou art alive.”

THE POOR PILGRIM.

STOP, passenger, whoe'er thou art,
Compassion in thy breast may glow;
And if thou canst not alms impart,
From pity some relief may flow.

If wayward fortune thou hast prov'd,
Lift to my tale, and feel for me:
And if thou e'er hast fondly lov'd,
Let love my vindication be.

An outcast from an affluent home,
Where peace her downy wings display'd,
Mournful and penniless I roam—
My all within this basket laid.

Forfaken by the man I lov'd,
The man I foolishly believ'd,
I wail my fate, while he, unmov'd,
Forgets the wretch whom he deceiv'd.

Discarded by parental scorn,
Betray'd by him whom I adore,
A pilgrim, weary and forlorn,
Relief from strangers I implore.

(117)

If you, to whom I lowly kneel,
Can pity to the frail extend;
If you, for those who e'er can feel,
When spurn'd by ev'ry former friend;

Affist a pilgrim on her way,
Whose stock of bread is stale and low:
Cold blows the wind—no cheering ray
Warms my faint heart, or melts the snow.

Nor long will this unhappy form,
Nor long this breaking heart, offend:
I sink beneath affliction's storm,
And soon my shame and grief will end.

For sharper than the Northern blast,
Are the repentant pangs I prove;
Hard is my fate, to mourn and fast;
But harder still—to die of love.

VIRTUE

IS the universal charm:—Even its shadow is
courted, when the substance is wanting. It
must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent
acts, but by daily and repeated exertions, in order
to its becoming vigorous and useful. Great events
give

give scope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is composed of small occurrences. Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue.

Whatever is to be our profession, no education is more necessary to success, than the acquirements of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts, without probity and honour.

Whether science, or business, or public life be our aim, virtue still enters for a principal share into all those great departments of society.

It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives to the mind, and the weight which it adds to the character; the generous sentiment which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of
diligence

diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundation of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is a necessary requisite in order to their shining with proper lustre. By whatever arts we may at first attract the attention, we can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the season of warm and generous emotions;—the heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. In this season we should endeavour, upon rational and sober enquiry, to have our principles established, nor suffer them to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical. No wantonness of useful spirits, no compliance

compliance with the intemperate mirth of others; should ever betray us into profane fallies.

It should not be barren of improvements so essential to future felicity and honour.

This is the seed-time of life. The character is now, under divine assistance, of our forming; our fate is, in some measure, put into our own hands. Nature is as yet pliant and soft;—habits have not established their dominion; prejudices have not pre-occupied our understanding; the world has not had time to contract and debase our affections. All our powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse we now give to our desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which our life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue.

Virtuous youth gradually bring forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age, But if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginning of life has been vanity, its latter end can be no other than vexation of spirit.

CASTLE-

CASTLE BUILDING.

AN ELEGY.

GODDESS of golden dreams, whose magic
power

Sheds smiles of joy o'er mis'ry's haggard face,
And lavish strews the visionary flower
To deck life's dreary paths with transient grace;

I woo thee, Fancy, from thy fairy cell,
Where 'midst the endless woes of human kind,
Wrapt in ideal bliss, thou lov'st to dwell,
And sport in happier regions unconfin'd.

Deep sunk, O goddess! in thy pleasing trance,
Oft let me seek some low sequester'd vale,
While Wisdom's self shall steal a side-long glance,
And smile contempt—but listen to thy tale.

Alas! how little do her vot'ries guess,
Those rigid truths that learned fools revere
Serve but to prove (O bane to happiness!)
Our joys delusive, but our woes sincere.

Be theirs to search where clust'ring roses grow;
Touching each sharp thorn's point to prove how
keen,

Be mine to taste their beauties as they blow,
And catch their fragrance as they blush unseen.

R

Haply

Haply my path may lie through barren vales,
Where niggard fortune all her sweets denies;
Even there shall Fancy scent the ambient gales,
And scatter flow'rets of a thousand dyes.

Nor let the worldling scoff: be his the task
To form deep schemes, and mourn his hopes
betray'd;
Be mine to range unseen,—'tis all I ask,
And frame new worlds beneath the silent shade:

To look beyond the views of wealth and pride,
Bidding the mind's eye range without controul,
Through wild extatic day-dreams, far and wide,
To bring returns of comfort to the soul:

To bid groves, hills, and lucid streams appear,
The gilded spire, arch'd dome, and fretted vault;
And sweet society be ever near;
Love, ever young, and friends without a fault.

I see entranc'd the gay conceptions rise;
My harvest ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
And still as Fancy pours her large supplies,
I taste the Godlike happiness to give.

To check the patient widow's deep-fetch'd sighs,
To shield her infant from the north blast rude;
To bid the sweetly glitt'ning tear arise,
Which swims in the glad eye of gratitude:

To

To join the artless maid and honest swain,
Where fortune rudely bars the way to joy;
To ease the tender mother's anxious pain,
And guard with fost'ring hand her darling boy:

To raise up modest merit from the ground,
And send th' unhappy smiling from my door,
To spread content and cheerfulness around,
And banquet on the blessings of the poor:

Delicious dream!—How oft beneath thy pow'r,
Thus light'ning the sad load of others' woe,
I steal from rigid fate one happy hour,
Nor feel I want the pity I bestow.

Delicious dream!—How often dost thou give
A gleam of bliss, which truth would but destroy;
Oft dost thou bid my drooping heart revive,
And catch one cheerful glimpse of transient joy.

And O! how precious is that timely friend,
Who checks affliction in her dread career!
Who knows distress, well knows that he may lend
One hour of life, who stops one rising tear.

O! but for thee, long since the hand of care
Had mark'd with livid pale my furrow'd cheek,
Long since the shiv'ring grasp of cold despair
Had chill'd my heart, and taught it how to break.

For ah! affliction steals with trackless flight,
Silent the stroke she gives, but not less keen;
And bleak misfortune, like an eastern blight,
Sheds black destruction, though it flies unseen.

O! come then Fancy, and with lenient hand
Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd
brow;

Bear me o'er smiling tracks of fairy land,
And give me more than fortune can bestow.

Mix'd are her boons, and checquer'd all with ill,
Her smiles, the sunshine of an April morn;
The cheerless valley skirts the gilded hill,
And latent storms in ev'ry breeze are borne.

Give me thy hope, which sickens not the heart;
Give me thy wealth, which has no wings to fly;
Give me the pride thy honours can impart;
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty.

Give me a wish the worldling may deride,
The wise may censure, and the proud may hate;
Wrapt in thy dreams, to lay the world aside,
And snatch a bliss beyond the reach of fate.

ON THE DEATH OF

Miss HENRIETTA HOLLIS LENNOX,

Daughter of the celebrated Mrs. C. LENNOX.

SO blooms the rose, when vernal gales,
Their soft enlivening influence shed:
So when a noxious blast prevails,
It droops, and all its beauties fade.

Ah! short-liv'd flower, ah! hapless fair!
Alike your charms, alike their date!
Flow, flow, my tears, on Harriet's bier,
Sweet victim of an early fate!

Say, shall th' impassion'd bosom grieve
At angry heav'n's too partial doom,
That blasted all our hopes, and gave
Thy spring of beauty to the tomb.

Or shall we, with faith's steady eye,
View thee thy kindred angels join;
An inmate of thy native sky,
Whilst heav'n's eternal year is thine.

AN

AN ANECDOTE.

DOCTOR SOUTH was a most admired preacher, and his sermons have in them whatever wit or knowledge could put together.—As an instance of the natural turn of wit to which this gentleman was subject, the following anecdote is related of him:—Some time before his death he resided at Caversham in Oxfordshire, and having occasion to come to London on particular affairs, he took the opportunity of paying a morning visit to his old friend Dr. Waterland. The Doctor being rejoiced to see him, pressed him to stay to dinner, which he at length consented to do; but the Doctor's Lady, who was a remarkable œconomist, disapproved of this, and calling her husband into an adjoining room, began to expostulate with him on the absurdity of asking the gentleman to dine, when he knew she was utterly unprovided. The Doctor endeavoured to pacify her, by saying, it was his fellow-collegian, and he could not do less than ask him to dine: he therefore begged she would compose herself, and hasten to provide something elegant, for there was not a man in the world he respected more than the friend that was now come to see him. This, instead of mending the matter, made it worse: the Lady said, she had
already

already got a leg of mutton, and if he would be so silly to invite his friends upon such occasions, they should take what she had to give them; for she would not put herself out of the way for any of them. The Doctor was now provoked beyond all patience, and protested, that if it were not for the stranger that was in the house, he would thresh her. Dr. South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, instantly stopped the dispute, by saying, with his usual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, "Dear Doctor, as we have been friends so long, I beseech you not to make a stranger of me upon any occasion." The Lady, ashamed of the discovery, retired, and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handsome dinner to be served up, and left the two Doctors to enjoy themselves peaceably to their mutual satisfaction.

AN ANECDOTE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow of punning memory established an ale-house near the pound, and wrote over his door, 'Ale sold by the Pound.'—As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted

resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the Proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room ; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? " Please your worship," said he, " I am come here on purpose to clear myself."

The Vice-Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him, " They tell me you sell ale by the pound; is that true?" ' No, and please your worship,' replied the wit. " How do you then?" said the Chancellor. ' Very well, I thank you, Sir,' replied the wit, ' how do you do?' The Chancellor laughed, and said, " Get away for a rascal; I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; ' Sir, (said he) the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you,' and returned with him. ' Here, Sir,' said he, ' here he is.' " Who?" said the Chancellor. ' Why, Sir,' said he, ' you sent me for a rascal, and

and I have brought you the greatest that I know of.'

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving in the dominions of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was received by the Prince himself *incog.* who insisted on taking care of his Majesty's horses, equipage, &c. and also to take him to a house made ready for his arrival. The whole of the Prince's attendants were industriously employed in the service of this illustrious traveller, who of course found this imagined hotel the best prepared of any on the road. When the Emperor renewed his journey, such fine swift horses were fixed to his carriage, that he confessed they did honour to his landlord the postmaster.—The postillion who drove him had not, as the rest, the usual stile of habit; a bag-wig, rough and undressed, old boots well blacked, and his whole dress manifestly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horse he had such an air of activity, that the Emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him.—When the Emperor had taken his place in his

S

carriage,

carriage, the postillion set off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed stage with an astonishing speed, and such as no other horses the Emperor had used could anyways equal. The dextrous postillion was not only immediately called and well rewarded, but promised a place in the Emperor's service, if he would accept it. 'With all my heart,' said the postillion, in a jocular manner. "Very well, (said the Emperor) take a draught of wine, and we'll set off." 'Two, if you please,' (said the postillion) and then I'll whip you over six more leagues in a trice.' One of the boys of the inn brought him a bottle of wine, which he took in one hand, saluted the Emperor with the other, and then drank freely like a postillion.—The Emperor again got into his carriage. "Drive on, my friend, (said he) you shall have something more for your speed." 'Oh, by my soul, no doubt, master, (said the postillion) I find you are a worthy gentleman.' They presently arrived at the stage, where they refreshed; and the postillion received a handful of ducats, which he took without counting, and went out as going to the stable. "I never had such a good relief of horses, nor so good a postillion," said the Emperor to his new landlord. 'I believe it firmly, (said the innkeeper) the horses belong to his Highness the Prince of Wurtemberg, and the Prince himself

was

was your postillion.' The Emperor gave immediate orders to go and seek the Prince; but it was needless; he had set off for his own palace, and it was impossible to overtake him. The Emperor was extremely surprized at the singularity of this piece of gallantry, and directly wrote to the Prince his acknowledgments for such a condescending service.

A DROLL ADVENTURE

AT THE HOUSE OF A CERTAIN COMMON-
COUNCILMAN.

HAVING missed two pounds of butter, fresh and fine, which he kept for his own use, he accused the maid of having eaten it, or, at least, used it, as in truth she had, for herself and some kitchen company. The girl, to excuse the larceny, brought a young cat to her master, and declared that puss had eaten all the butter, and that she had caught her that moment in the act of finishing the last morsel. The excuse was plausible, but would not pass on the cunning citizen, who immediately put the young cat in the scales; when finding that the creature weighed but a pound and a half, he concluded she could not have eaten just

two pounds of butter, and sent for a constable to carry the maid before an alderman. But the servant redeemed herself by paying for the butter.

A PROSAIC ODE TO PEACE:

BY A NOBLE LORD, WHILE RESIDENT
AT ALTENA.

THE Fates conduct us when they will, and where; for now (averse to cold) we winter in a frigid clime approaching Greenland. A furious Northern blast our vessel blew across the Belt, swift as a swallow skims along the Thames, or doves affrighted cut the yielding air. O England, Neptune's glory, abode of wisdom! in thee ('tis said) dwells liberty divine. Saviour of England, saviour of Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen, omnifluent Ocean, propitious prove. Rise up, celestial goddess, from the deep; turn to fair Albion's coast a lovely look, and fix your temples on its fertile brow. Thy favourite all o'er the British isle is found, thy myrtles fragrant in its gardens grow; each free-born swain, each beautiful nymph, every science which our empire doth adorn, shall greet thee welcome to our sea-bound shore. All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus,

Venus, come! Let Mars, the destroyer of our short-liv'd race, be banished to the Euxine sea, or sound his trumpet on the Thracian plains. Let Turks and Russians this barbarous deity receive; whilst England, happy in its own extent, from all dissention free, shall rule the waves in peace, in plenty, harmony, and delight! All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus, come! Let full libations stream along the board, and marriage rites, emblems of peace, undisturbed remain; till, with redoubled strength, by wealth and rest increased.

TO THE POOR.

THE Providence of Almighty God has placed you under difficult circumstances of life, and daily reads you a lesson in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be assured of, for your comfort, that you are under God's constant and immediate care: and one advantage which you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to heaven, is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your course thither by those manifold incumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour hath said, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance; their

their cares are more, and their distractions greater; so that you have no reason to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and these are chiefly your temptations, and against these you must be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you consider things aright, you will find that your storehouse is the more sure, your supply most certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and clotheth the grass of the field; so that you may be much more assured that he will clothe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, heavenly-minded; always remembering, that he is the poorest man, who is poor in grace.

AN ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF
TAVISTOCK.

A Short time previous to the death of this inconsolable and lovely mourner, and when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of physicians was held at Bedford-House, and one of the gentlemen present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that she would hold open her hand. Her frequent refusals

sals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived that she had shut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. "O, Madam!" observed the physician, "my prescriptions must be useless, if your Ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes, an object, which, although deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." The Marchioness answered, "I have kept the picture either in my bosom or my hand, ever since the death of my lamented Lord; and thus am I determined to preserve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."

XENOPHON tells us, that when an Armenian Prince had been taken captive, with his Princess, by Cyrus, and was asked, what he would give to be restored to his kingdom and liberty? he replied, "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my Princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." And when Cyrus had restored him all, he asked his queen, "What think you of Cyrus?" to which she replied, "I did not observe him; my whole attention was entirely fixed upon that generous man, who would have purchased my liberty with his life."

LITERARY

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

WHEN the splendid folio edition of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library, for forty pounds, it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had this book in his possession, his mother, being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it, and being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it? and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book.—Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller's, and enquired what he would give for such a book: the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her that she had been mistaken in its value, not only gave her the additional

ditional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity upon her.

This anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction, as it does justice to the memory of a character, lately conspicuous among us for erudition and talents.

ANECDOTE

OF A PERSIAN MINISTER OF STATE.

COSROES, King of Persia, had a Minister of State, whose character was so amiable, that it was difficult to determine by whom he was most beloved, the King or his people. At length this able Minister demanded his dismissal: but Cosroes, unwilling to lose such a faithful and wise statesman, desired an explanation. "Why would you desert me?" said the afflicted Monarch:—"Have you any cause of complaint? Has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee? Have not all my slaves been ordered to make no distinction between thy orders and mine? Are not you next my heart? Have you any thing to ask that I can grant? Speak, and you shall be satisfied; only do not think of leaving me."

T

Mitranes,

Mitraneſ, the Miniſter, made this reply: “O, King! I have ſerved thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou haſt moſt amply rewarded me; but nature now requires from me one of the moſt ſacred of its duties. I have a ſon, who can only learn from me how to ſerve thee or thy ſucceſſors hereafter. as I have done: let me purſue this private duty, after all my care for the public good.”

Cofroes granted his requeſt; but upon this condition, that he ſhould take the young Prince with him into his retreat, and educate both the youths together.

Mitraneſ ſet out, and, after five or ſix years abſence, returned and carried his pupils to Court. Cofroes was overjoyed to ſee his ſon again; but, upon examination, he was greatly chagrined to find that he had not made the ſame progreſs in his ſtudies as the ſon of Mitraneſ. In ſhort, he was greatly inferior to him in point of real merit.—The King complained to the Miniſter of this ſtriking difference; and his reply ſhould be a leſſon to all young men of good diſpoſitions: “O, King! my ſon has made a better uſe than yours of the inſtructions I gave to both: my attention has been equally divided between them; but my ſon knows that his dependence muſt be on mankind,

kind, while I never could conceal from yours that men would be dependent upon him."

ANECDOTE

OF POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

POPE Sixtus the Fifth being made Pope from a Cordelier, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but kept still the character of a facetious man; and he loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his first condition. He remembered, amongst other things, that when he was a Cordelier, he had borrowed money of one Father Peter, of the monastery of —, and had not repaid it to him; and hearing he was still living, he sent him orders to come and give account of his actions. The good Father, who found no guilt upon him, went to Rome; and, being come before the Pope, "We are informed (said the Holy Father to him) that you have misemployed the revenues of your monastery, and we have sent for you to give us an account of the matter." "Holy Father, (said the monk) I think myself altogether innocent as to that." "Consider well, (said the Pope) whether you have not indiscreetly lent money

ney to any body, particularly to a certain Cordelier, who came to you such a year." The Monk having thought on it awhile, ' 'Tis true, (said he) Holy Father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me upon idle pretences, and a promise he made me of repaying it in a little time.' " Well, (said the Pope) I am that very Cordelier you speak of, and will now return that money according to promise, and advise you at the same time never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again."

The Monk, very much surprized to find his Cordelier in the person of the Pope, offered to beg his pardon for calling him a knave. " Never trouble yourself about it, (said the Holy Father) that might be true enough at that time; but God has furnished us with means to retrieve our past offences."

Thus he dismissed the Monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and expressed to him great demonstrations of favour.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

IN one of the many plots which were formed against the life and government of this Monarch, there was, among the number of those seized, a soldier belonging to his own regiment of guards. Peter being told by the officers that this man had always behaved extremely well, had curiosity to see him, and to learn from his own mouth what had been his inducement to be concerned in a plot against him. To this purpose he dressed himself in plain cloaths, that he might not be known by the man, and went to the prison where he was confined. After some conversation, Peter added, " I should be glad to hear, friend, what were your reasons for being concerned in an attempt against the Emperor, your master, as I am certain that he never did you any injury; on the contrary, he has a regard for you as a brave soldier, and a man who always did his duty in the field: if you was therefore to shew the least remorse for what you have done, the Emperor would, I am persuaded, forgive you; but before I interest myself in your behalf, you must tell me by what motives you was induced to join the mutineers;

sincere; and I say again, that the Emperor, who is naturally good and compassionate, will give you your pardon."

"I know nothing of the Emperor," replied the soldier, "for I never saw him but at a distance; but he caused my father's head to be cut off some time ago, for being concerned in a former rebellion, and it is the duty of a son to revenge the death of his father, by that of the person who took away his life. If then the Emperor is really so good and merciful as you have represented him, advise him, for his own safety, not to pardon me; for were he to restore me to my liberty, the first use I should make of it would be to engage in some new attempt against his life; nor should I ever rest till I had accomplished my design: the securest method, therefore, which he can take, will be to order my head to be struck off immediately, without which his own life is in danger."

The Czar in vain used all the arguments he could think of to set before this desperado the folly and injustice of such sentiments: he still persisted in what he had declared; and Peter departed, greatly chagrined at the bad success of his visit, and gave orders for the execution of this man with the rest of his accomplices.

OF

OF ARCHIMEDES.

HAD Archimedes lived in our days, he would have been another Newton. When Syracuse was besieged, he put in practice all the resources of his wonderful genius in machinery for the defence of his country, and rendered this siege one of the longest and most bloody that ever the Romans undertook.

The particulars recorded of the many engines invented by him, for frustrating the attacks of the besiegers, and to harass them in their turn, are so extraordinary and wonderful, as to exceed all credibility, were they not recounted by the gravest and most credible historians. Some of these engines discharged against the Roman infantry stones of an enormous bulk, which crushed in pieces whatever came in their way; and by the destruction they produced, resembled in some degree those terrible fire-arms since invented by mankind for their mutual ruin. Others let fall such ponderous weights on the Roman galleys, as instantly sunk them. Another engine, more extraordinary still, was so contrived, as with an iron of amazing strength to seize a vessel by the prow, to lift her up to a considerable height, and then to let her
fall

fall with her whole weight, so as to sink or break her to pieces.

In this manner did Archimedes baffle, for the space of eight months, all the attacks of the Romans. Of such great use, on some occasions, is a single man of genius and science.

But the machines which Archimedes made use of against the Romans at the siege of Syracuse, were in his eye mere trifles, in comparison of his scientific discoveries. He declared, that if he had a fixed point out of this earth, he could move it like any other large body. By means of hydrostatics, he discovered the theft of a goldsmith, who had mixed some other metal with the gold he ought to have used in forming a crown, which he had undertaken to make for King Hiero. The burning-glass, which he invented to set on fire the fleet of Marcellus, was for a long time considered as chimerical; but after seeing that of a celebrated modern philosopher, the other can no longer be denied.

Syracuse was at last taken after a siege of three years, and in the year before Christ 212. Marcellus, the Roman consul, was much delighted with the hopes of finding in this city the man whose
wonderful

wonderful genius had so long baffled the bravest efforts of the Roman arms, and therefore ordered diligent search to be every where made for Archimedes. A private soldier finding him at last, deeply intent on the solution of some geometrical problem, commanded him to go along with him to Marcellus. Archimedes very quietly begged of the soldier to wait a few moments, till he should finish his problem. But the soldier, mistaking his request for an absolute refusal to obey him, stabbed him with his sword on the spot.

Marcellus was extremely concerned at the death of Archimedes, and by the honours paid to his memory, plainly evinced the high opinion he entertained of his merits, giving him a very pompous funeral, and causing a monument to be erected to his memory, so contrived as to exhibit an emblem of that most perfect of sciences, the mathematics. He even extended his favour to the relations of Archimedes, on whom he bestowed distinguishing and advantageous privileges.

Cicero tells us, that more than 140 years after this event, when the memory of Archimedes was almost lost among his countrymen, he himself had the curiosity to make enquiry about his tomb, which, after a painful search, he had the pleasure

at last to find; discovering it by a pillar, whereon was delineated the figure of a sphere and cylinder, with an inscription on the foot of it, pointing out the proportion that a sphere bears to a cylinder of the same base and altitude, which is that of 2 to 3; a proposition which was discovered and demonstrated by Archimedes.

ON
GENEROSITY

AND
DISINTERESTED HONESTY.

A Certain Cardinal, who for the multitude of his generous actions was stiled the Patron of the Poor, had a constant custom, once or twice a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motives of his own bounty.

One day a poor woman, encouraged by the fame of his generosity, came into the hall of this Cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among the crowd of petitioners, the

the Cardinal, discerning the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter's, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: ' My Lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns; and such is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, save what would break my heart, since my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in virtue, and an abhorrence of that odious crime. What I beg of your eminence is, that you will please to interpose your sacred authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by our honest industry, we can procure the money for him.' The Cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and innocent modesty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the widow's hands, " Go," said he, " to my steward with this paper, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay the rent."

The poor woman, overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note; which, when he had read, he told her fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the

steward's trick to try her honesty, refused to take above five, saying, ' She asked the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure it was a mistake.'

On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take more than five crowns. Whereupon, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent Prince, and he was fully informed of the business; " It is true," said he, " I mistook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the woman: " So much candour and virtue deserve a recompence; here, I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay it up for a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

If I mistake not, this Cardinal was called Farnese: but whatever his name was, this was an action truly heroic, and which has but few parallels.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF ALEXANDER THE SIXTH.

AS Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world, would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue."

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION

CONTRASTED.

A VISION.

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better

ter employed, you may read the relation follows:

— Methought I was in the midst of a taining set of company, and extreme in attending to a lively conversation sudden, I perceived one of the figures imagination can frame, advance me. She was dressed in black; her forehead marked into a thousand wrinkles; her hair grizzled in her head; and her complexion livid as the countenance of death. Her eyes were filled with terror and unrelenting and her hands armed with whips and rods. As soon as she came near, with a look and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed; and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, to a deep solitary valley. Wherever she stepped the fading verdure withered beneath her pestilential breath infected the air with noxious vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the face of heaven with universal darkness. Dismal howling resounded through the air from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was a scene of desolation and horror. In the midst

mendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

“Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world; and learn, that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched: this is the condition of all below the stars; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity; who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.”

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie, till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation, I espied on one
hand

hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprized by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

“ My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are,
she

she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same; till she at length drives them to the borders of despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“ Look round, and survey the various beauties of this globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of the human race; and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it?— Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.”

“ What!” cried I, “ is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through
X flowery

flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their degrees disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing them, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic nature, unmingled felicity for ever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of
voluntary

voluntary excesses, must patiently submit, both to the painful workings of nature and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as his recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wert just now going to plunge.

“ While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities, supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine, and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are inseparable: and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him

X 2

who

who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in his pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependance on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to his inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospect and noble capacities: but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment,

so

so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final destination.

“ Return then with me, from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity; return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependant being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay the Author of your being, is such a cheerful behaviour as discovers a mind satisfied with its own dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused; and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awakened me.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF MR. ADDISON.

IT is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, " Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—but could go no farther; then rising again, he said, " Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—" Mr. Speaker, I conceive;"—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose, and said, " Mr. Speaker, I am sorry to find that the Honourable Gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

To begin NOTHING of which you have not well considered the END.

A Certain Cham of Tartary going a progress with his nobles, was met by a Dervise, who cried with a loud voice, " Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece
of

of advice." The Cham ordered him the sum; upon which the Dervise said, " Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the End."

The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, ' The Dervise is well paid for his maxim.' But the King was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in several places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the King's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet, at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the bason, ' Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.' He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand.—The king observed his confusion, and enquired the reason: The surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conspirators died. The Cham, turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them, " That counsel could not be too much valued which had saved a King's life."

An

An Extraordinary ROBBERY.

THE following extraordinary affair is given to the public on the authority of a very respectable correspondent, who vouches for the truth of it:—A Lady in the neighbourhood of London, a short time since, went to the bank to receive a dividend, amounting to a considerable sum, which she took in bank-bills; put them loose in her pocket, and directed her coachman to drive to a tradesman's in the city, where she bought some goods, and took the opportunity of examining her bills, and putting them in her pocket-book; after which she got into her coach, and ordered the servant to drive home. A few miles from town, the carriage was stopped by a single highwayman, with a crape over his face, who demanded the lady's money and watch, which she gave him. 'Madam, (says he) you have more property about you, give me your pocket-book.' This was complied with, and the highwayman rode off. After a few minutes consideration, the Lady called to her coachman to turn about, and drive back again to the tradesman's where he had taken her up.—On her arrival there, she enquired for the master of the shop, and was informed that he was gone out of town; that his return was uncertain, it might
be

be in an hour or two, or perhaps not for two or three days. This answer increasing her suspicion, she declared that her business was of a very particular nature, and she would wait till she saw him. About an hour afterwards the tradesman made his appearance, when the lady desired to speak with him in private, and the moment they were alone, she told him she had been robbed by a highwayman that afternoon, 'and he was the man.' The tradesman began to storm, protesting his innocence; but the Lady replied very coolly, that she was positive as to his person and voice, though his face was covered; that if he would quietly restore her her property, she would never discover him, from a regard to his family; and if he did not instantly comply with this request, she would order him to be taken into custody. Upon this the tradesman burst into tears, and acknowledging his guilt, restored the property; and the Lady has so strictly kept her promise, that her most intimate friends cannot obtain even a distant hint by which the penitent robber may be discovered.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

WHEN Spencer had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20l. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, ' Carry that man another 20l.' Proceeding still, he said, ' Give him 20l. more.' But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, ' Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined.'

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'TWAS on the border of a stream
A gayly-painted tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The

The beautiful flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells.

“ O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
“ Fair painting of a hand divine!
“ Superior far to mortal doom,
“ The hues of heav'n alone are mine!

“ Away, ye worthless, formless race!
“ Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers!
“ No more my native bed disgrace,
“ Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

“ Shall the bright daughter of the sun
“ Associate with the shrubs of earth?
“ Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
“ Respect her beauties and her birth.

“ And thou, dull, fullen evergreen!
“ Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
“ My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
“ Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade.”

‘ Deluded flower!’ the Myrtle cries,
‘ Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?’

‘ The meanest shrub that you despise,
‘ The meanest flower has merit more.

‘ That Daisy, in its simplest bloom,
‘ Shall last along the changing year,
‘ Blush on the snow of winter’s gloom,
‘ And bid the smiling spring appear.

‘ The Violet, that, those banks beneath,
‘ Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
‘ Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
‘ When thou art in thy dusty bed.

‘ Ev’n I, who boast no golden shade,
‘ Am of no shining tints possess’d,
‘ When low thy lucid form is laid,
‘ Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

‘ And he, whose kind and fostering care
‘ To thee, to me, our beings gave,
‘ Shall near his breast my flow’rets wear,
‘ And walk regardless o’er thy grave.

‘ Deluded flower! the friendly screen,
‘ That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
‘ And mocks thy passion to be seen,
‘ Prolongs thy transitory day.

‘ But

‘ But kindly deed with scorn repaid—
‘ No more by virtue need be done :
‘ I now withdraw my dusky shade,
‘ And yield thee to thy darling sun.’

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclos’d;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos’d.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And ev’ning came with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceas’d to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
Relax’d, exhausted, sickening, pale;
They left her to a parent’s woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Proud Parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, Who gave him that coat?—The same, said the Shepherd, that clothed you—the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

AWE.

AWE is the first sentiment which arises in the soul at the view of greatness. But in the heart of a devout man, it is a solemn and elevating, not a dejected emotion; for he glows, rather than trembles, in the divine presence. It is not the
super-

superstitious dread of unknown power, but the homage yielded by the heart, to Him, who is at once the greatest and best of Beings.

DISEASE.

IT may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber; where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise, where all human glory is obliterated: the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness of innocence.

A PICTURE OF AMBITION,

IN THE FATE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

IN full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand,
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.

Still

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances pow'r;
 Till conquest, unresisted, cease to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his Sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suplicants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord;
 With age, with cares—with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief adds disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the fate of Kings.

EFFECTS OF RELIGION.

RELIGION prepares the mind of man for all
 the events of this inconstant state, instructs
 him in the nature of true happiness, early weans
 him from undue love of the world; afflictions do
 not attack him by surprize, and therefore do not
 overwhelm him; he is equipped for the storm as
 well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of
 life: he is not overcome by disappointment, when
 that

that which is mortal dies, when that which is mutable begins to change, and when that which he knew to be transient passes away.

Religion not only purifies, but also fortifies the heart; so that the devout man is neither lifted up by success, nor enervated by sensuality; he meets the changes in his lot without unmanly dejection; he is inured to temperance and restraint; he has learned firmness and self-command; he is accustomed to look up to Supreme Providence, not with reverence only, but with trust and hope.

In prosperity he cultivates his mind; stores it with useful knowledge, with good principles, and virtuous dispositions. The resources remain entire when the day of trouble comes. His chief pleasures are always of the calm, innocent, and temperate kind, and over those the changes of the world have the least power. His mind is a kingdom to him, and he can ever enjoy it.

The ROBBERY of Mr. JAMES MACKAY,
UPHOLSTERER, IN PICCADILLY.

MR. Mackay was trustee to the will of a gentleman deceased, and had constantly paid
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the wife of De Chameron an annuity of thirty guineas a year, under the will to which he was intrusted. The wife of this man had been in the habit of constantly making applications to Mr. Mackay to assist her with money in advance on account of her annuity, always stating her poverty and distress as the plea. She was then in advance; and what was unfortunate for Mr. Mackay, the pretence for decoying him from his house was, that she had called on him with the information of its being in her power to repay the money Mr. Mackay had been good enough to advance, and that if he would then accompany her to her house, she would repay it. Mr. Mackay immediately left his own house about nine in the morning with her, and were both of them let in by De Chameron. He was desired to walk up stairs into the dining-room, when De Chameron, after a few minutes conversation, produced a large knife and a pair of pistols, with which he menaced him with instant death, if he offered to cry out or alarm the neighbours, and if he did not lower his voice he would instantly dispatch him. He then demanded his immediately writing an order on his banker (Messrs. Drummond) for three hundred guineas, and was very pressing that it should be drawn in his usual, customary manner of drawing drafts, for if the money was not produced, instant death

death should be the consequence of refusal. The draft was written by Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. De Chameron was dispatched with it. On her return, the villain produced the bank-notes to Mr. Mackay, and told him, there was the money. He then insisted on his drawing another draft on Mr. Walpole, the banker, where the money was kept for the payment of De Chameron's annuity.— This Mr. Mackay refused, stating, that he would submit to death rather than do it; that if he was suffered to have his choice, he, for the sake of his wife and family, should prefer life; but that at all events, he was determined not to draw another draft. Finding he was fixed in his determination, the villain ceased importuning him. He then bored holes in the wainscot of the room, and passed ropes through them, compelling Mr. Mackay to sit down on the floor, to which he bound him, having first tied his hands behind him. In this manner he remained, till some neighbours, hearing his cries, fortunately came and relieved him from his situation.

When the persons got into the house to release Mr. Mackay, they found him tied by the hands and legs, with ropes put through the wainscot, and one hand tied to a rope fixed to the window, which, upon being hastily pushed up, would have

Z 2

pulled

pulled the trigger of a pistol, the muzzle of which was inserted in a small barrel of gunpowder. Mr. Mackay, upon the persons getting up the window to release him, called out to them not to open the window hastily, upon which they opened it gently, and cut the rope, and thereby avoided the danger. There was no furniture whatever in the house; the only things found therein, were some wood, which was put under the staircase, a tinder-box and matches, pen, ink, and paper, and a screw fixed into the ceiling-beam, to which a rope was suspended.

De Chameron, who, in concert with his wife, committed the audacious robbery, was some years ago a private soldier in the French service.— Whilst in that station, he found means to defraud a jeweller in Paris of diamonds to a considerable amount, with which he fled to England. It was supposed that they fled to Holland for security.

SLEEP.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that waylay human arrogance on every side, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects, a defect of which we become

come more sensible by every attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole nature of things, when they are shewn their form, or told their use; but the speculatist, who is not content with superficial views, harrasses himself with fruitless curiosity, and still, as he enquires more, perceives only that he knows less.

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has yet been discovered whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility; and some late philosophers have extended the empire of sleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change, so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no searcher has yet found either the efficient or final cause; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irresistible stupefaction; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate suspension of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity, or contrariety of opinions upon this subject, nature has taken sufficient care that theory shall have little influence on practice. The most diligent enquirer

rer is not able long to keep his eyes open; the most eager disputant will begin about midnight to desert his argument; and once in four and twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of sleep.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress insolence, by asserting that all conditions are levelled by death; a position which, however it may deject the happy, will seldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleasing to consider that sleep is equally a leveller with death; that the time is never at a great distance, when the balm of rest shall be effused alike upon every head, when the diversities of life shall stop their operation, and the high and the low shall lie down together.

It is somewhere recorded of Alexander, that in the pride of conquests, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himself to be a man by the necessity of sleep. Whether he considered sleep as necessary to his mind or body, it was indeed a sufficient evidence of human infirmity; the body which required such frequency of renovation, gave but faint promises of immortality;

talities; and the mind which, from time to time sunk gladly into insensibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the supreme and self-sufficient nature.

I know not what can tend more to repress all the passions that disturb the peace of the world, than the consideration, that there is no height of happiness or honour, from which man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious repose; that the best condition of life is such, that we contentedly quit its good, to be disentangled from its evils; that in a few hours splendor fades before the eye, and praise itself deadens in the ear; the senses withdraw from their objects, and reason favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and prospects of covetousness, ambition, and rapacity? Let him that desires most have all his desires gratified, he never shall attain a state, which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with satisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical separations.

All envy would be extinguished, if it were universally known that there are none to be envied; and surely none can be much envied who are not
pleased

pleased with themselves. There is reason to suspect that the distinctions of mankind have more show than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleasures and of cares; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obscure, join in one common wish, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our desire of abstraction from ourselves, that very few are satisfied with the quantity of stupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. Alexander himself added intemperance to sleep, and solaced with the fumes of wine the sovereignty of the world; and almost every man has some art, by which he steals his thoughts away from his present state.

It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty; many hours of every day are suffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We suffer phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse ourselves with the dance of airy images, which after a time we dismiss for ever, and know not how we have been busied.

Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own ima-

imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands, or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

It is easy in these semi-slumbers to collect all the possibilities of happiness, to alter the course of the sun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future; to unite all the beauties of all seasons, and all the blessings of all climates, to receive and bestow felicity, and forget that misery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary recession from the realities of life to airy fictions; and habitual subjection of reason to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuse themselves by a perpetual succession of companions; but the difference is not great; in solitude we have our dreams to ourselves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end sought in both is forgetfulness of ourselves.

ANECDOTE
OF FREDERIC THE GREAT,
KING OF PRUSSIA.

IT came to the King's knowledge, that a corporal of his body regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential. His Majesty, wanting to be convinced of the matter, it was so settled that the corporal could not fail meeting him at a particular hour. '*Ah, corporal,*' said the Monarch, '*you must be a brave fellow to have saved a watch out of your pay.*' "I flatter myself that I am brave, Sire," said the man, "but the watch is of very little consequence." The King taking out a gold watch set round with diamonds, said, '*My watch points at five,—how much is yours?*' Shame and confusion appeared at first in the poor corporal's face; and, however unwilling he might be to boast at that moment, he drew out his chain with the bullet, and answered with a firm voice,—“My watch, your Majesty, shews neither five nor six; but it points out to me, that death which I am ready to die for my King at every moment.” The Monarch replied:—“*In order that you may see daily one of those hours in which you are to die for me—take this watch.*”

THE

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THE
HUSBANDMAN'S MEDITATION
IN THE FIELD.

WITH toilsome steps when I pursue,
O'er breaking clods, the ploughshare's way,
Lord! teach my mental eye to view
My native dissoluble clay.

And when with seed I strew the earth,
To thee all praises let me give,
Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whose breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd, I behold the stately stem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! sustain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, through youth's dangerous road.

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

When blasts destroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,

A a 2

Warns

Warns me to shun, with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's fickle yields;
And I beneath death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forsake these fields.

When future crops, in silent hoards,
Sleep for a while, to service dead;
Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords
The path to life which all must tread.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM III.

LORD Moleworth, who had been Ambassador at the Court of Copenhagen, published, at the end of the last century, an esteemed work, entitled, "*Account of Denmark*." This writer spoke of the arbitrary government of that kingdom, with the freedom which the liberty of England inspires. The King of Denmark, then reigning, was offended at some reflections of the author, and ordered his Minister to complain of them to William III. King of England. 'What would you have me do?' said William. "Sire," replied the Danish minister, "if you had complained to
the

the King, my master, of such an offence, he would have sent you the head of the author." ' That is what I neither will, nor can do ;' replied the King ; ' but if you desire it, the author shall put what you have told me in the second edition of his work.'

RETIREMENT NATURAL TO A GOOD MIND;

ITS RELIGIOUS USE.

THE love of retirement has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds, which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Those who enjoyed every thing generally supposed to confer happiness, have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy. Though they possessed both power and riches, and were, therefore, surrounded by men, who considered it as their chief interest to remove from them every thing that might offend their ease or interrupt their pleasure, they have soon felt the languors of satiety, and found themselves unable to pursue the race of life without frequent respirations of intermediate solitude.

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To produce this disposition, nothing appears requisite but quick sensibility and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or silence, the man, whose faculties enable him to make ready comparisons of the present with the past, will find such constant recurrence of the same pleasures and troubles, the same expectations and disappointments, that he will gladly snatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and seek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of sense cannot afford him.

Nor will greatness, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this desire, since, if he is born to think, he cannot restrain himself from a thousand enquiries and speculations, which he must pursue by his own reason, and which the splendour of his condition can only hinder; for those who are most exalted above dependance or controul, are yet condemned to pay so large a tribute of their time to custom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the Greek proverb, No man in the house is more a slave than the master.

When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he answered, that
there

there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

These are some of the motives which have had power to sequester kings and heroes from the crowds that soothed them with flatteries, or inspired them with acclamations; but their efficacy seems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common classes of mankind, to whose conceptions the present assemblage of things is adequate, and who seldom range beyond those entertainments and vexations, which solicit their attention by pressing on their senses.

But there is an universal reason for some stated intervals of solitude, which the institutions of the church call upon me, now especially, to mention; a reason which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future state; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; since none can imagine themselves not comprehended in its obligation, but such as determine to set their Maker at defiance by obstinate wickedness, or whose enthusiastic security of his approbation places them above external

ternal ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward to another against the threats of calamity.

It is not without reason that the Apostle represents our passage through this stage of our existence by images drawn from the alarms and solicitude of a military life; for we are placed in such a state, that almost every thing about us conspires against our chief interest. We are in danger from whatever can get possession of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleasure, has a tendency to obstruct the way that leads to happiness, and either to turn us aside, or retard our progress.

Our

Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in most things that relate solely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a second compliance, every new step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former, and thus the descent to life merely sensual is perpetually accelerated.

The senses have not only that advantage over conscience, which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the sensations of pleasure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established, and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered, that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added new strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself; for who is there that has not instigated his appetites by indulgence, or suffered them by an unresisting neutrality to enlarge their dominion and multiply their demands?

From the perpetual necessity of consulting the animal faculties in our provision for this life, arises the difficulty of withstanding their impulses, even in cases where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of sense are instantaneous, its objects strike unsought, we are accustomed to follow its directions, and therefore often submit to the sentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philosophical estimate, that, supposing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoise between the pleasures of this life and the hopes of futurity, present objects more frequently falling into the scale, would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an invisible state would grow every moment weaker, till at last it would lose all its activity, and become absolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either side. The motives to a life of holiness are infinite, not less than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not less than eternity of happiness or misery. But these can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the
business,

business or diversions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rights of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its necessity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the test by which every thing proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

This is that conquest of the world and of ourselves, which has always been considered as the perfection of human nature ; and this is only to be obtained by frequent prayer, steady resolutions, and frequent retirements from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling sounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting sight of prosperous wickedness.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alleged it was none of his business.—Very well, said the master; but pray what do you call your business? To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu.—You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.

POPE's

POPE's UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Prefume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;

O lead

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O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ABSURDITY OF
HEREDITARY PREJUDICES
EXPOSED.

SOME persons believe every thing that their kindred, their parents, and their tutors, believe. The veneration and the love which they have for their ancestors, incline them to swallow down all their opinions at once, without examining what truth or falshood there is in them. Men take their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their estates, because they are born heirs to them. I freely grant that parents are appointed

appointed by God and nature to teach us all the sentiments and practices of our younger years; and happy are those whose parents lead them into the paths of wisdom and truth. I grant further, that when persons come to years of discretion, and judge for themselves, they ought to examine the opinions of their parents with the greatest modesty, and with an humble deference to their superior character; they ought, in matters perfectly dubious, to give the preference to their parent's advice, and always to pay them the first respect, nor ever depart from their opinions and practices, till reason and conscience make it necessary.—But after all, it is possible that parents may be mistaken, and therefore reason and scripture ought to be our final rules of determination in matters that relate to this world, and that which is to come.

AN
EVENING ODE.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;

Near

Near the chequer'd lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us stray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

The WORLD never known but by a Change
of FORTUNE.

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

BORN to a large fortune, and bred to the
knowledge of those arts which are supposed
to accomplish the mind, and adorn the person of
a woman. To these attainments, which custom

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and education almost forced upon me, I added some voluntary acquisitions by the use of books, and the conversation of that species of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and aversion, under the name of scholars, but whom I have found a harmless and inoffensive order of beings, not so much wiser than ourselves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly submission, than to overbear or oppress us with their learning or their wit.

From these men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, something may be gained, which, embellished with elegance, and softened by modesty, will always add dignity and value to female conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world, I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general regard in every place of concourse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation; my remarks were remembered by those who desired the second degree of fame; my mien was studied; my dress was imitated; my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves; my visits were solicited as honours;

nours; and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with Melissa, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass, I saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance. When I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph, amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship, and caresses. To please Melissa was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove, at least, our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer

is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year; when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, for having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination that Melissa could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same; that she should cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of time.

It

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearances, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, and those ornaments which were become unuitable to my condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit, with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamity in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits: some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes,—to compare my present and former condition; to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendour which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level
with

with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and submission, which I was now no longer to expect.

Observations like these are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended. I will, therefore, so far mention my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule,—that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had enquired my fortune, and offered settlements. These had undoubtedly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary

to their happiness, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, who imagine themselves injured, because the men who followed them, upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any lady, who did not think wealth a title to some stipulations in her favour; and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheaper obliged to purchase?

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction.

The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority, and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happened to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their
court

court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards. who could never find till lately that Melissa was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate, who has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of the dragoons. The parson made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous, lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular addresses, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

SUCCESS-

SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM
OF
A SPANISH GENERAL.

THE dreadful massacres in South-America, by which millions of poor Indians, 'the gentlest children of the sun,' were savagely extirpated, have rendered the Spanish name detestable on that vast continent. One of the Generals of this nation, however, was not insensible to the kindly dictates of humanity. He was desirous to spare the effusion of blood, and to owe his conquest to the more innocent arts of stratagem. With this view he proposed to the chiefs of certain nations who adored the sun, that either of the two contending parties, which appeared to be visibly protected by heaven, should reign over the other, who, moreover, should embrace their religion; that the Americans therefore should implore the assistance of the sun, while the Spaniards should beseech the protection of the Invisible but Supreme Being, whom they adored as Lord of the Sun, and of the whole world. This being consented to, the next day the Spanish General assured the American Chiefs, that he had been praying to the true God to obscure the splendor of that great luminary, which his enemies worshipped, that by such a sig-

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nal miracle he might subdue them to his laws, and to the dominion of the King of Spain. In two hours, added the crafty Spaniard, this will certainly be! He knew that there would be an eclipse precisely at that time, and the poor Indians, not having the least idea of astronomy, were so astonished to find the prediction of the Spaniards fulfilled, that from that moment they hesitated not to submit themselves to the religion and government of Spain.

ANECDOTE.

AS the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean calling for his boots, the servant immediately took them to him; when the Dean saw them, How is this, Tom, says he, my boots are not cleaned? No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again. Very well, said the Dean, go and get the horses ready. In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast.—When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready? Yes, Sir, says the servant; Go bring them, said the Dean. I have not had
my

my breakfast yet, Sir, said Tom. Oh, no matter for that, says the Dean, if you had it you would soon be hungry again. They mounted and rode off; as they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading. A gentleman met them, and seeing the Doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. Who is that gentleman, said he to the servant? It is my master, Sir, said Tom. I know that, you blockhead, said the gentleman, but where are you going? We are going to heaven, Sir, says Tom. How do you know that? said the gentleman. Because I am fasting, and my master is praying, Sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place.

BETTY BROOM'S HISTORY.

I AM a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, our patronesses, visited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and saw that our clothes were clean. We lived happily enough, and were instructed to be thankful to those at whose cost we were educated. I was always the favourite of my mistress; she used to call me to read and shew my

copy-book to all strangers, who never dismissed me without a commendation, and very seldom without a shilling.

At last the chief of our subscribers, having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country.—She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends that London was in confusion by the influence of servants—that scarcely a wench was to be got *for all work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls; those who were to live by their hands, should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction

viction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced, that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our school was now dissolved; my mistress kissed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpless, she could not assist me, advised me to seek a service, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for scholarship, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, considered as a crime; and, when I offered myself to any mistress, I had no other answer than, *Sure, child, you would not work; hard work is not fit for a penwoman;—a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child.*

I could not live at home; and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to London, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and took my passage in the next week's

week's waggon to London. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place.— She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watch-maker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on Sunday, and spend half the wages of the week on Richmond-hill; on Monday he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; Tuesday and Wednesday consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse.— You may be sure that of the sufferers the maid suffered most, and I left them after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night.

night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning; he seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linendraper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry.— I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plumbs to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous, and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants, and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called at a busy time, to serve the customers, expected that I should now be happy, in proportion

proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light fingered. You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

Having left the last place in haste to avoid the charge or the suspicion of theft, I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompence her; but in a few days I missed some of my linen, went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became under-maid at the house of a mercer in Cornhill, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern without the knowledge of his father,
and

and I was ordered by my mistress to let him in silently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilst the rest of the family was in bed, I considered as supernumerary, and having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way; I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last the upper-maid found my book, and shewed it to my mistress, who told me that wenches like me might spend their time better; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young master.

This was the first time that I found or thought it criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life; my mistress, for whom public diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake of her amuse-

amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to tell my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude.— But a burning fever seized my mistress, of whom I shall say no more than that her servant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place, and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen; so that when I was hired into the family of an East-India Director, my behaviour was so different, as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under the housekeeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wise for the maids, and too nice for the footman; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not my mistress, the housekeeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's

day's expences. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there should be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation ; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for some time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of some education. Mrs. Simper loved a novel, though she could not read hard words, and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At last my abilities became so much celebrated, that the house-steward used to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. Simper then found out that my sauciness was grown to such a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well swept since *Betty Broom* came into the house.

I was then hired by a consumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though she was never pleased, yet when I declared my resolution to

leave her, she burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick-bed, and I would find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner, because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made and destroyed, because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I should suffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for some time out of favour; but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and fullness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died and left me five hundred pounds; with this fortune I am going to settle in my native parish, where I resolve to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

SIR Walter Raleigh, discoursing with some friends, in the Tower, of Happiness, urged, that it was not only a freedom from diseases and pains of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit; not only to enjoy the pleasures of sense, but peace of conscience, and inward tranquillity.

And

And this happiness, so suitable to the immortality of our souls, and the eternal state we must live in, is only to be met with in Religion.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN the year 1718, Dryden's '*All for Love*.' was performed for the amusement of the old Duke of Marlborough, by persons of fashion. Among the learned who were present, are to be mentioned the names of Bishop Hoadly, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele.

Lady Bateman, who was the Duke's favourite grandchild, and very beautiful, played the part of Cleopatra; her Ladyship applied in vain to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion. Bishop Hoadly, perceiving her anxiety, on retiring at bed-time, called for pen, ink, and paper, and in the morning delivered to Lady Bateman a prologue, which is preserved in Mr. Duncombe's collection of '*Letters by several eminent Persons*.' Her Ladyship accordingly spoke it in the evening; and the compliments in the following lines, with his grand-daughter's attention,

tention, being as acceptable as it was sudden—his Grace burst into tears.

EXTRACT.

‘ This heap of stones, which Blenheim’s palace
frame,
‘ Rose in this form a trophy to thy name:
‘ This heap of stones must crumble into sand;
‘ But thy great name shall through all ages stand.
‘ In fate’s dark book I saw thy long-liv’d name,
‘ And thus the certain prophecy proclaim:—
“ One shall arise,* who will thy deeds rehearse,
“ Not in arch’d roof, or in suspended verse;
“ But in plain annals of each glorious year;
“ With pomp of truths the story shall appear.
“ Long after Blenheim’s walls shall moulder’d lie,
“ Or, blown by winds, to distant regions fly,
“ By him shall thy great actions all survive,
“ And by thy name shall his be taught to live.”

In the course of the play, Sir Richard Steele, who sat next to the Bishop, often remarked how well Captain Fisher, who played the part of Anthony, performed the character; and the Captain being particularly impassioned with Lady Bate-

* This probably alludes to Sir Richard Steele’s intention of writing a History of the Duke’s campaigns.

man,


man, Sir Richard remarked—‘ I doubt this Fish is Flesh, my Lord.’

ANECDOTE OF AN ATTORNEY.

A Worthy old gentleman in the country, having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected. The honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country gentleman, there’s one of them, I am sure, cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir? Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier’s, that you sent me for a present out of the country.

AN ANECDOTE.

M. Le Porter, page to Lewis XIV. in the Memoirs of the French Court, informs us that there was an old Courtier, then living, who had



had rose gradually from Page to the Queen Catherine of Medicis, to be an assistant to the Favourite, and in time supplanted him; who, after thirty years. and numberless changes, was dismissed with an honourable pension, and the Order of St. Lewis. The old gentleman, during a severe illness, confessed to a Rev. Court Chaplain, with seeming contrition, the ways and means he had submitted to, to preserve favour, and to acquire preferment. The Rev. Father having confidence in his penitent, freely acknowledged the great similarity in their proceedings through the course of their earthly progress, though not with equal success, or he had long since been Archbishop; passing at the same time a modest compliment on the venerable Courtier's superior judgment and perseverance.— The Knight looking stedfastly on his Reverence, said, “ from such sincere confessions, shall we not presume to absolve each other, without justly incurring the censure of the Holy Romish Church.” The good Priest's zeal not exceeding his knowledge, he received with humility a lay absolution.

THE INESTIMABLE
VALUE OF TIME.

EVERY hour you live is an hour given you to prepare for dying, and to save a soul. If you were but apprized of the worth of your own souls, you would better know the worth of days and hours, and of every passing moment; for they are given to secure your immortal interest, and save a soul from everlasting misery. And you would be zealous and importunate in the prayer of Moses, the man of God, upon a meditation of the shortness of life, Ps. xc. 12. "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts to wisdom." *i. e.* So teach us to consider how few and uncertain our days are, that we may be truly wise in preparing for the end of them.

It is a matter of vast importance to be ever ready for the end of time, ready to hear this awful sentence confirmed with the oath of the glorious angel, that 'time shall be no longer.' The terrors or the comforts of a dying-bed depend upon it: the solemn and decisive voice of judgment depends upon it; the joys and the sorrows of a long eternity depend upon it:—Go now, careless sinner, and in the view of such things as these,

go and trifle away time as you have done before; time, that invaluable treasure: go, and venture the loss of your souls, and the hopes of heaven and your eternal happiness, in wasting away the remnant of hours or moments of life: but remember, the awful voice of the angel is hastening towards you, and the sound is just breaking upon you, that 'time shall be no longer.'

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERIC THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

ONE time the King rung his bell, but nobody coming, he opened the door of the anti-chamber, and found his page sleeping on a chair. In going to wake him, he perceived a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited his curiosity and attention; he drew it out and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein she thanked her son for his kind assistance, in sending her part of his wages; for which heaven would certainly reward him, if he continued his faithful service to God and his Majesty. The King walked softly back to his apartment, fetched a roll of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into
his

his pocket again. Soon after he rung the bell so hard that the page awoke, and made his appearance. "Surely you have been asleep," said the King. The boy stammered part of an excuse, and part of a confession; and in his confusion, putting his hand into his pocket, he felt, with the greatest surprise, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, trembling, grew pale, and stared at the Monarch with tears starting from his eyes, and unable to utter a syllable. "What is the matter?" said the King. 'Alas! your Majesty,' sobbed the page, falling on his knees, 'my ruin is intended, I know nothing of this money.' "Why," said the King, "whenever fortune does come, she comes sleeping—you may send it to your mother, with my compliments, and assure her, I will provide for you both." The unexpected joy this gave the page, is beyond description.

This very scene has produced a comedy, entitled '*The Noble Youth*,' by Professor Engle.

UNCERTAINTY OF FRIENDSHIP.

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of Friendship. It is painful to consider that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or

destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of Friendship, of invincible Constancy, and unalienable Kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable because they are rare. The Friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore must intervene, by which the ardour of kindness will be cooled, without criminal baseness or contumacious constancy on either part. To give pleasure is always in our power, and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always loved.

Those who are united by mutual interest, therefore, must be ready to separate, when their interests

by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions.—What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. A man, deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend, after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces them, that the pleasure which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different scenes have made different impressions, the opinions of both
are

are changed, and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest, which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of Friendship; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest, upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief I know not what security can be obtained; men will be sometimes surprized into quarrels, and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will be seldom found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united.—Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks cold and petulant; Ranger's pleasure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to sit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too
slender

flender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled; those who have been injured may receive a recompence; but when the desire of pleasing, and willingness to be pleased, are silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

A HYMN.

OUR God is the Father of all,
The Father of mercies and love ;
He pities the works of his hands,
Though he reigns in the heavens above.

Not a sparrow can fall to the ground
Without his permission and care ;
From such a kind Father and Friend,
Then what have his children to fear ?

We've nothing to fear but from sin,
It is sin that displeases our God ;
When we disobey his commands,
Like a Father he uses the rod.

ADVICE

ADVICE FROM A YOUNG LADY

TO HER

FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE,

LATELY MARRIED.

HEAR, Peggy, since the single state
You've left, and chose yourself a mate,
Since metamorphos'd to a wife,
And blifs or woe insur'd for life;
A friendly muse the way would show,
To gain the blifs, and miss the woe:
But first of all I must suppose
You've with mature reflection chose;
And this premis'd, I think you may
Here find to married blifs the way.

Small is the province of a wife,
And narrow is her sphere of life;
Within that sphere to move aright,
Should be her principal delight;
To guide the house with prudent care,
And properly to spend and spare;
To make her husband blest the day
He gave his liberty away;
To form the infant's tender mind;
These are the tasks to wives assign'd:

G g

Then

Then never think domestic care
Beneath the province of the fair,
But daily those affairs inspect,
That nought be wasted through neglect:
Be frugal plenty round you seen,
And always keep the golden mean.

Be always clean, but seldom fine,
Let decent neatness round you shine:
If once fair decency be fled,
Love soon deserts the genial bed.

The early days of wedded life
Are oft o'ercast with childish strife;
But be it your peculiar care
To keep that season bright and fair;
For then's the time, by gentle art,
To fix your empire in his heart;
With kind obliging carriage strive
To keep the lamp of love alive:
For should it through neglect expire,
No art again can light the fire.

To charm his reason, dress your mind,
Till love shall be with friendship join'd;
Rais'd on that basis 'twill endure,
From Time and Death itself secure.

Be

Be sure you ne'er for power contend,
Nor seek by tears to gain your end ;
Most times those tears which cloud our eyes,
From pride and obstinacy rise :
Heaven gave to man superior sway,
Then heaven and him at once obey.

Let fullen frowns your brows ne'er cloud,
Be always cheerful—never loud :
Let trifles never discompose
Your features, temper, or repose.

Abroad for happiness ne'er roam,
True happiness consists at home ;
Still make your partner easy there,
(Man finds abroad sufficient care)
If every thing at home be right,
He'll always enter with delight ;
Your converse he'll prefer to all
Those cheats the world do pleasure call ;
With cheerful chat his cares beguile,
And always meet him with a smile.

Should passion e'er his soul deform,
Serenely meet the bursting storm ;
Never in wordy war engage,
Nor ever meet his rage with rage ;

G g 2

With

With all our sex's soft'ning art,
Recall lost reason to his heart ;
Thus calm the tempest in his breast,
And sweetly soothe his soul to rest.

Be sure you ne'er arraign his sense,
(Few husbands pardon that offence)
'Twill discord raise, disgust it breeds,
And hatred certainly succeeds;
Then shun, O shun, the fatal shelf!
Still think him wiser than yourself;
Or if you otherwise believe,
Ne'er let him such a thought perceive.

When care invades your partner's heart,
Bear you a sympathizing part,
And kindly claim your share of pain,
And half his troubles still sustain:
From rising morn till setting night,
To see him pleas'd, your sole delight.

But now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Shall she pretend,—O vanity!—
To lay down rules for wedded life,
Who never was herself a wife?
I own you've ample cause to chide,
And, blushing, throw my pen aside.

ROB-

ROBBERY OF TIME.

WHEN Diogenes received a visit in his tub from Alexander the Great, and was asked, according to the ancient forms of royal courtesy, what petition he had to offer, " I have nothing," said he, " to ask, but that you would remove to the other side, that you may not, by intercepting the sunshine, take from me what you cannot give me."

Such was the demand of Diogenes from the greatest monarch of the earth, which those, who have less power than Alexander, may with yet more propriety apply to themselves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do sometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence should at least be vigilantly preserved.

It is well known, that time once past never returns, and that the moment which is lost, is lost for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invasion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of wasting that time which is the right of others.

This

This usurpation is so general, that a very small part of the year is spent by choice; scarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is desired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement; the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

This waste of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the Great, whose followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at last with petitions in their hands. Those who raise envy will easily incur censure. I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not suffer more reproaches than they deserve, and may not rather themselves complain that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and to importunity without shame.

The truth is, that the inconveniences of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number solicitation is its own reward: To be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increase

crease or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be considered as a beast of prey, justly dreaded, but easily avoided; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured, need not approach it. The great danger of the waste of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not resisted, because they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded mischiefs, and invisible encroachments.

He, whose rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, must give up himself in a great measure to the convenience or humour of those that surround him. Every man who is sick of himself, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to speak will require him to hear; and he that wants to hear will expect him to speak. Hour passes after hour, the noon succeeds to morning, and the evening to noon, while a thousand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as fast as they are offered, but which the custom of the world

world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies; he, who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain; to the œconomist, who tells of bargains and settlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles, and breach of alliances; to the usurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

To put every man in possession of his own time, and rescue the day from this succession of usurpers, is beyond my power and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps, some stop might be put to this unmerciful persecution, if all would seriously reflect, that whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty
of

of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

ON THE
GENERAL CRUELTY OF SCHOOLS.

POVERTY, or covetousness, I have observed to be the two motives with men to undertake the drudgery of a school: from the last nothing good can come, the motive is bad: from the first we may expect something: hunger softens brutes; but a peculiar attention should be paid to the temper of the man. If he is hasty and irascible, it will vent itself in beating and cruelty to the children; if mild and gentle, it will be alluring and irresistibly persuasive. An Apostle hath said, "Fathers provoke not your children to wrath:" but how many children, in contempt of this precept, are provoked to wrath by the wanton cruelties of masters! Many an amiable disposition has been ruined by unhappily falling under such hands.

Why is it that our universities send us back so few bright men? The cause, in a great measure, is in our schools. Young men, glad that they are escaped from slavery and the lash, to a land of liberty, think they can never enjoy it enough;

H h

and

and finding the college exercise trifling, and that little time is required to perform it, the rest is devoted to pleasure, and such pleasure too that often stupifies the scholar, and leaves what the chemists call a *caput mortuum*, a lump of dulness.

A friend of mine, whom I have heard lament the present insensible method of masters, thought he had found out a proper place for an only child at what is called a private school, that is, by the bye, only a more crafty method to pick your pocket; but he found himself miserably deceived. I was at his house when what I am going to relate happened. One Silex, I believe, a Welch parson, set up some years since such a school as this, craftily giving out that he would take but a few, but would have his price. My friend was caught in the deception: he sent his son, unsuspecting any severity, much less cruelty. The boy was of an amiable disposition, and very ready at learning; but it happened once, after his return from home some four or five days, doubtless with thoughts uncollected for school exercise at such a season, that he missed a word in construing his lesson. The fault was unpardonable; he was beat upon his head, his money taken from him, and, *horrendum dictu!* he was told that he should be confined to the school-room three days without viſuals, and

and at the end be severely flogged. What man, under such circumstances, would not meditate an escape? much more then a boy, not eleven years old. He bore, however, with patience, the first day's confinement, though victuals were brought to him, but as it were by stealth. The manner of this conveyance confirmed him that he must undergo the punishment. Into what an agony must such a child be thrown by such cruel treatment? Fear is a dreadful painter. The images it draws in the mind are horrible; but some of his schoolfellows, commiserating his case, persuaded him to attempt his escape. The undertaking was arduous, yet the next morning he set out, and though he had near thirty miles to travel, he was at home by dinner; such was the swiftness fear gave to his feet. But what a scene of distress did I there behold! the sudden surprize by the child's return, the fear lest he should have overheated his blood, and a multitude of misgiving thoughts, had very near been too much for the parents.

My blood, I confess, boiled against the wretch that had thus wantonly sported in cruelty, which might have turned out fatal to a family, and embittered the rest of their days: but masters make light of these things, and tell them with glee and pleasure over their pipes and bottles. It is high

time for authority to interpose. Apprentices enjoy its protection; for it is forbid masters to use any cruelty with them. Why then should it not interpose, and lay its commands on schoolmasters? Why must children, less able to bear severity, be unmercifully exposed to it? Colleges have visitors, and also many other institutions to regulate abuses. Let visitors then be appointed at the public expence to be a check upon schoolmasters. It would be money wisely disbursed, no matter for men of learning; honest and humane will be sufficient. The end of their office is only to be a check upon their masters. The will of man unchecked naturally grows imperious. How comes it to pass that we have been wise enough to lay restraints on each other in every other affair of life, and yet have neglected to place a watch upon schoolmasters? Talk with men who have either passed through a public or private school, and you will not hear one in three speak well of the master's humanity. Many schools are more terrifying to children than prisons to men.

The following elegant Lines were written on the Death of the Rev. MOORE MEREDITH, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Mr. H. F. SOAME, Student of that College, and fixed upon the Pall of the deceased, according to the custom of that Society.

SONS of the world, who view with scornful eyes
 The grave in which sequester'd science lies;
 Who mock the student's toils, or mark them not,
 Or deem he labours but to be forgot;
 Exists a while within the cloister's gloom,
 Then sinks unheeded to an humble tomb!
 Come, ye who proudly scorn the pedant's boast,
 Here weep the talents which you honour most!
 Know that there sleeps on this lamented bier
 All that might well have grac'd your gayer sphere;
 Wit, that to dulness only gave offence,
 And learning's store subservient still to sense;
 The sportive fancy, and the humourous vein,
 Which numbers imitate, but few attain;
 Quick to conceive, and ready to express
 The clear conception in its happiest dress;
 Fire, that with seventy winters snow could wage
 Successful war, and melt the frost of age.
 Mourn him, ye gay, for you had sure approv'd
 Whom *Yorick* honour'd, and *Eugenius** lov'd;

* STERNE and HALL, both of Jesus College, and intimate friends of Mr. MEREDITH.

Refuse the decent tribute, if you can,
Due to the Wit, the Scholar, and the Man!

ANECDOTE

OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

SOME months since, while the Prince of Mecklenburgh Strelitz was on a visit to his Royal Highness, he took him to Scheveling, to see the departure of the vessels and boats employed in the fishery, (esteemed a fine sight in Holland) and on which occasion the seamen and crews generally vie with each other in parade and dexterity. The Prince of Orange standing near the water's edge, as the vessels were about hoisting sail, a boy on board one of the vessels, eager to distinguish himself in the eye of the Prince, by exhibiting some feats of activity, unfortunately fell overboard, and was drowned: at sight of which the Prince of Orange instantly jumped into the water, with a generous view of saving him, and was in the greatest danger of being drowned, by a wave rolling over him; but having been with difficulty rescued from the peril, some of his attendants asked him why he hazarded himself, whose life was so valuable to the public. When he declared, in the most humane and affectionate terms, that at the instant
the

the boy fell in, he forgot his consequence, his philanthropy over-ruling, and felt himself equally interested to save him, as if he had been his brother. A speech not only expressive of his exalted soul, but worthy the descendant of such illustrious ancestors. Further, the Prince, as a proof of his noble humanity, settled a handsome pension on the parents of the boy, who lost his life in a laudable, though hazardous endeavour, to encrease the entertainment of his Prince.

AN ANECDOTE.

JOHNSHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckingham, when Earl of Mulgrave, was Lord Chamberlain to King James II. He was apt to comply in every thing that he thought might be acceptable; for he went with the King to mafs, and kneeled at it; and being looked upon as indifferent to all religions, the Priests made an attack upon him. He heard them gravely arguing for transubstantiation. He told them, "he was willing to receive instruction:—he had taken much pains to bring himself to believe in God who made the world, and all men in it; but it must not be an ordinary force of argument that could make him believe, that man was quits with God, and made God again."

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A GAMING ANECDOTE.

A Very respectable gentleman, who had an aversion to cards, that he might not be deemed unfashionable in a family where he often visited, and public days for play were set apart, found himself under the necessity to play deep; but it was his good fortune generally to be successful. After some years of intimacy, the master of the family took him aside one day, and imparted to him the melancholy secret, that his affairs were in a most embarrassed state. The gentleman expressed his concern at his friend's distress, and entreated him not to despair. On his return home, he opened a private drawer in his bureau, in which he had nightly deposited his winnings at the card tables in his friend's house, and the next day he insisted on refunding the sum this inconsiderate man and his family had lost. It was sufficient to give a turn to his affairs, and to save his friend from instant imprisonment; but he restored it only on this condition, that they should never play at cards again.

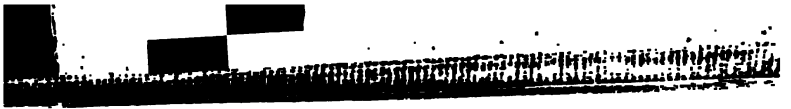
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